

ENTER THE WORLD OF *DANGER, DRAMA AND DEATH!*

NIGHT NURSE



HE'S
**HURT--HURT
BAD!** I'VE
GOT TO **HELP**
HIM!

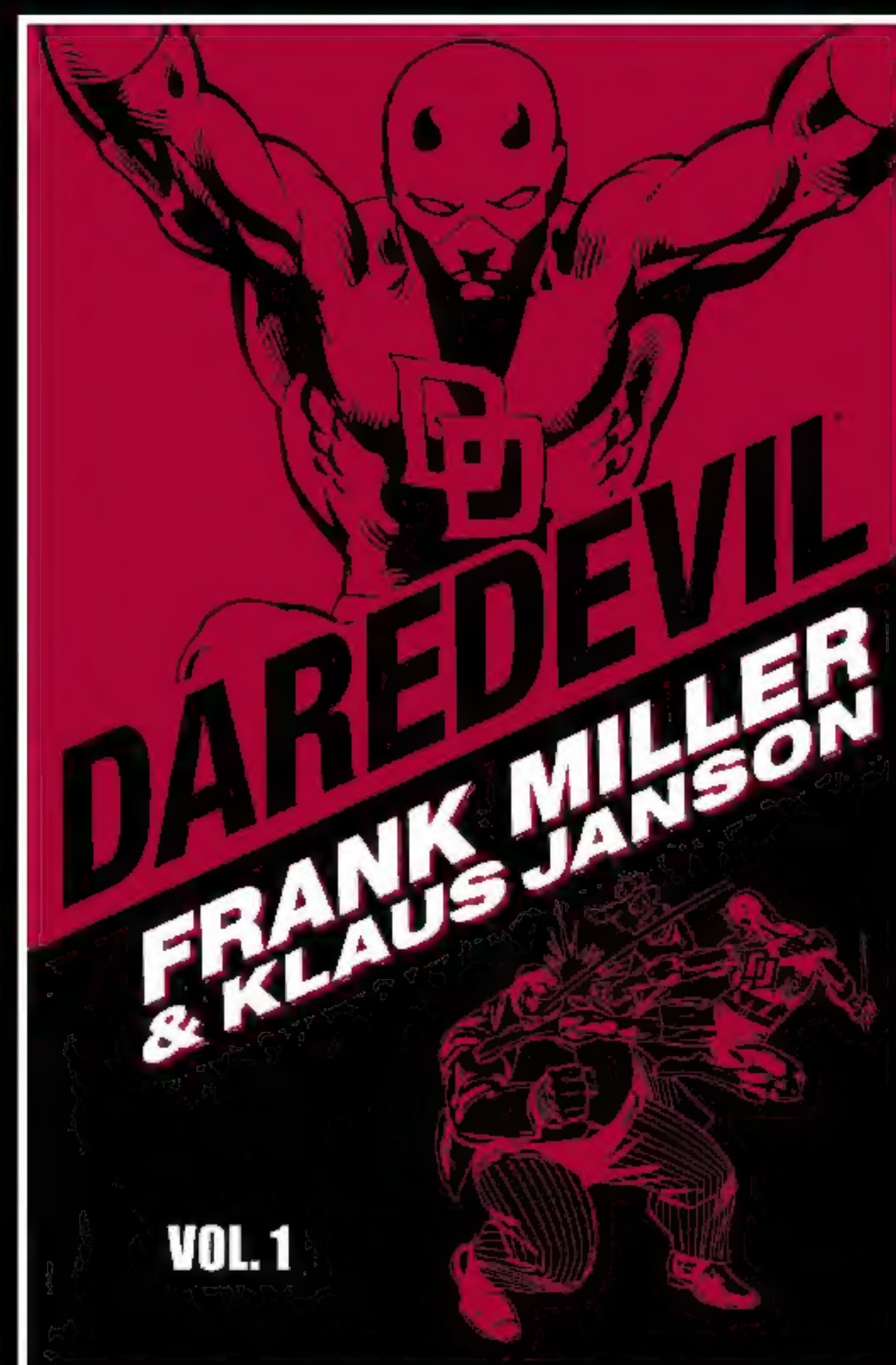
TORN FROM *TRUE LIFE!*
MORE THRILLING
THAN TOMORROW'S
HEADLINES!



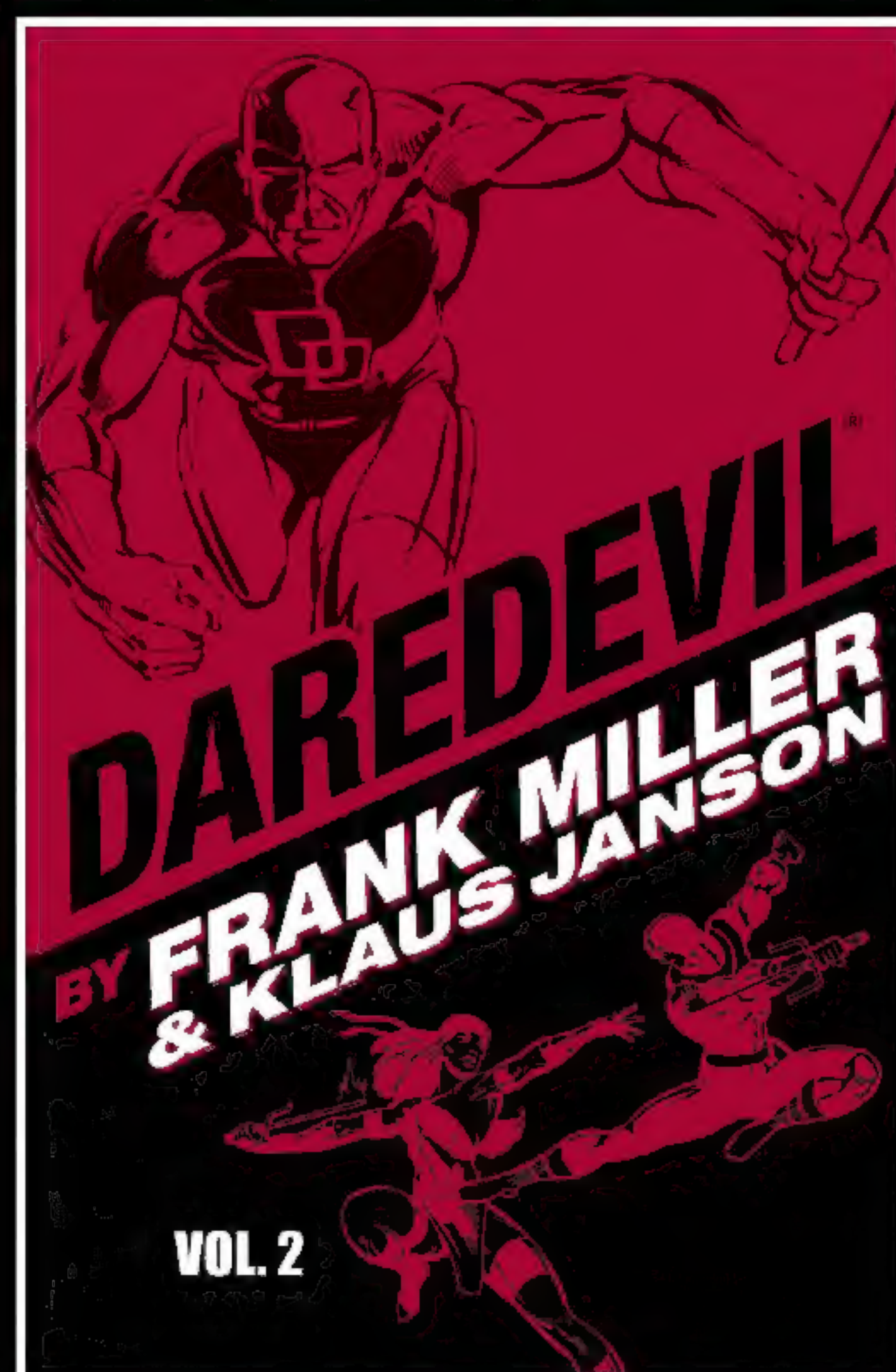
T+

MARVEL

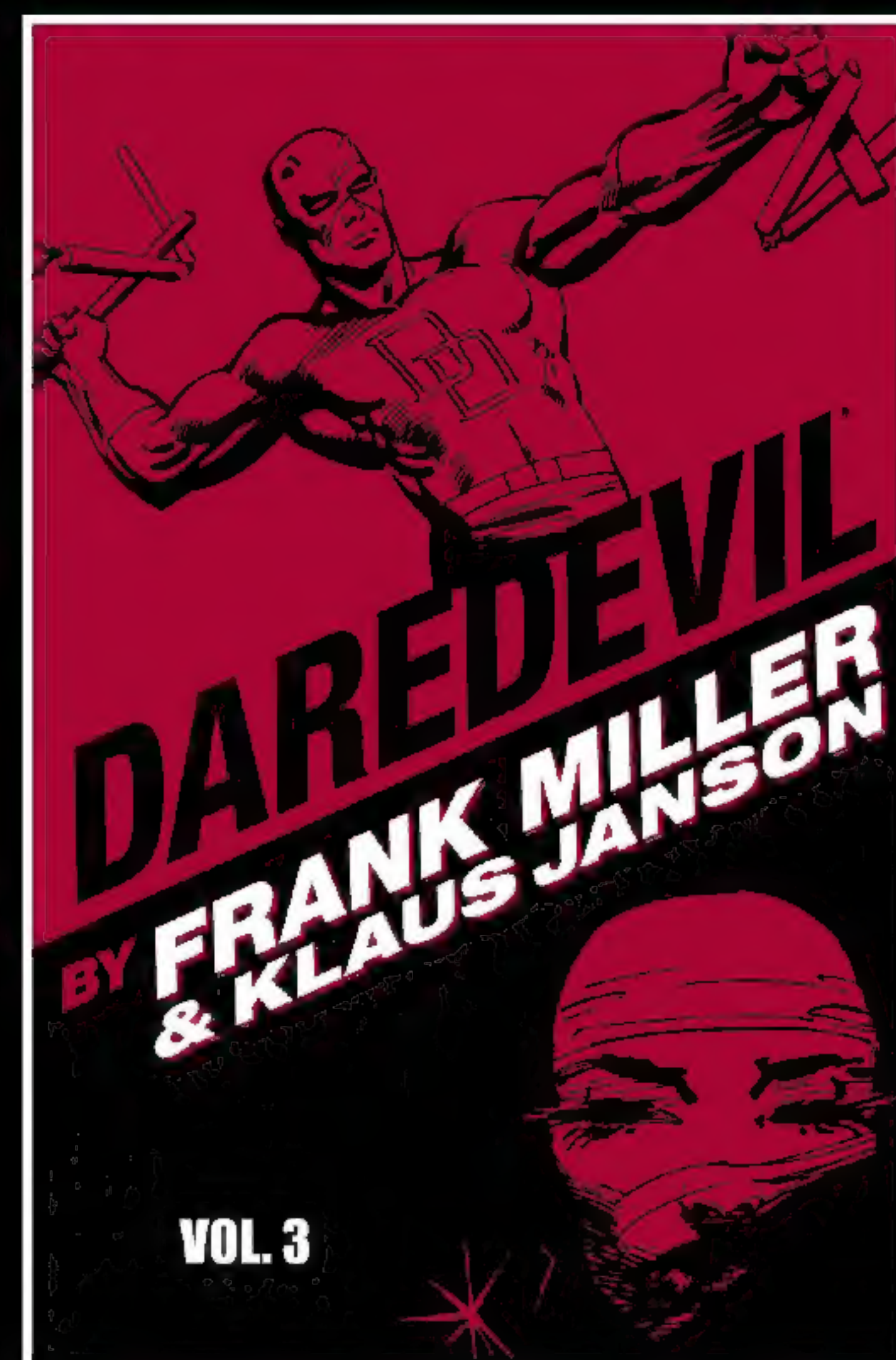
Collected Editions



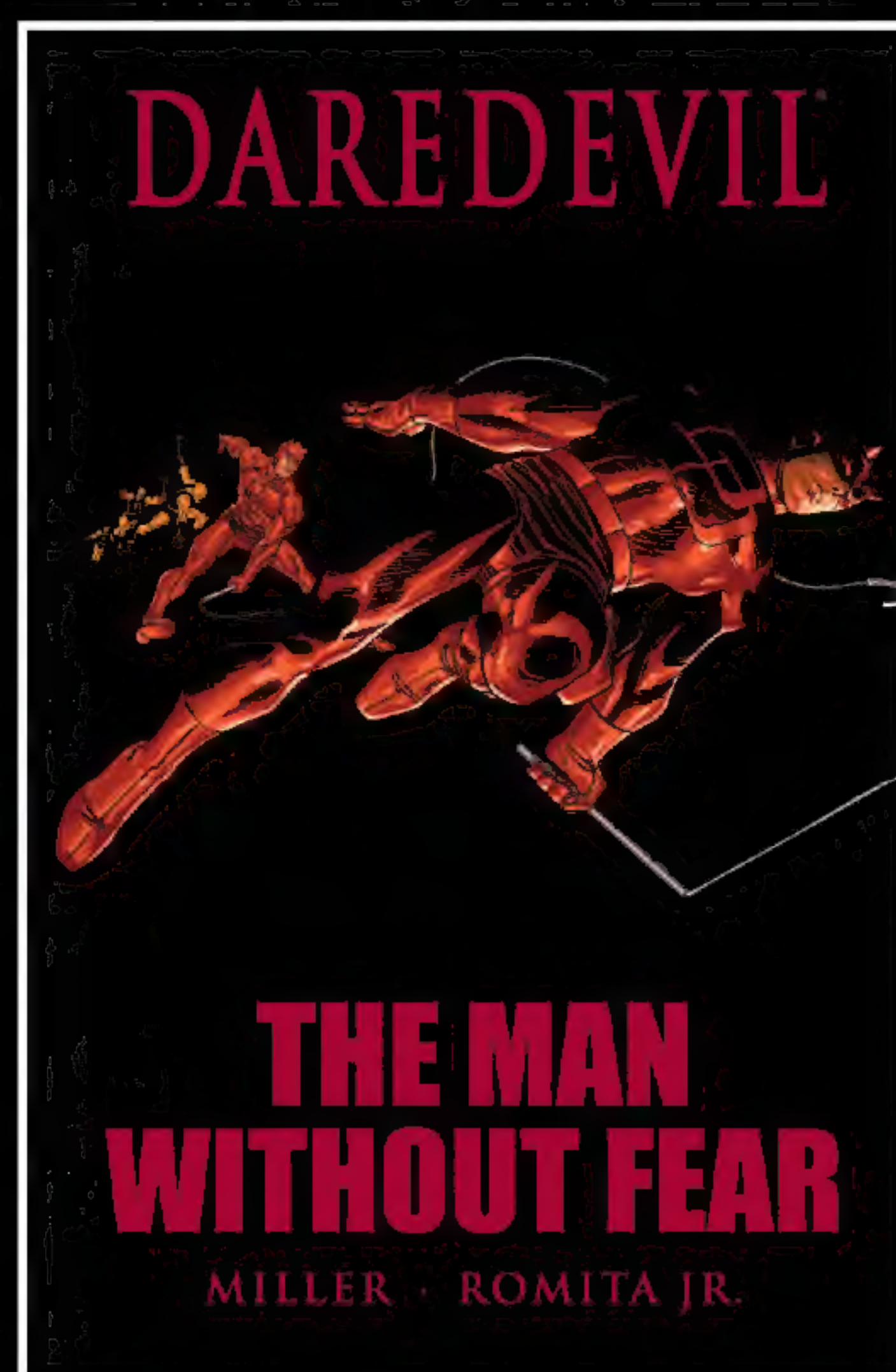
Daredevil by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson Vol. 1
ISBN # 978-0-7851-3473-2



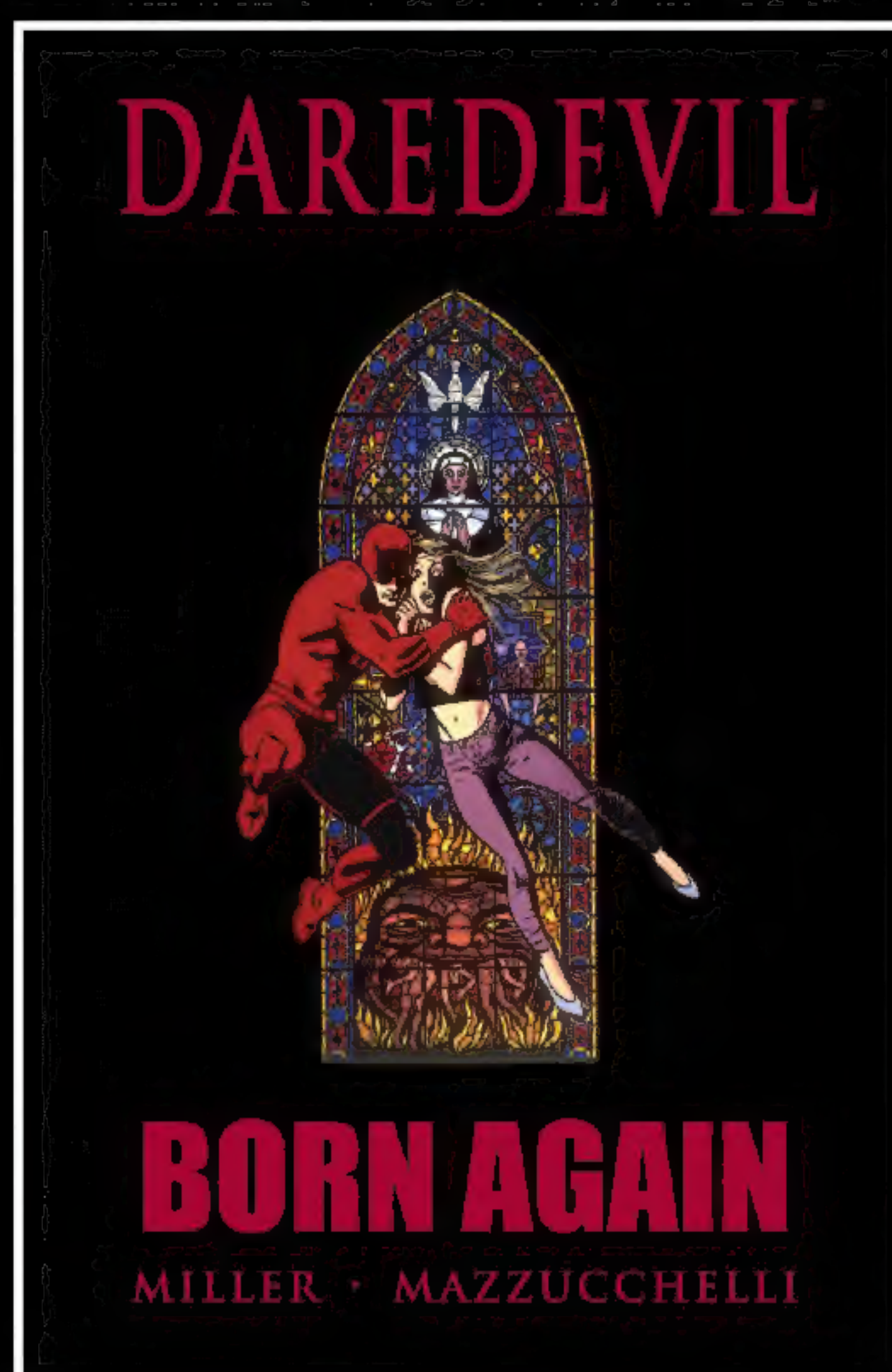
Daredevil by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson Vol. 2
ISBN # 978-0-7851-3474-9



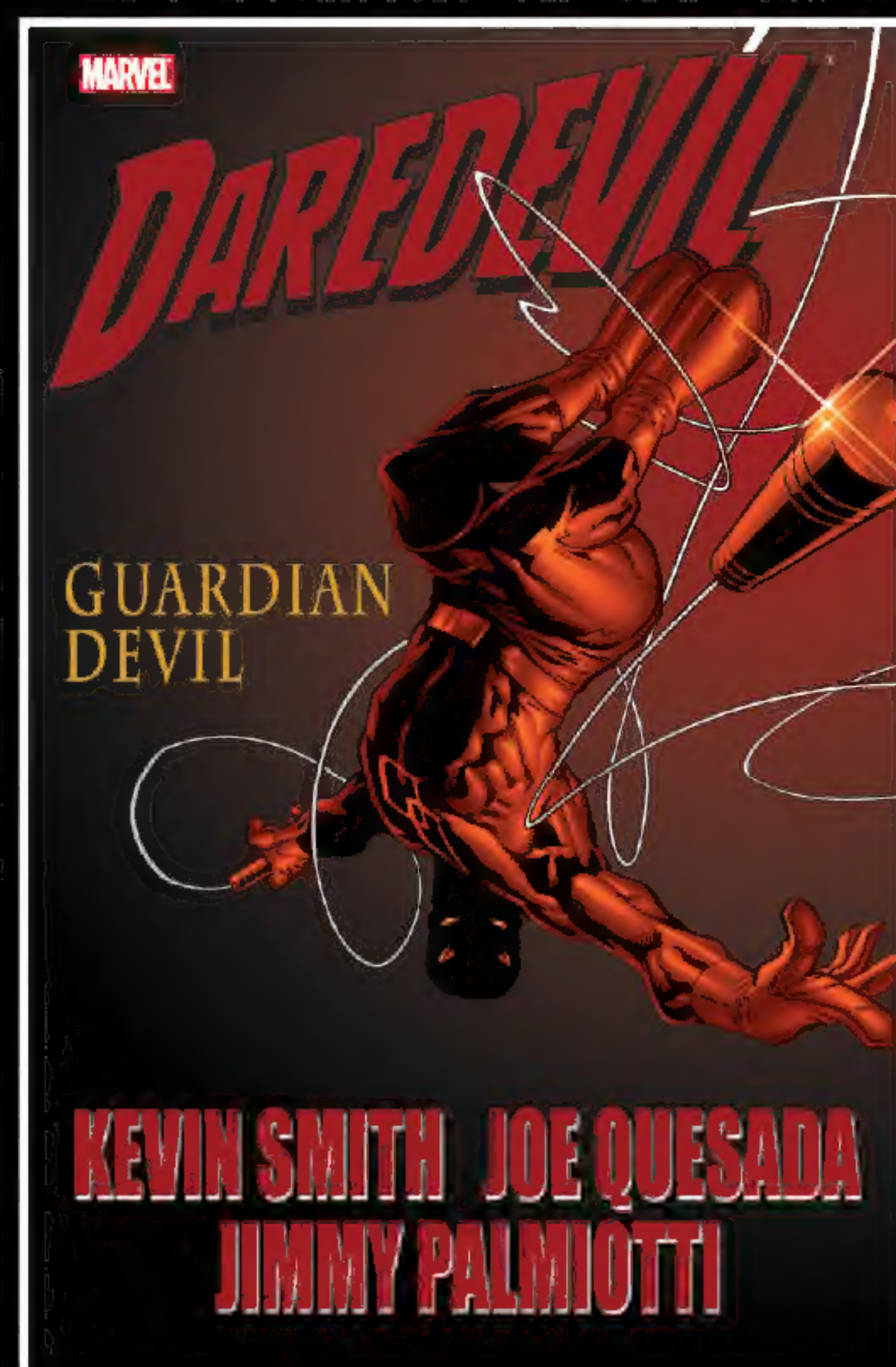
Daredevil by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson Vol. 3
ISBN # 978-0-7851-3475-6



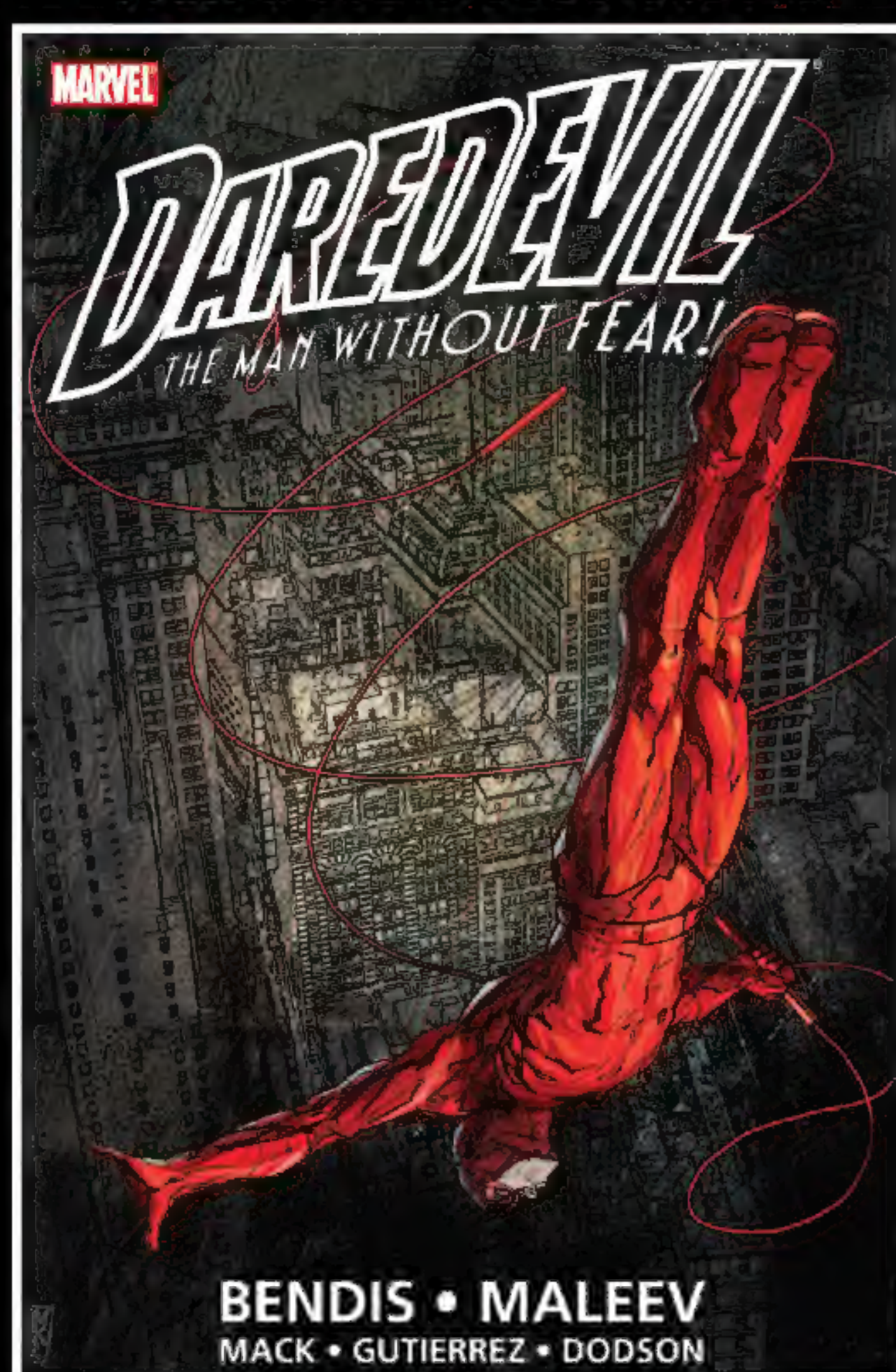
Daredevil:
The Man Without Fear
ISBN # 978-0-7851-3479-4



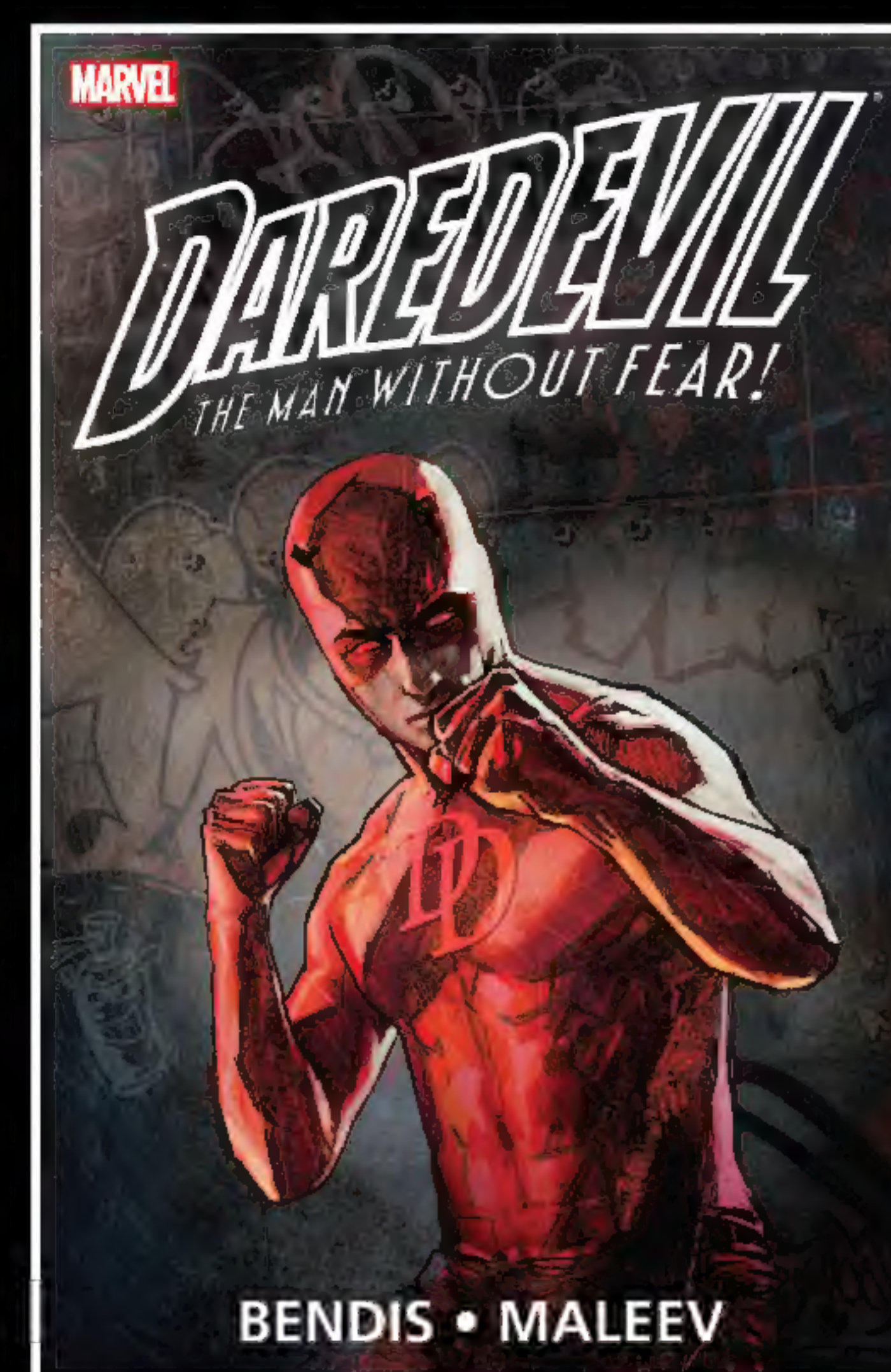
Daredevil: Born Again
ISBN # 978-0-7851-6105-9



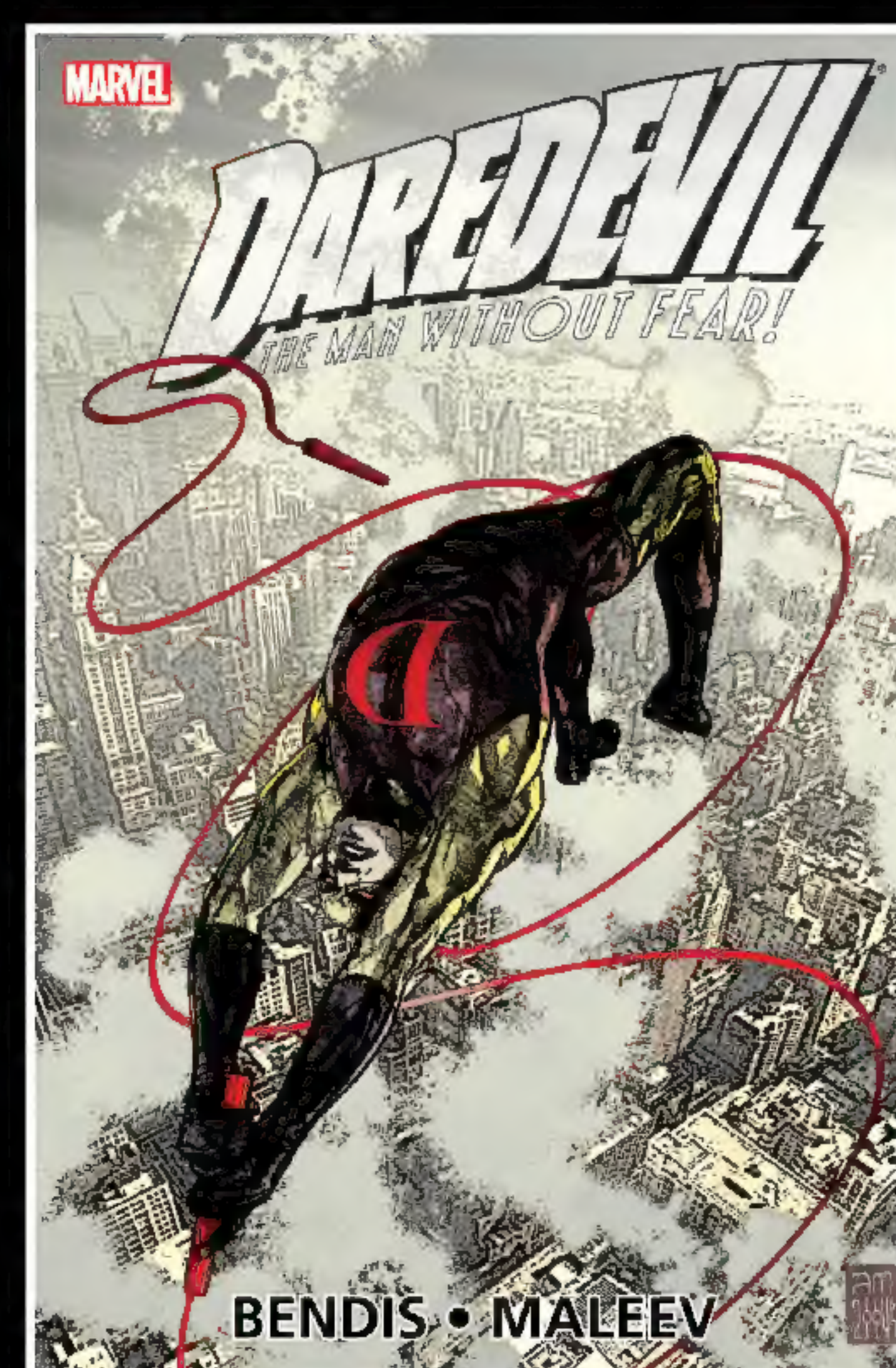
Daredevil: Guardian Devil
ISBN # 978-0-7851-4143-3



Daredevil by Brian Michael Bendis & Alex Maleev
Ultimate Collection Book 1
ISBN # 978-0-7851-4388-8



Daredevil by Brian Michael Bendis & Alex Maleev
Ultimate Collection Book 2
ISBN # 978-0-7851-4950-7



Daredevil by Brian Michael Bendis & Alex Maleev
Ultimate Collection Book 3
ISBN # 978-0-7851-4591-4

ENTER THE WORLD OF *DANGER, DRAMA AND DEATH!*



T+

MARVEL

NIGHT
NURSE

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



20¢
1 NOV
02159

ENTER THE WORLD OF *DANGER, DRAMA AND DEATH!*



NIGHT NURSE™

GREAT
FIRST
ISSUE!



ALL THE GLAMOUR--THE HEARTACHE--THE THROBBING EXCITEMENT--
OF A BIG-CITY HOSPITAL!

THE MAKING OF A NURSE!

ON THE THRESHOLD OF A NEW CAREER--ON THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY--GRADUATION DAY--LINDA CARTER, STUDENT NURSE, MUST MAKE THE MOST DIFFICULT DECISION OF HER LIFE--!

THE MAKING OF A NURSE!

THE SCENE:

OUTSIDE THE BUSY
ENTRANCE OF ONE
OF A BIG CITY'S
GREATEST
HOSPITALS--
WHERE A YOUNG
WOMAN CRIES--
AND A HEART
BREAKS--!

I CAN'T
LET MYSELF
BE *TORN IN*
TWO LIKE
THIS!

I'VE GOT TO
CHOOSE--
CHOOSE
BETWEEN THE
MAN I LOVE--
AND BECOMING
A *NURSE!*

BUT HOW
CAN I EVER
KNOW--IF
I'VE MADE
THE *RIGHT*
CHOICE?

HOW CAN
I EVER
TRULY
KNOW??

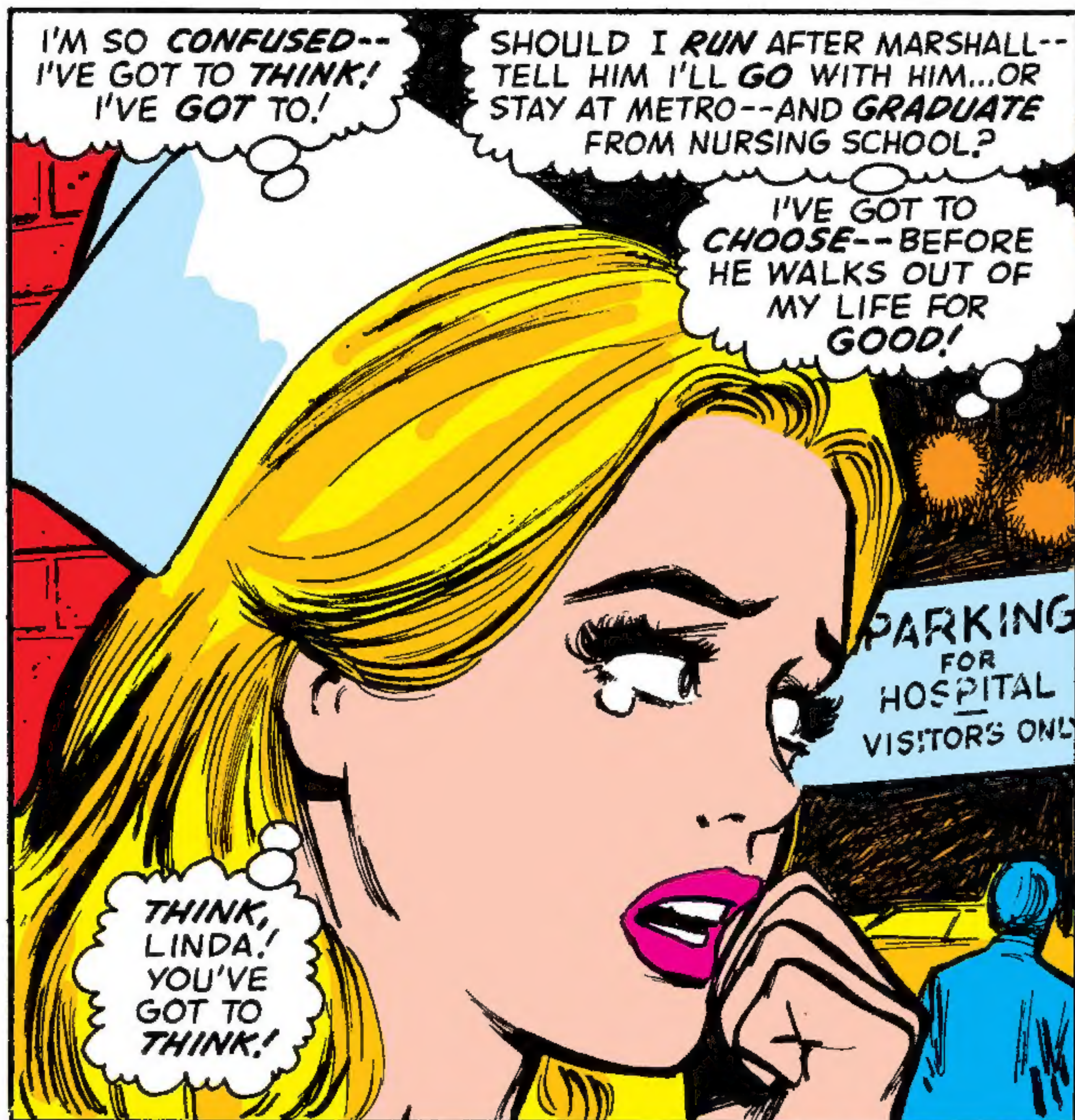
STAN LEE PRESENTS:

THE PREMIERE OF A PULSE-
POUNDING NEW SERIES BY:

JEAN THOMAS* WINSLOW MORTIMER
WRITER ARTIST

ROY THOMAS, EDITOR

1081Z



I'M SO **CONFUSED**--
I'VE GOT TO **THINK!**
I'VE GOT TO!

SHOULD I **RUN** AFTER MARSHALL--
TELL HIM I'LL **GO** WITH HIM...OR
STAY AT METRO--AND **GRADUATE**
FROM NURSING SCHOOL?

I'VE GOT TO
CHOOSE--BEFORE
HE WALKS OUT OF
MY LIFE FOR
GOOD!

THINK,
LINDA!
YOU'VE
GOT TO
THINK!

THE THOUGHTS **TUMBLE** THROUGH LINDA'S
TROUBLED MIND...

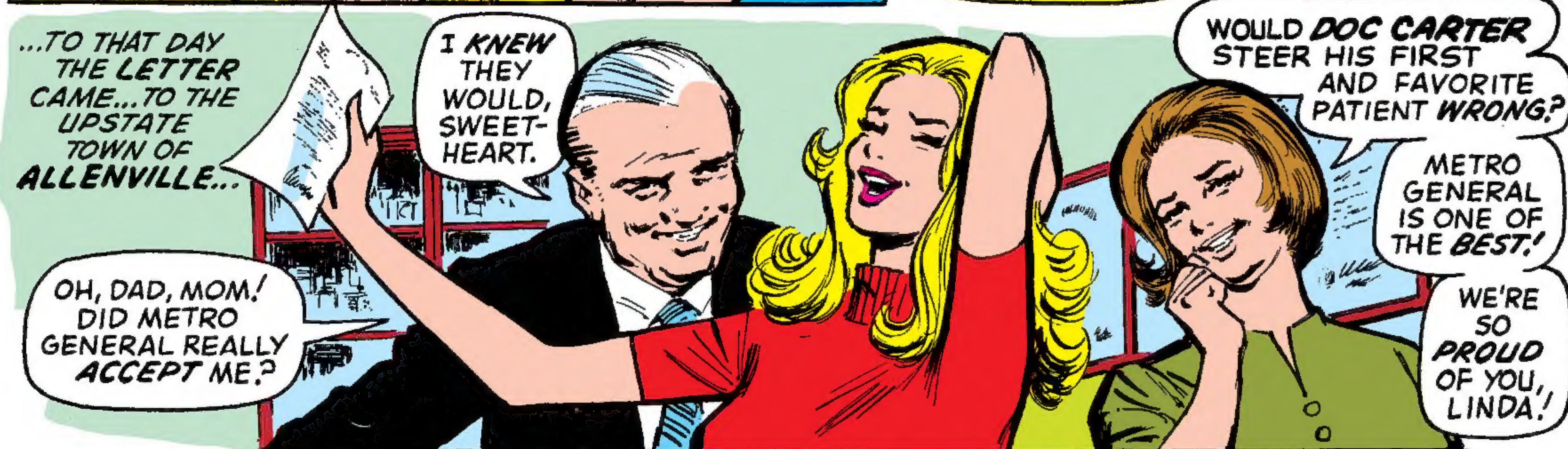
BACK THREE YEARS, TO THAT
FIRST BRIGHT DAY AT
METRO GENERAL...

HELLO, FUTURE
ROOMIES...I'M
LINDA...



HELLO, YOURSELF.
JUST **UNPACK**,
OKAY?

CAREFUL
THERE--SHE
BITES!



...TO THAT DAY
THE **LETTER**
CAME...TO THE
UPSTATE
TOWN OF
ALLENVILLE...

I **KNEW**
THEY
WOULD,
SWEET-
HEART.

OH, DAD, MOM!
DID METRO
GENERAL REALLY
ACCEPT ME?

WOULD **DOC CARTER**
STEER HIS FIRST
AND FAVORITE
PATIENT **WRONG?**

METRO
GENERAL
IS ONE OF
THE **BEST!**

WE'RE
SO
PROUD
OF YOU,
LINDA!



...TO A NEW YORK DISTRICT
OF **CRUMBLING** WALK-UPS
AND **COLD-WATER** FLATS...

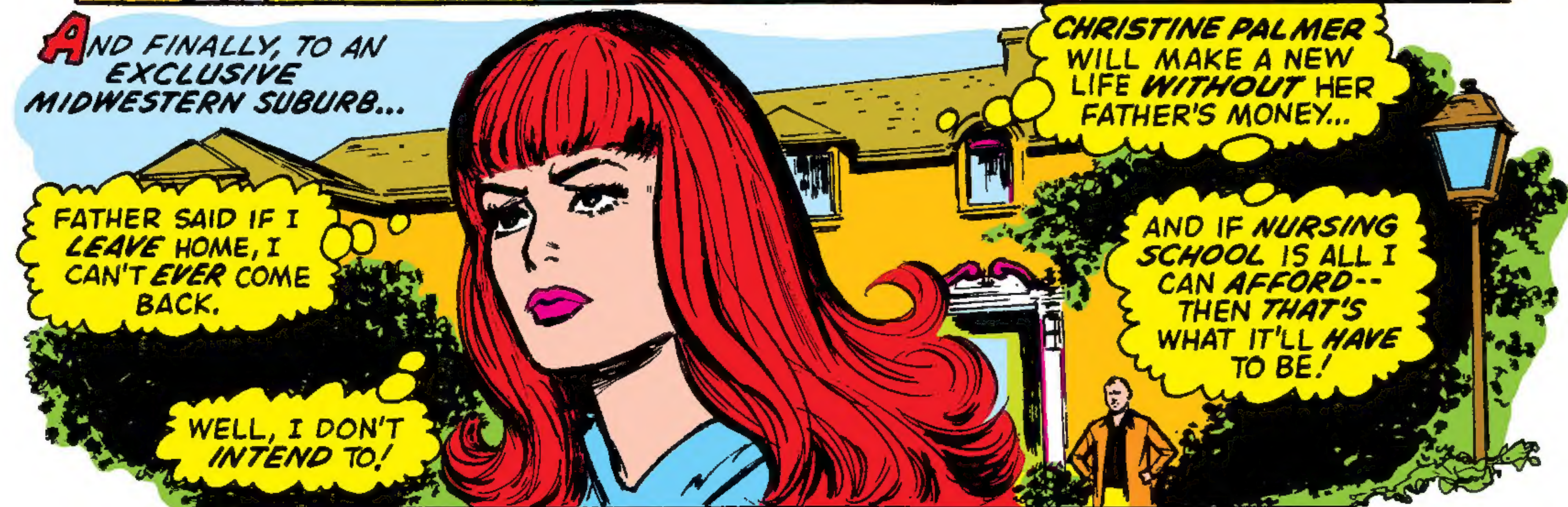
I WANT TO GO TO METRO
GENERAL MORE THAN
ANYTHING ELSE IN THE
WORLD--BUT I'M **SCARED**.
REAL SCARED.

THAT'S A WHOLE
OTHER WORLD--
JUST A FEW
BLOCKS AWAY.

GEORGIA JENKINS, YOU
JUST COME BACK THE
BEST DARN NURSE **THIS**
NEIGHBORHOOD WILL
EVER SEE!

YOUR PEOPLE
NEED YOU.

BYE,
GEORGIE!



AND FINALLY, TO AN
EXCLUSIVE
MIDWESTERN SUBURB...

FATHER SAID IF I
LEAVE HOME, I
CAN'T **EVER** COME
BACK.

WELL, I DON'T
INTEND TO!

CHRISTINE PALMER
WILL MAKE A NEW
LIFE **WITHOUT** HER
FATHER'S MONEY...

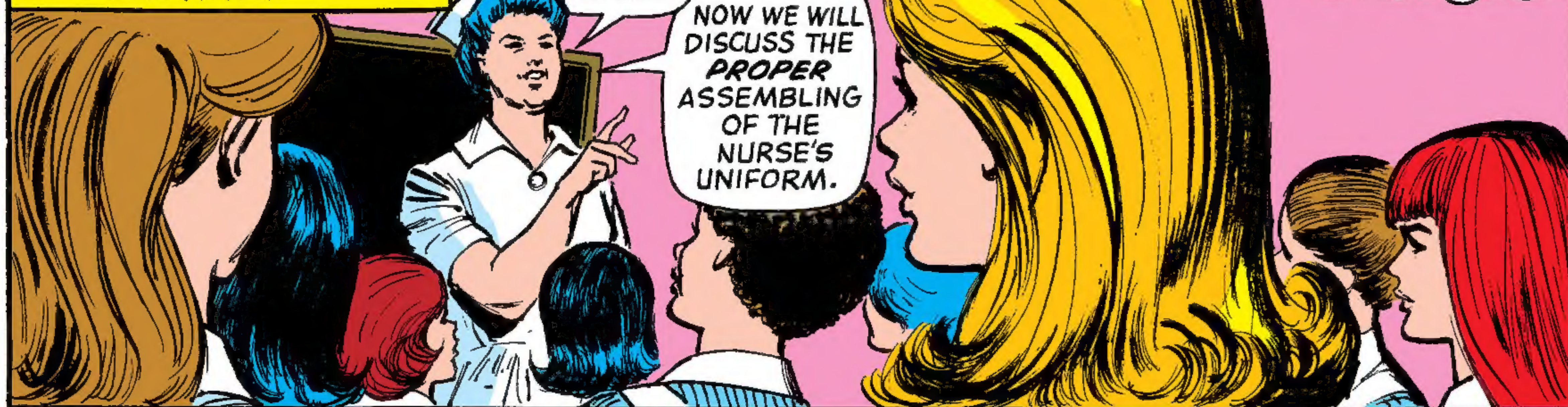
AND IF **NURSING**
SCHOOL IS ALL I
CAN **AFFORD**--
THEN THAT'S
WHAT IT'LL HAVE
TO BE!

AND SO IT WAS THAT THE THREE WIDELY DIFFERENT AND DISSIMILIAR GIRLS WERE THROWN TOGETHER IN A GREAT METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL...

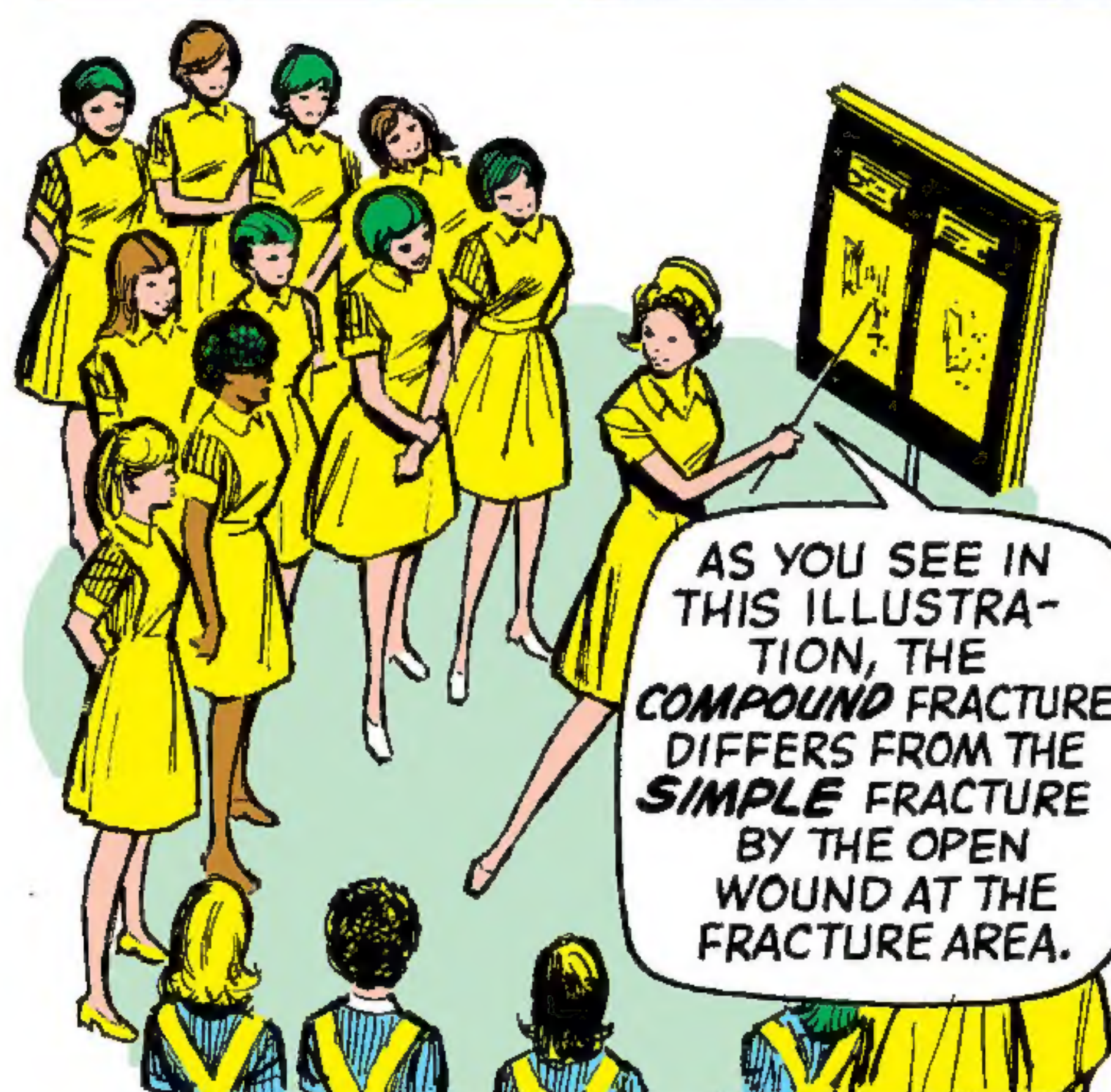
AS STUDENT NURSES, YOU YOUNG WOMEN CAN EXPECT TO WORK HARDER THAN YOU HAVE EVER WORKED--OR PROBABLY WILL EVER WORK--IN YOUR ENTIRE LIVES...

NOW WE WILL DISCUSS THE PROPER ASSEMBLING OF THE NURSE'S UNIFORM.

WELL, IF I CAN'T LOVE MY ROOMMATES, I CAN AT LEAST LOVE MY CLASSES.



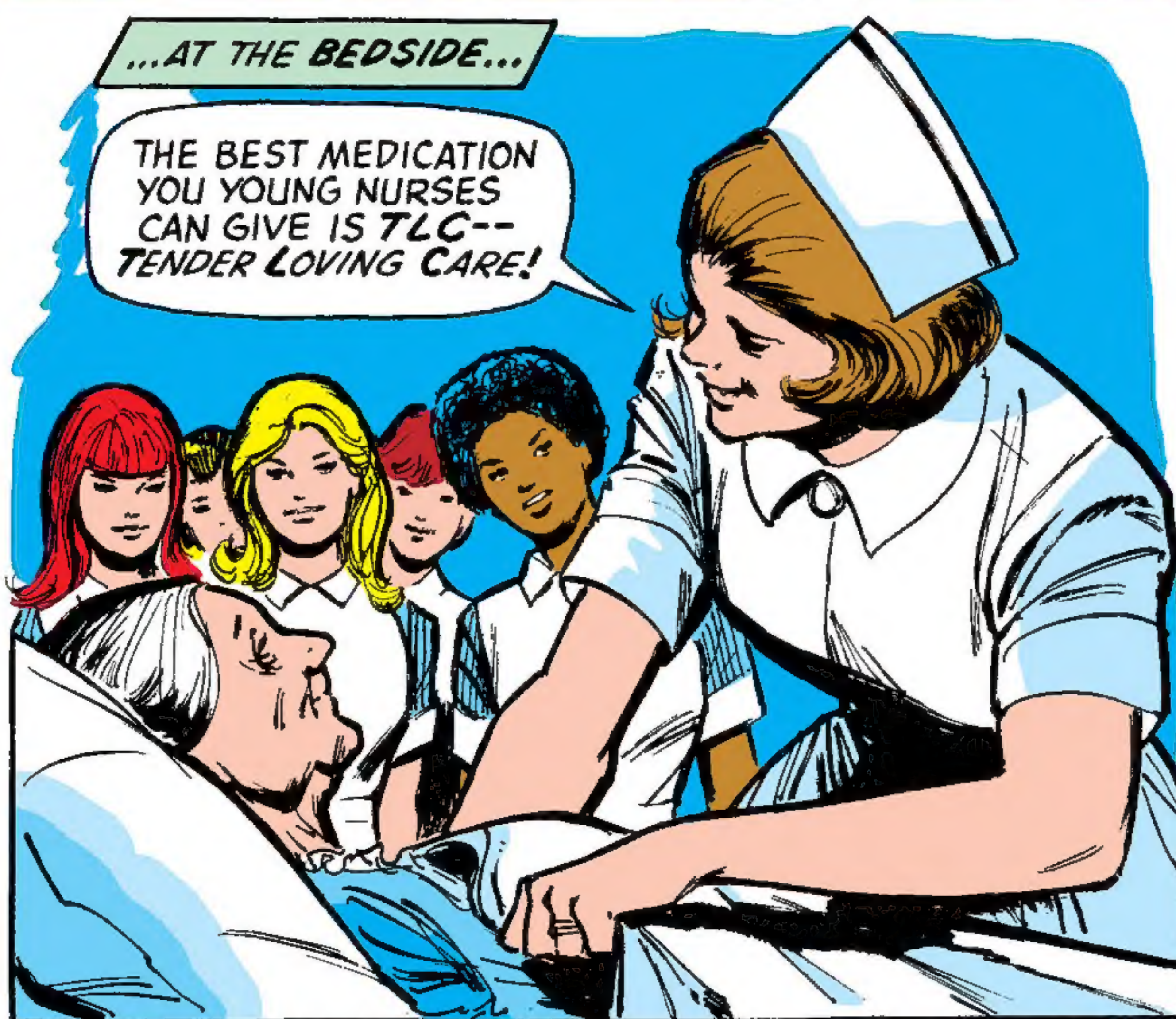
AS THE THREE SOON DISCOVERED, THEIR ENTIRE LIVES AT METRO GENERAL WERE INVOLVED IN LEARNING SITUATIONS, WHETHER IN THE CLASSROOM...



AS YOU SEE IN THIS ILLUSTRATION, THE COMPOUND FRACTURE DIFFERS FROM THE SIMPLE FRACTURE BY THE OPEN WOUND AT THE FRACTURE AREA.

...AT THE BEDSIDE...

THE BEST MEDICATION YOU YOUNG NURSES CAN GIVE IS TLC--TENDER LOVING CARE!



...OR IN ONE OF THE MANY HOSPITAL LABORATORIES THAT SERVE THE EVER-INCREASING NEED FOR KNOWLEDGE IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.



YOU ARE NOW ABOUT TO WITNESS AN AUTOPSY--AN EXAMINATION TO DETERMINE THE CAUSE OF DEATH.

...CHEMISTRY NEVER WAS MY BEST SUBJECT.

NOW, DO I ADD THE ACID TO THE WATER, OR THE WATER TO THE ACID?



MAYBE I'M NOT CUT OUT TO BE A NURSE, BUT I WON'T GO BACK TO FATHER'S MONEY--I WON'T!

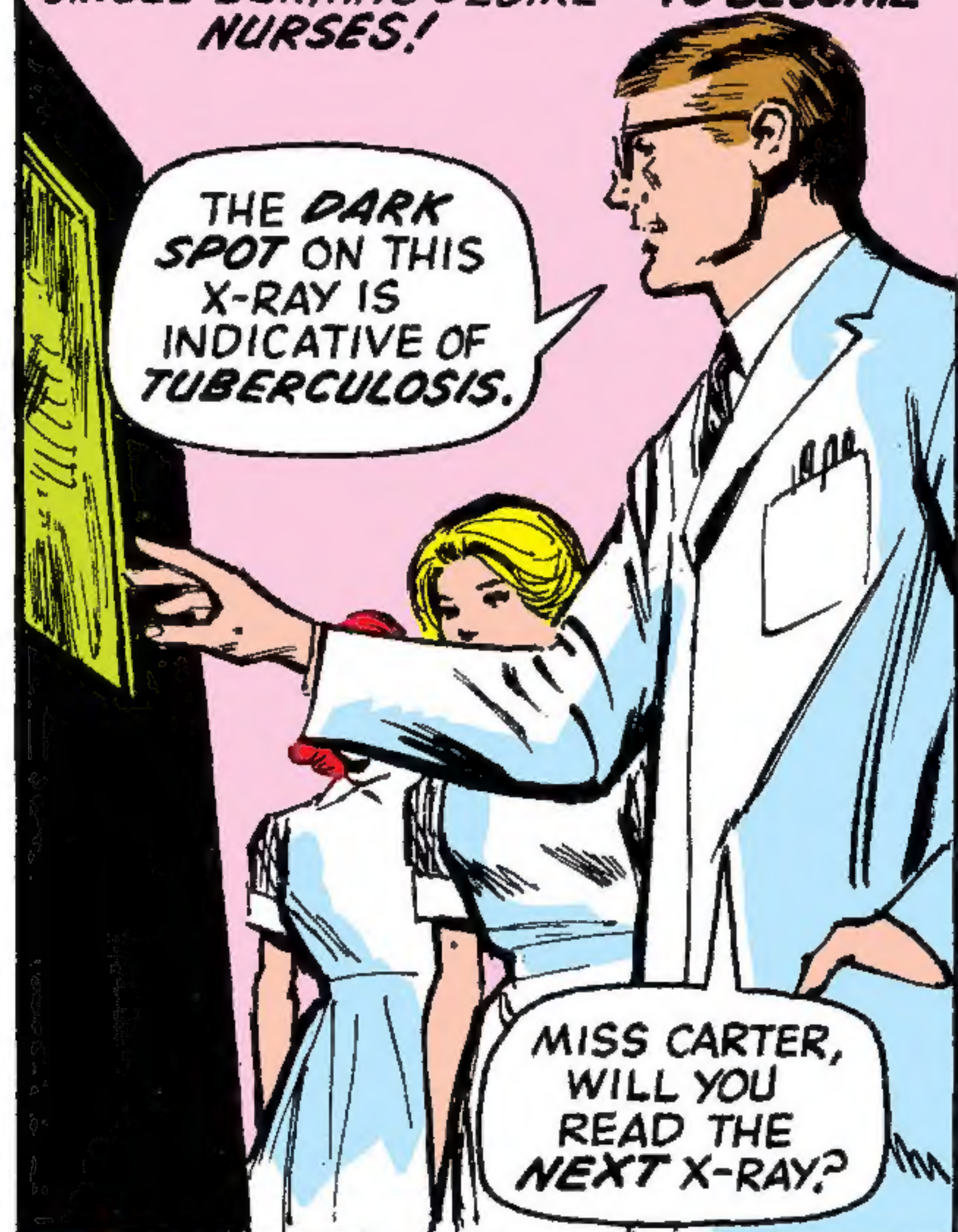
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE REST OF YOU GIRLS, BUT ONE MORE 7 A.M. CLASS AND I'LL COLLAPSE--OR GO CRAZY!

COOL IT, SLEEPING BEAUTY! NOBODY'S KEEPING YOU HERE!

TIME OUT, GALS--CLASS IS STARTING.



THE CLASSES STARTED AT 7 A.M., AND FLOOR DUTY FINISHED AT 10 P.M. BUT THE DEDICATED YOUNG WOMEN IN THE BLUE-AND-WHITE STRIPES DIDN'T COLLAPSE--OR QUIT. THEY KEPT RIGHT ON GOING, DRIVEN BY A SINGLE BURNING DESIRE--TO BECOME NURSES!



THE DARK SPOT ON THIS X-RAY IS INDICATIVE OF TUBERCULOSIS.

MISS CARTER, WILL YOU READ THE NEXT X-RAY?

YOU WILL PLEASE NOTICE HOW I CORRECTLY HOLD THE TONGUE DEPRESSOR WHEN EXAMINING THE PATIENT.



WHO WOULD LIKE TO TRY THIS TECHNIQUE NEXT?

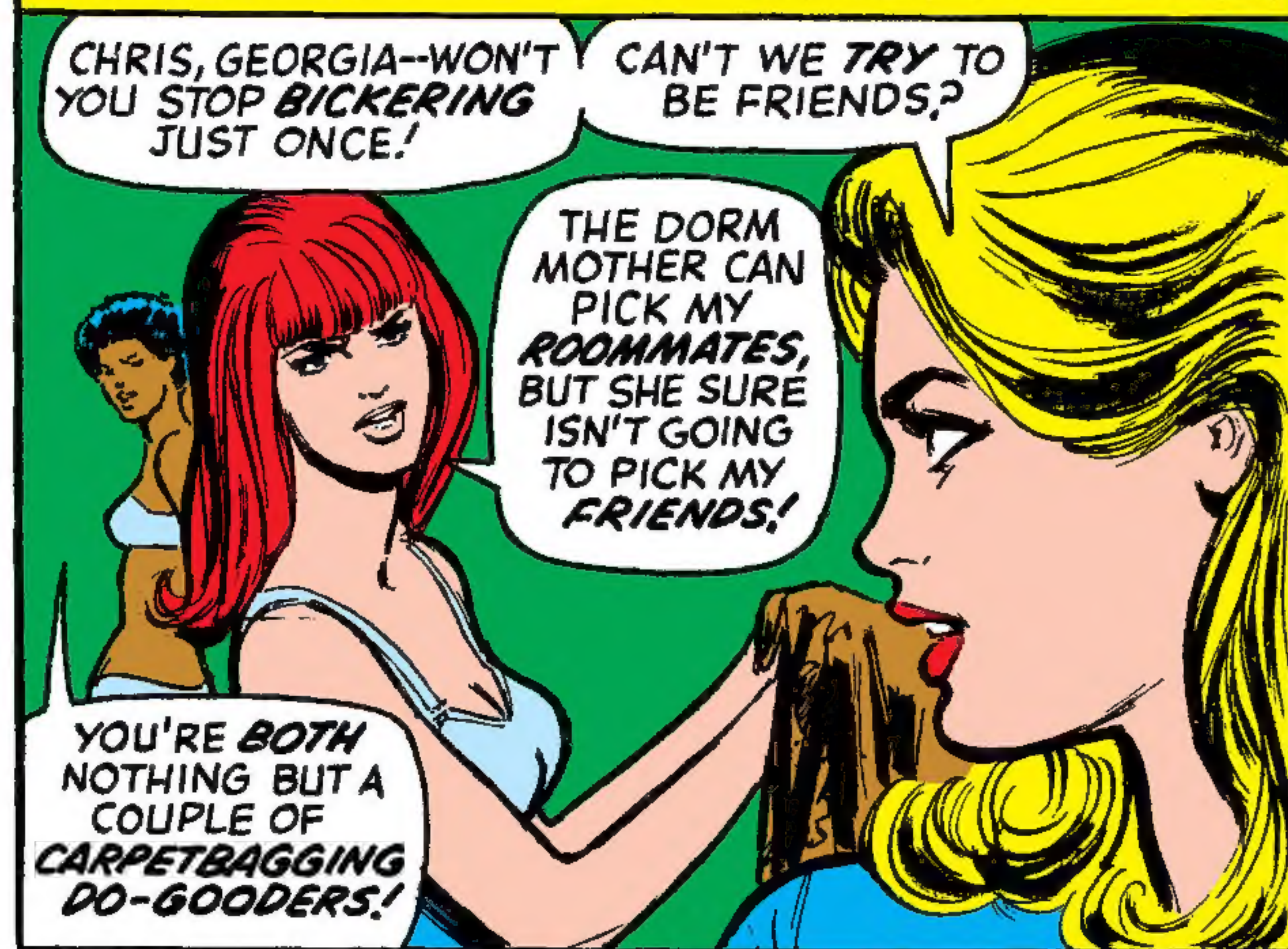
NOW THAT YOU STUDENT NURSES HAVE COMPLETED YOUR COURSE IN CHEMISTRY, WE ADVANCE TO PHARMACOLOGY--THE STUDY OF DRUGS AND THEIR USES.

THE COMPOUNDING OF MEDICATION IS A VERY EXACTING PROCESS...



ISN'T EVERYTHING AROUND HERE?

AS MUCH AS THEY LOVED NURSING, HOWEVER, THREE OF THE GIRLS LIVED UNDER A SHADOW: A SHADOW OF TENSION GROWING FROM THEIR GREAT DIFFERENCES.

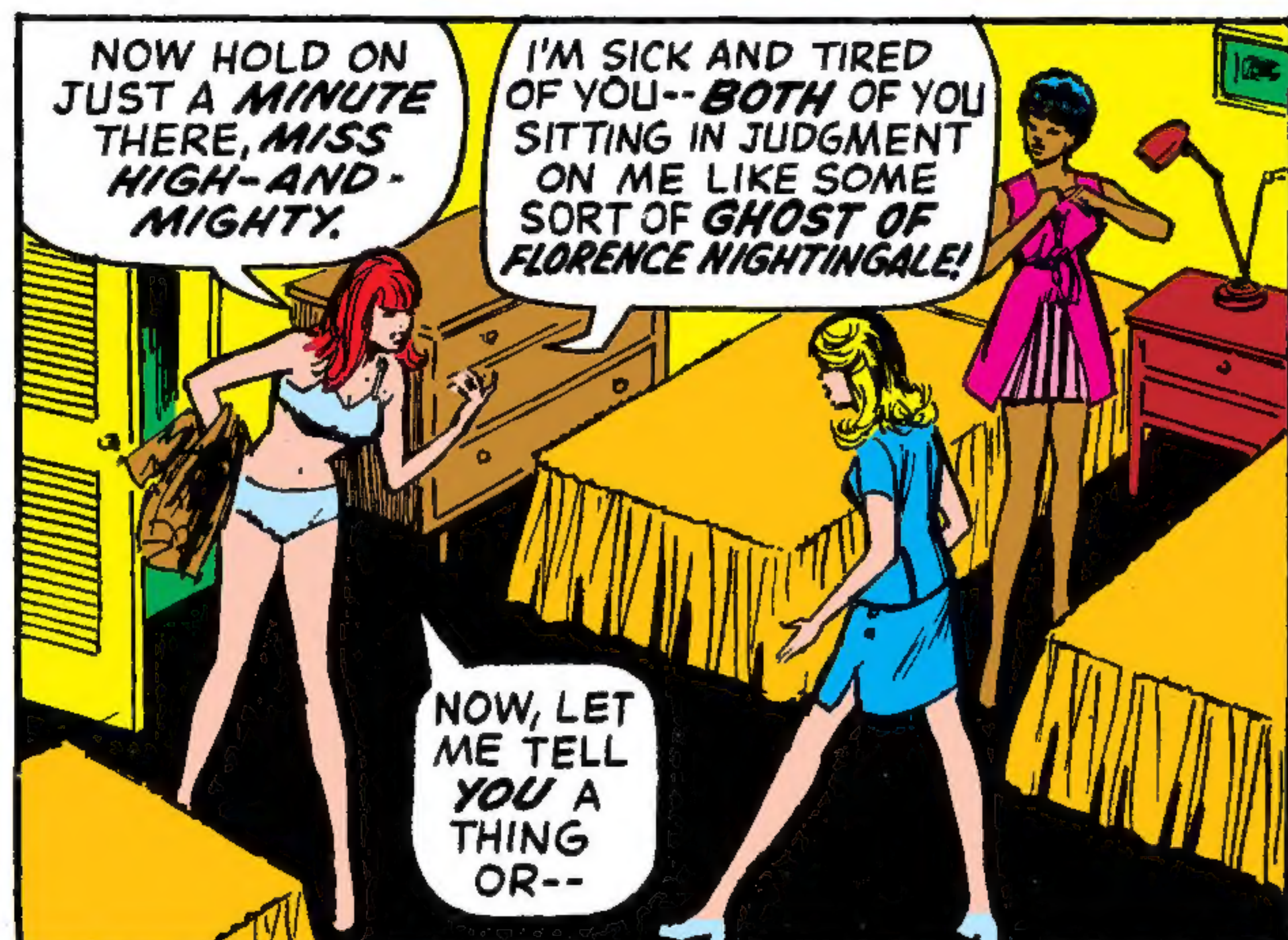


CHRIS, GEORGIA--WON'T YOU STOP BICKERING JUST ONCE!

CAN'T WE TRY TO BE FRIENDS?

THE DORM MOTHER CAN PICK MY ROOMMATES, BUT SHE SURE ISN'T GOING TO PICK MY FRIENDS!

YOU'RE BOTH NOTHING BUT A COUPLE OF CARPETBAGGING DO-GOODERS!



NOW HOLD ON JUST A MINUTE THERE, MISS HIGH-AND-MIGHTY.

I'M SICK AND TIRED OF YOU--BOTH OF YOU SITTING IN JUDGMENT ON ME LIKE SOME SORT OF GHOST OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE!

NOW, LET ME TELL YOU A THING OR--

"RINGING!"

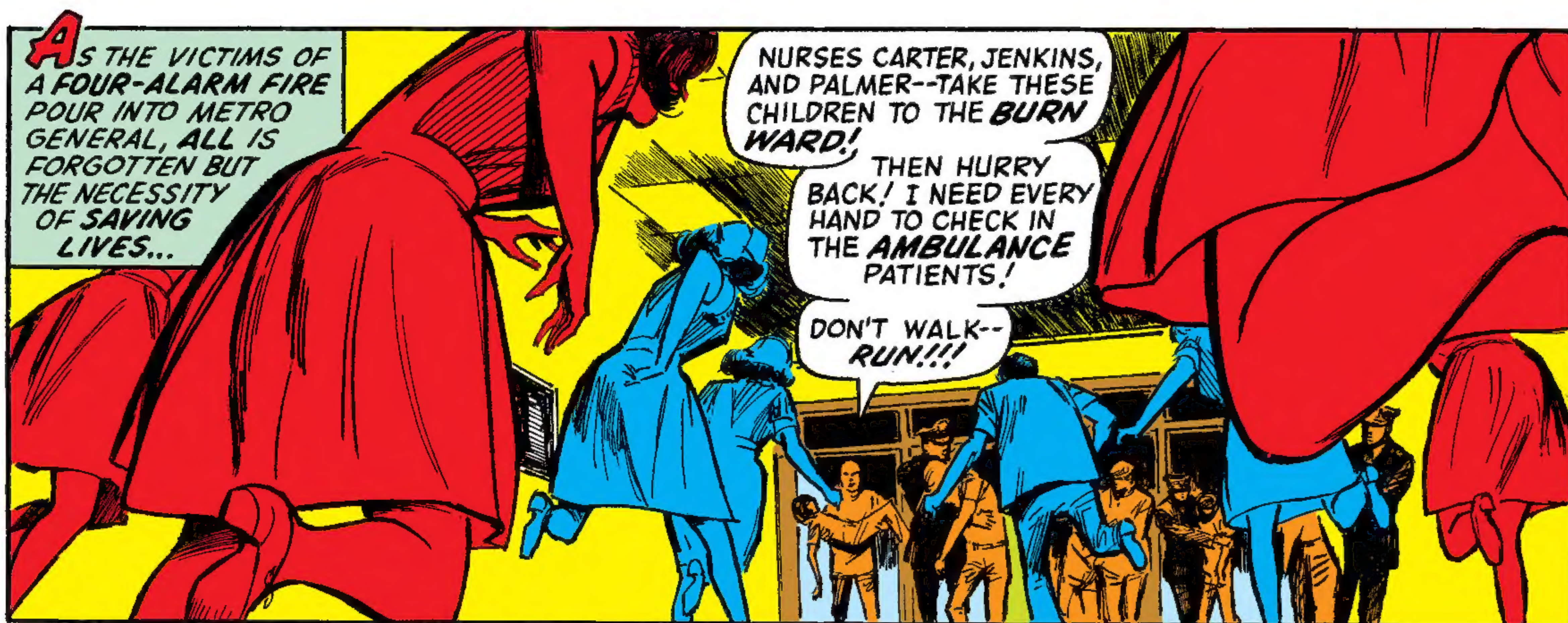


UH-OH!! THAT'S A GENERAL EMERGENCY CALL!

WE'LL HAVE TO SETTLE THIS LATER.

YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT!

LET'S MOVE IT! WE HAVE A DATE IN THE EMERGENCY ROOM!



AS THE VICTIMS OF A FOUR-ALARM FIRE POUR INTO METRO GENERAL, ALL IS FORGOTTEN BUT THE NECESSITY OF SAVING LIVES...

NURSES CARTER, JENKINS, AND PALMER--TAKE THESE CHILDREN TO THE **BURN WARD!**

THEN HURRY BACK! I NEED EVERY HAND TO CHECK IN THE **AMBULANCE** PATIENTS!

DON'T WALK--**RUN!!!**

HOURS LATER, WHEN THE LAST CASE HAS BEEN TREATED...

HEY, HOW ARE YOU, LITTLE FELLA?

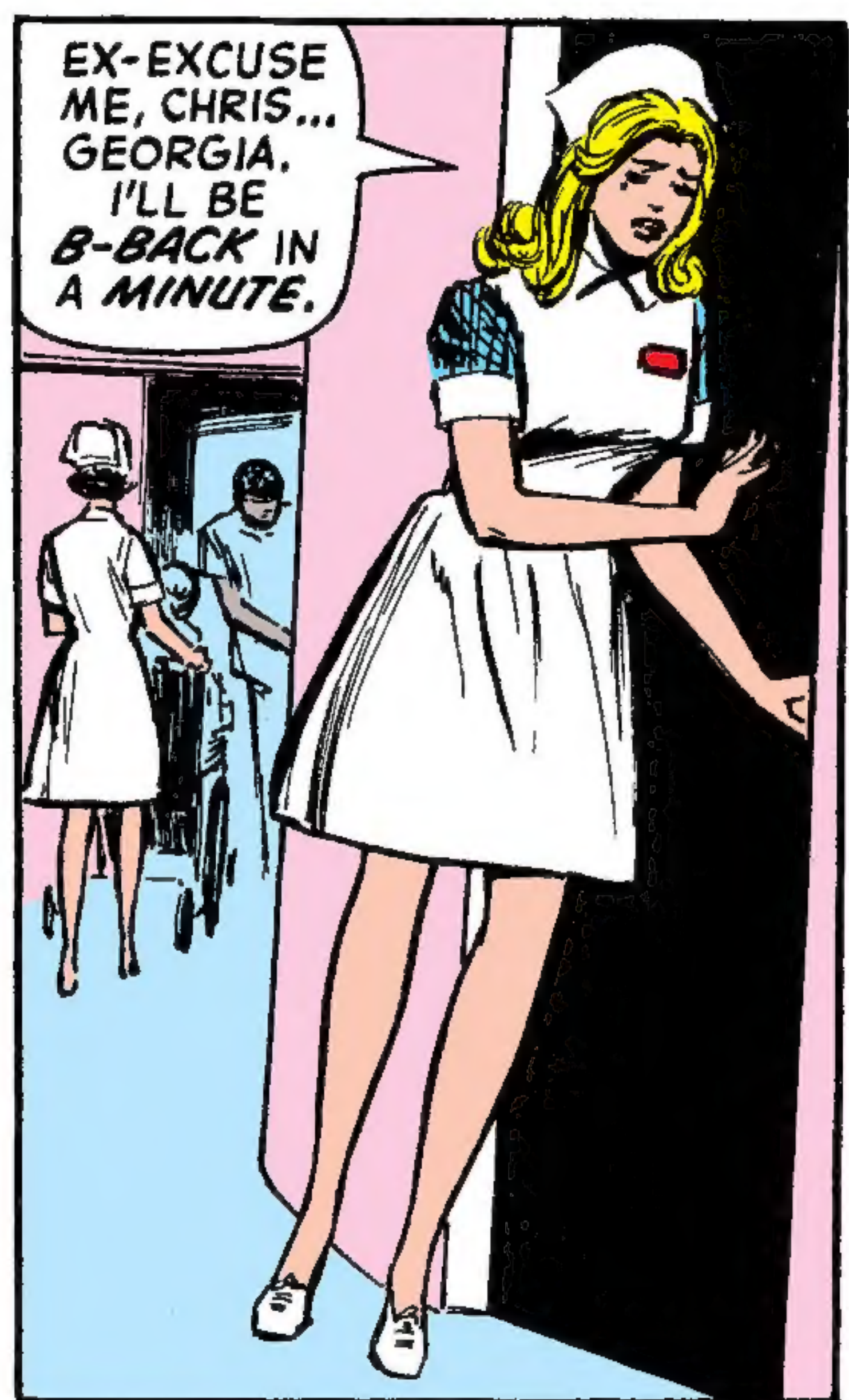
THIS YOUNG MAN OVER HERE IS DOING **FINE**, NOW. IT LOOKS LIKE ALL THE CHILDREN ARE **QUIET** AT LAST.

WHERE'S MY MOMMY? I WANT MY MOMMY...
...PLEASE.

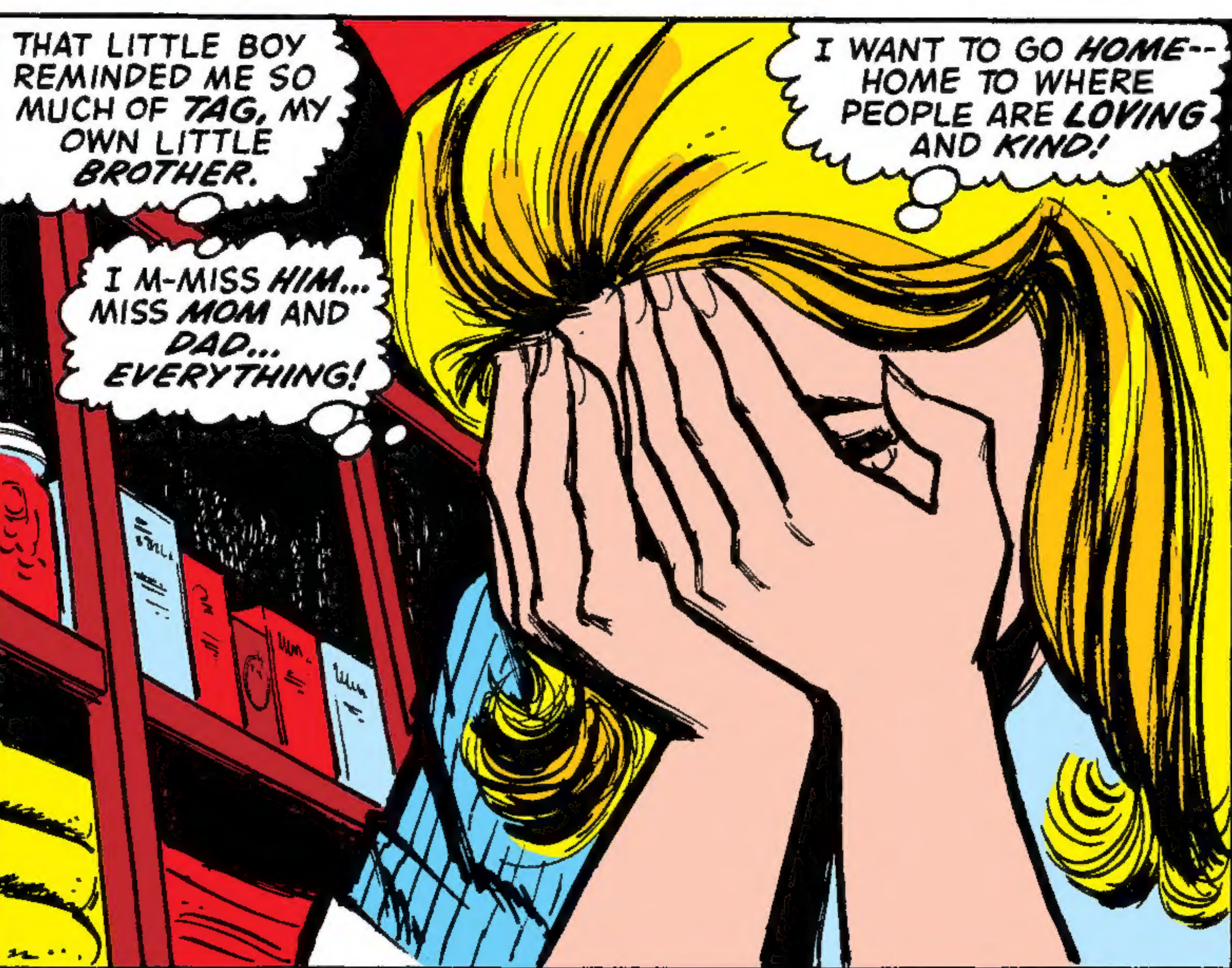
YOUR MOMMY HAS GONE TO **SLEEP** ALREADY.

I'LL TAKE YOU TO SEE HER, **FIRST** THING IN THE MORNING!

G-GO TO **SLEEP** NOW, T-TIGER.



EX-EXCUSE ME, CHRIS... GEORGIA, I'LL BE **B-BACK** IN A MINUTE.



THAT LITTLE BOY REMINDED ME SO MUCH OF **TAG**, MY OWN LITTLE BROTHER.

I M-MISS HIM... MISS MOM AND DAD... **EVERYTHING!**

I WANT TO GO **HOME--HOME** TO WHERE PEOPLE ARE **LOVING** AND **KIND!**



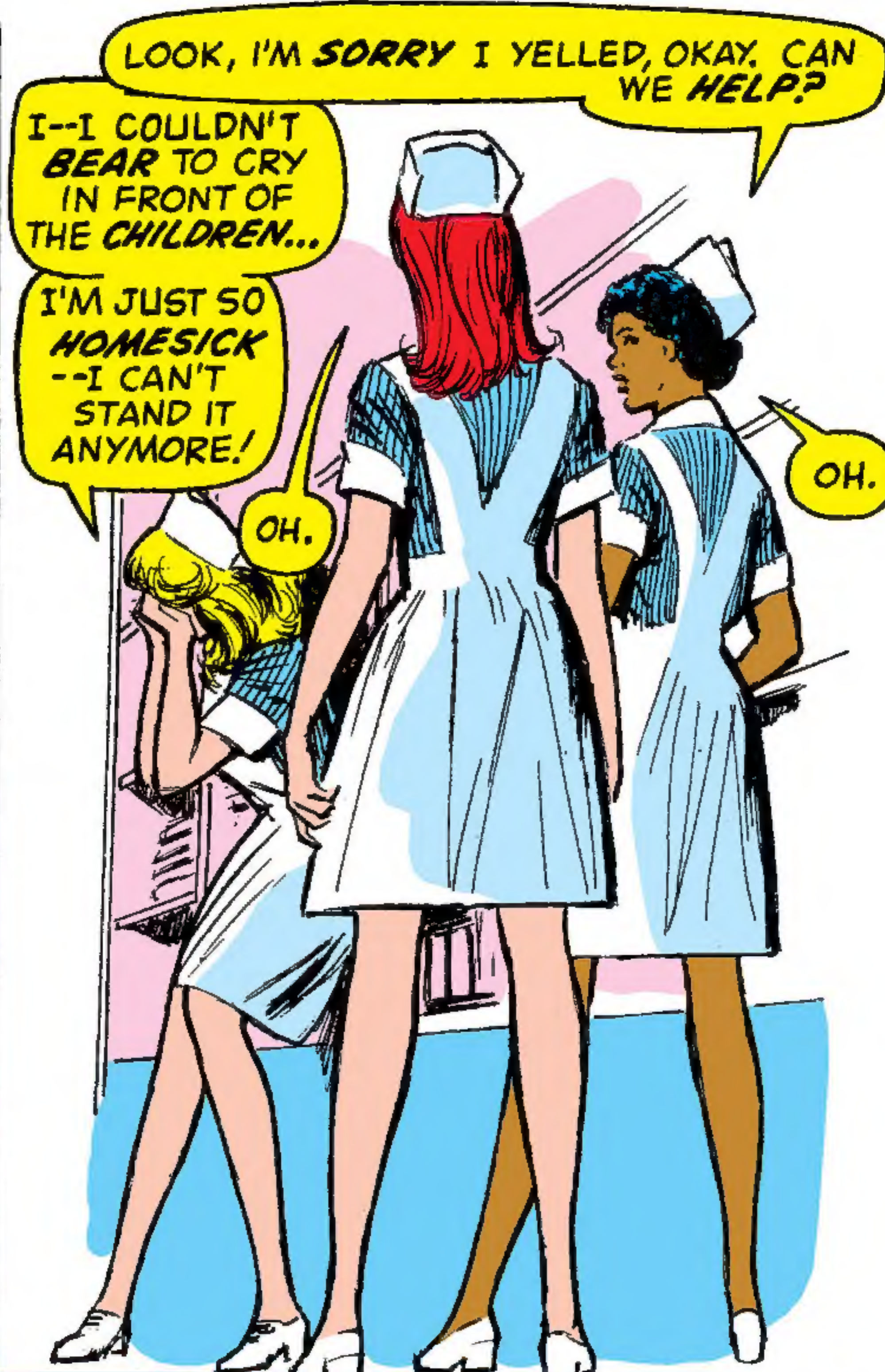
OKAY, SISTER! THE COFFEE BREAK IS OVER!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY JUST LEAVING THE FLOOR LIKE THAT...?

I'LL GET HOLD OF MYSELF... IN A S-SECOND.

SAVE IT FOR THE HEAD NURSE.

HEY, GEORGIA-- LINDA'S CRYING!



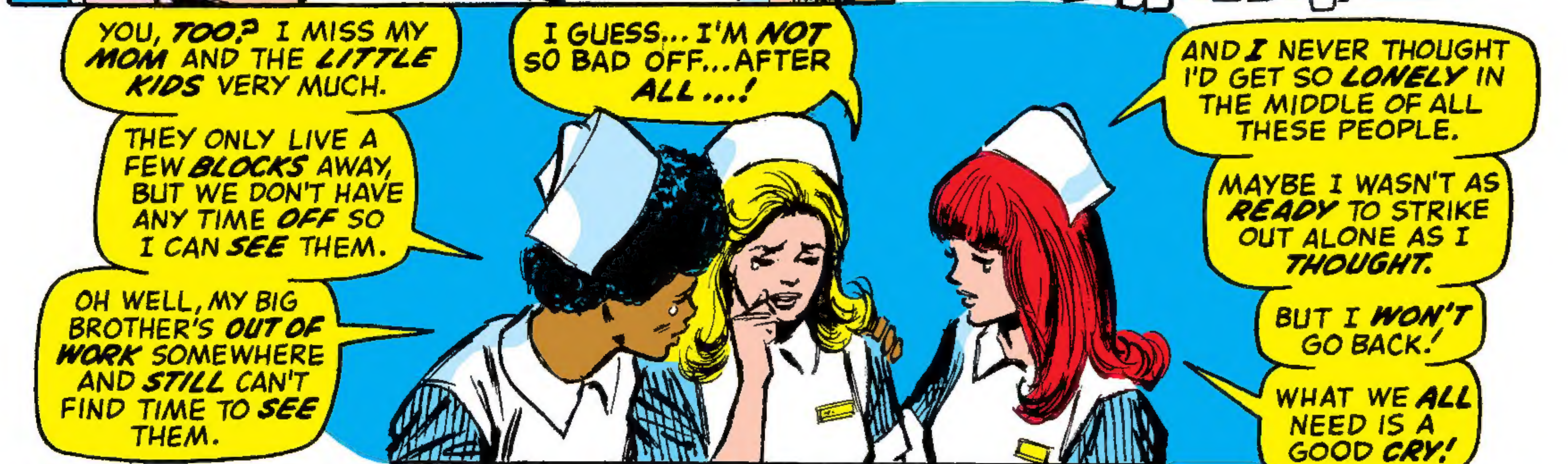
LOOK, I'M SORRY I YELLED, OKAY. CAN WE HELP?

I--I COULDN'T BEAR TO CRY IN FRONT OF THE CHILDREN...

I'M JUST SO HOMESICK --I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE!

OH.

OH.



YOU, TOO? I MISS MY MOM AND THE LITTLE KIDS VERY MUCH.

I GUESS... I'M NOT SO BAD OFF... AFTER ALL...!

AND I NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET SO LONELY IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THESE PEOPLE.

THEY ONLY LIVE A FEW BLOCKS AWAY, BUT WE DON'T HAVE ANY TIME OFF SO I CAN SEE THEM.

MAYBE I WASN'T AS READY TO STRIKE OUT ALONE AS I THOUGHT.

OH WELL, MY BIG BROTHER'S OUT OF WORK SOMEWHERE AND STILL CAN'T FIND TIME TO SEE THEM.

BUT I WON'T GO BACK!

WHAT WE ALL NEED IS A GOOD CRY!



SO IT WAS THAT THE SHADOW OVER THE GIRLS LIFTED--AS THOUGH THE SUN HAD BURST THROUGH A LONG-CLOUDED SKY.

THEY BECAME FRIENDS.

LAST ONE TO THE PARK AFTER DUTY IS A ROTTEN RESPIRATOR!

DON'T FORGET THE PICNIC BASKET MY MAMA FIXED!



SAY, I'M REALLY BUSHED TONIGHT. WHEN'S DIN--?

DON'T SAY ANOTHER WORD. LINDA JUST SPRUNG FOR PIZZA!

COME AND GET IT BEFORE I THROW IT AWAY!

YOU DO, AND...

...WE'LL THROW YOU!

THE MONTHS TOOK WINGS, AS THE THREE YEARS OF TRAINING SEEMED TO FLY BY. EVEN FOR SENIOR STUDENT NURSES, THOUGH, SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE...



OH, OH! I HEAR TROUBLE COMING ON SIZE 10 FEET.

MISS CARTER...

YES, MISS BRUNDAGE...

I'M SHOCKED--SHOCKED--TO FIND THAT MR. MICHAELS IN 6-C HAS BEEN BUZZING FOR FIVE MINUTES!

SINCE THE DOCTORS' ROUNDS ARE COMING UP, I THOUGHT THE SUPPLIES...

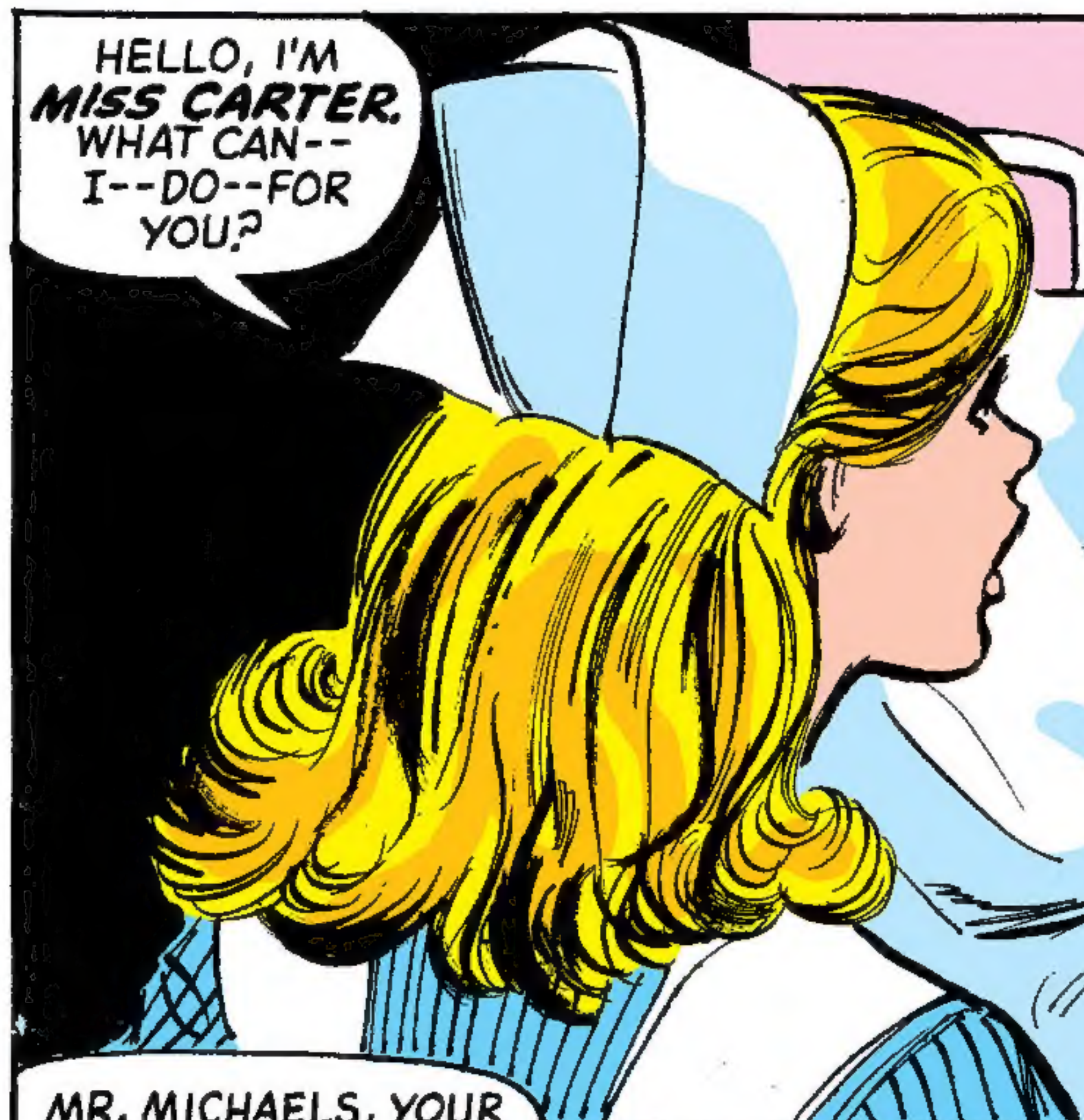
FORGET THE SUPPLIES! THE TRUSTEES HAVE BEEN APPROACHING MR. MARSHAL MICHAELS FOR YEARS TO DONATE A NEW WING TO THIS HOSPITAL.



WE DON'T WANT HIM TO COMPLAIN!

DO WE?

NO, WE MOST CERTAINLY DON'T, MISS BRUNDAGE!



HELLO, I'M MISS CARTER. WHAT CAN-- I--DO--FOR YOU?

FIRST, YOU CAN WIPE THAT RIDICULOUS LOOK OFF YOUR FACE!

SECOND, YOU CAN HELP ME GET OUT OF BED AND ONTO MY FEET.

I'VE GOT A DOZEN CLIENTS I MUST CALL...

IF ONLY I'D KNOWN I WAS GOING TO END UP IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE...

MR. MICHAELS, YOUR APPENDECTOMY WAS A VERY SERIOUS OPERATION.

SO THAT YOU DON'T DISTURB THE STITCHES, YOU NEED A LOT OF REST--



BANKRUPTS I NEED WORK! NEED REST--

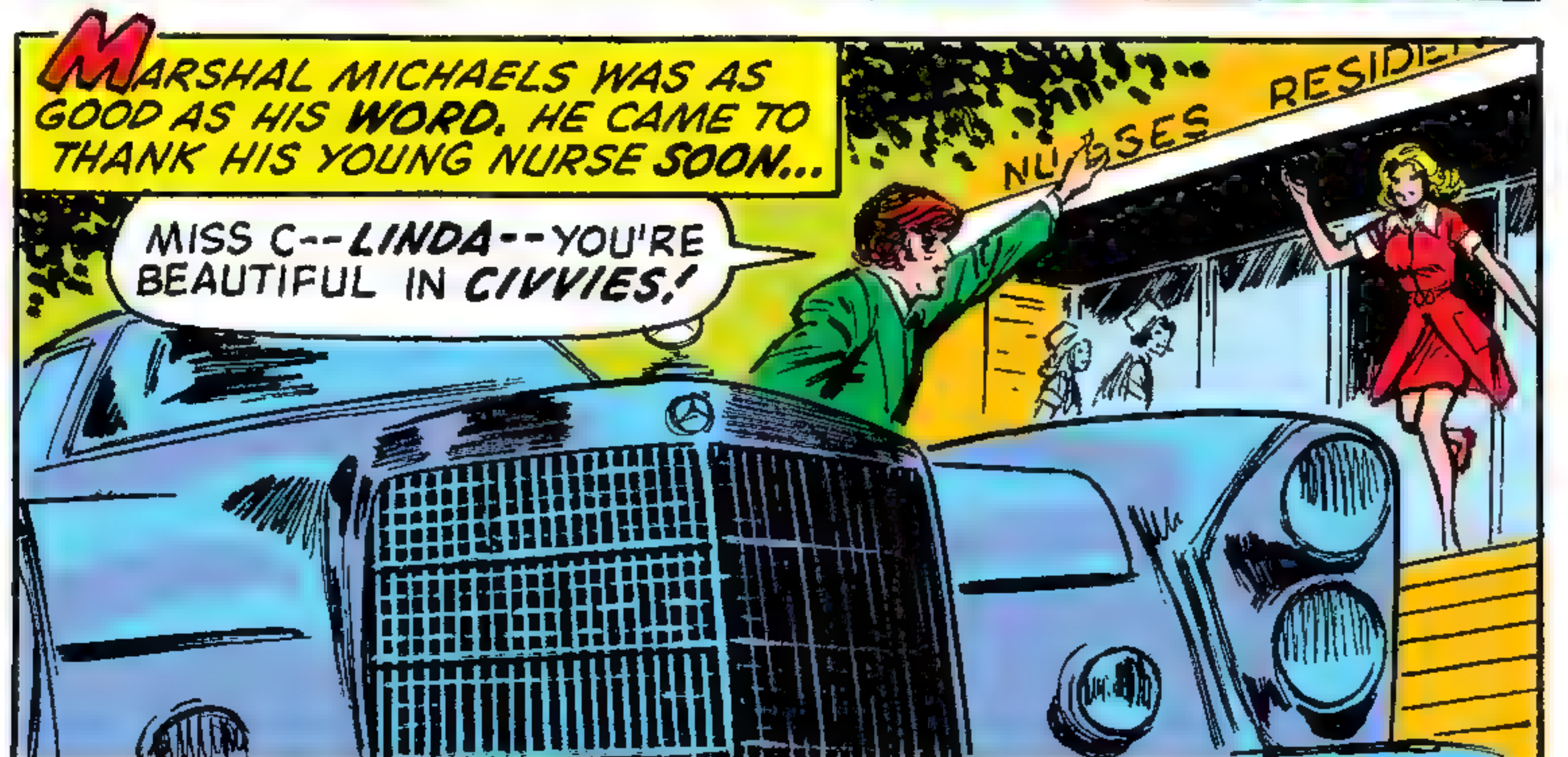
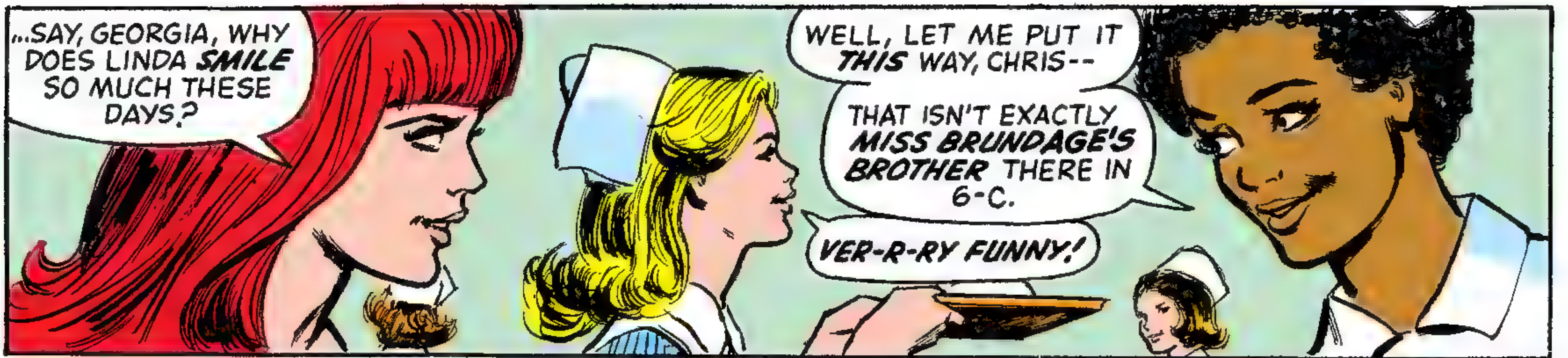
OOOOOH...

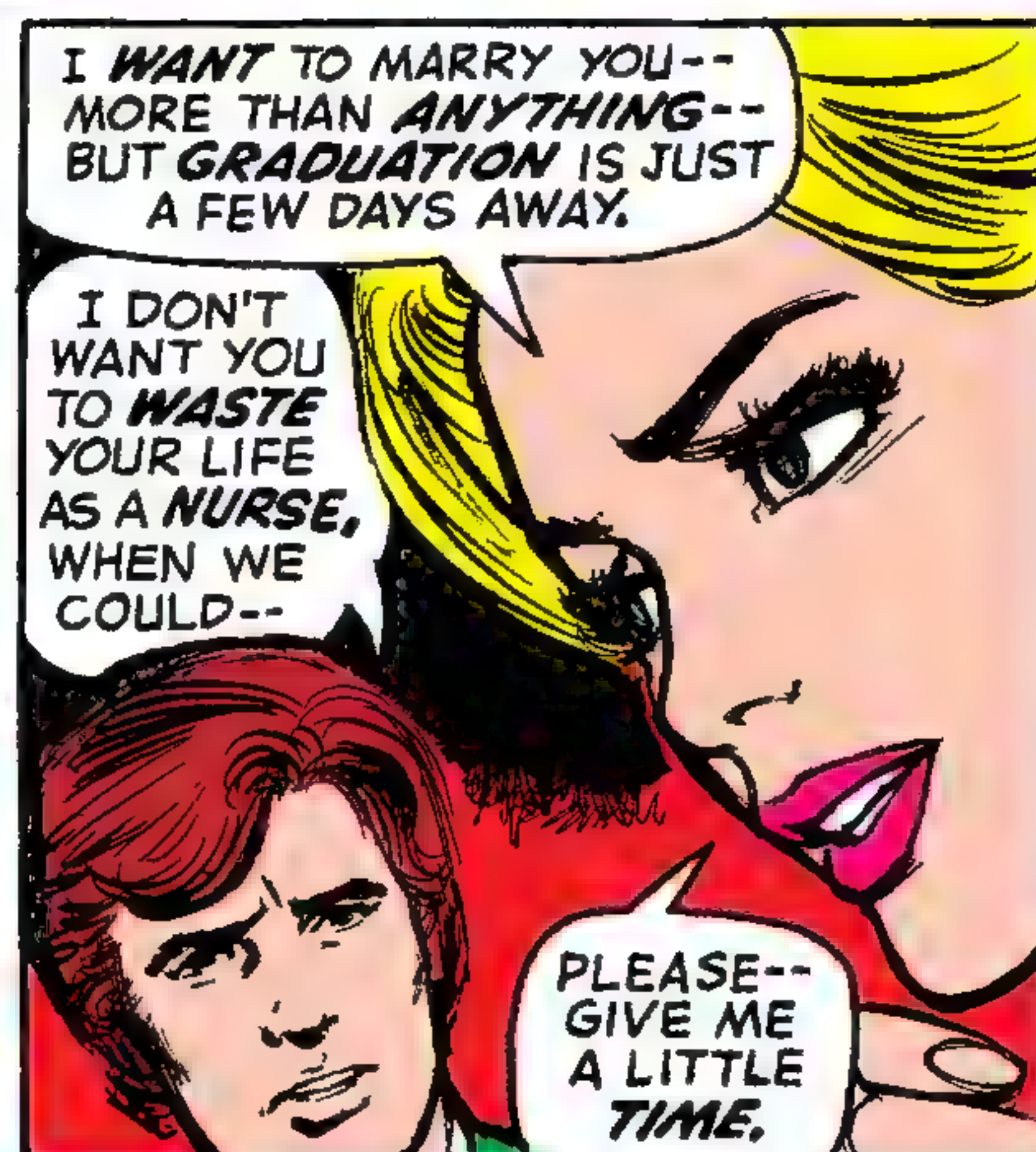
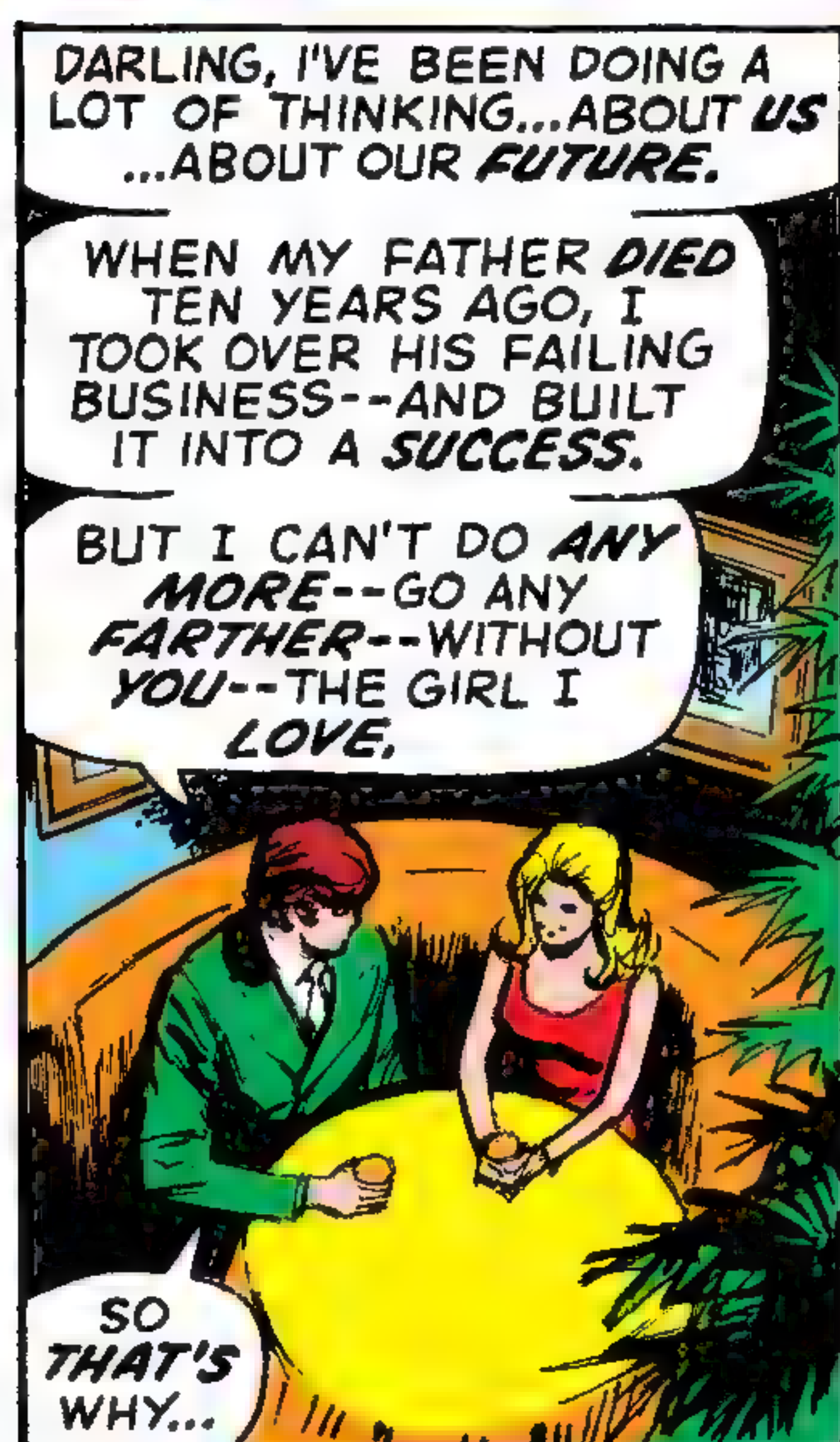
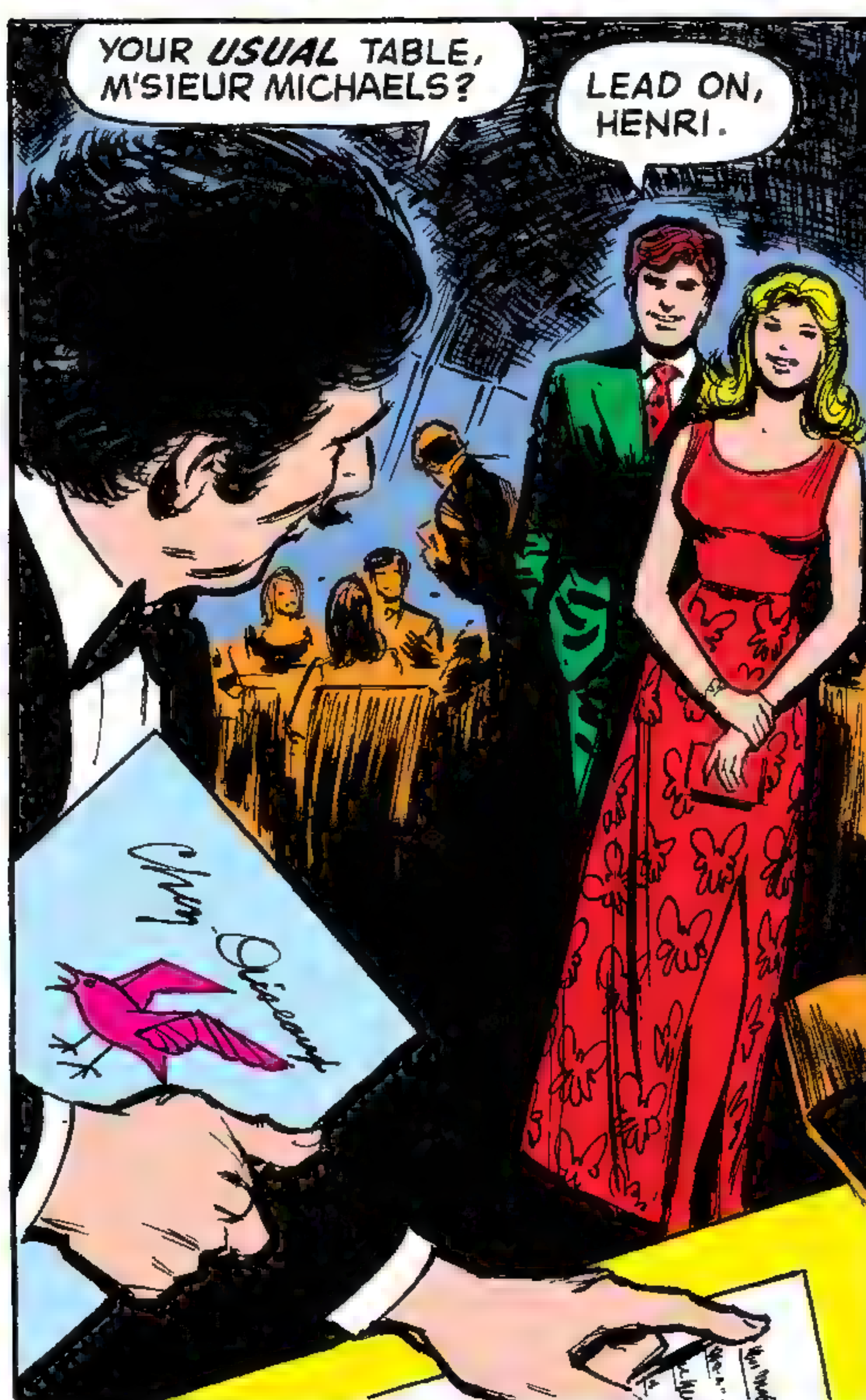
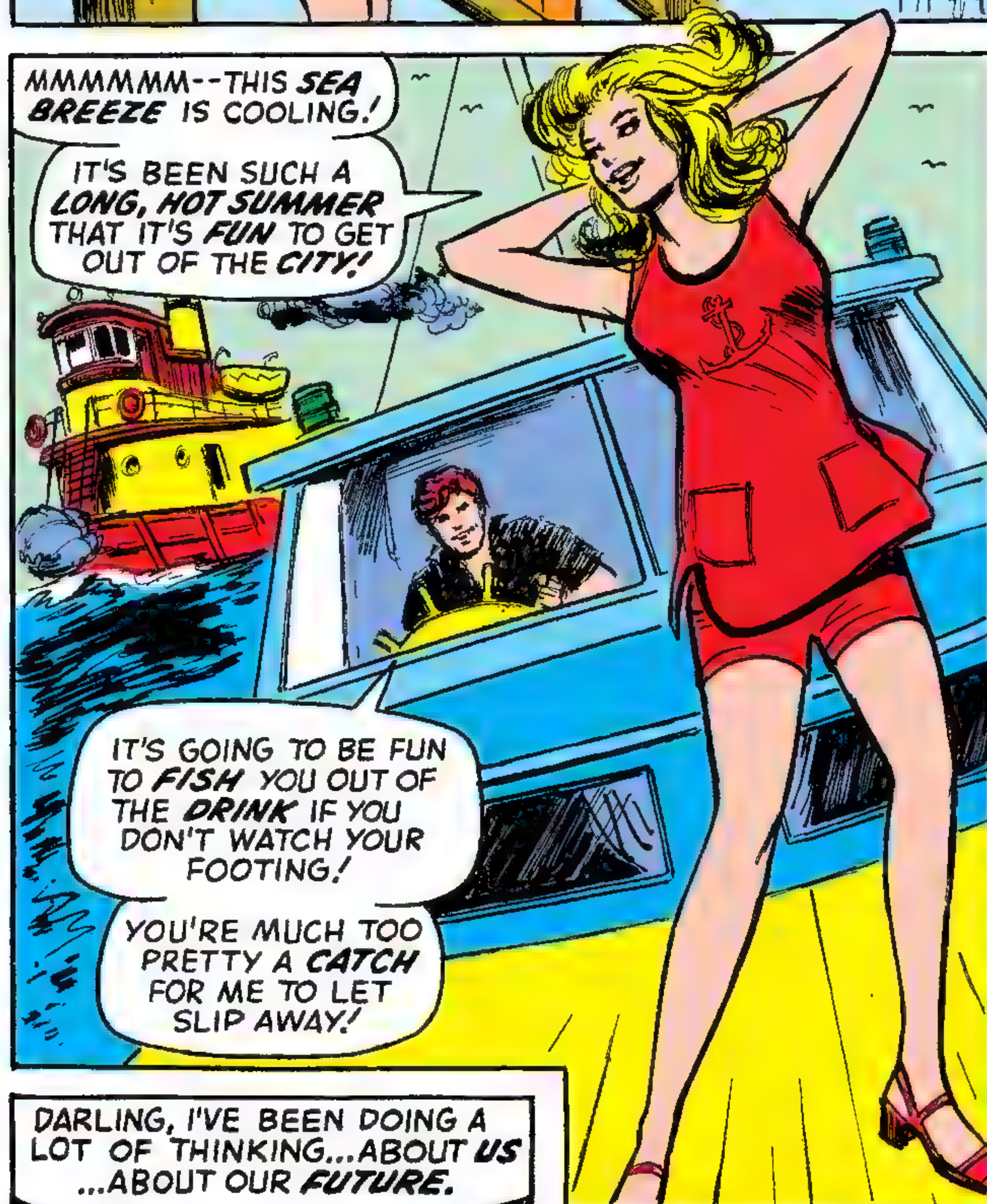
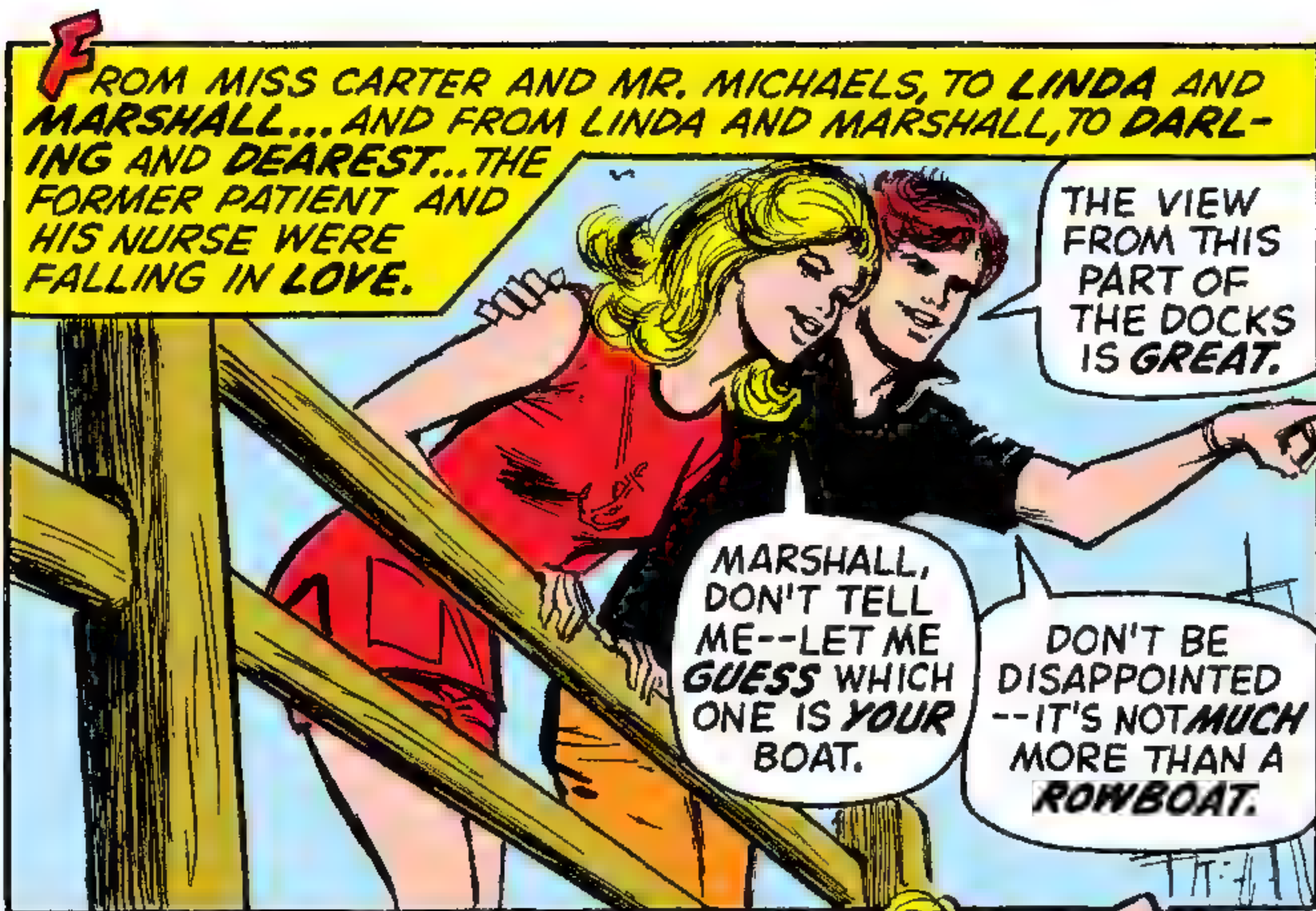
LEAN ON ME, MR. MICHAELS.

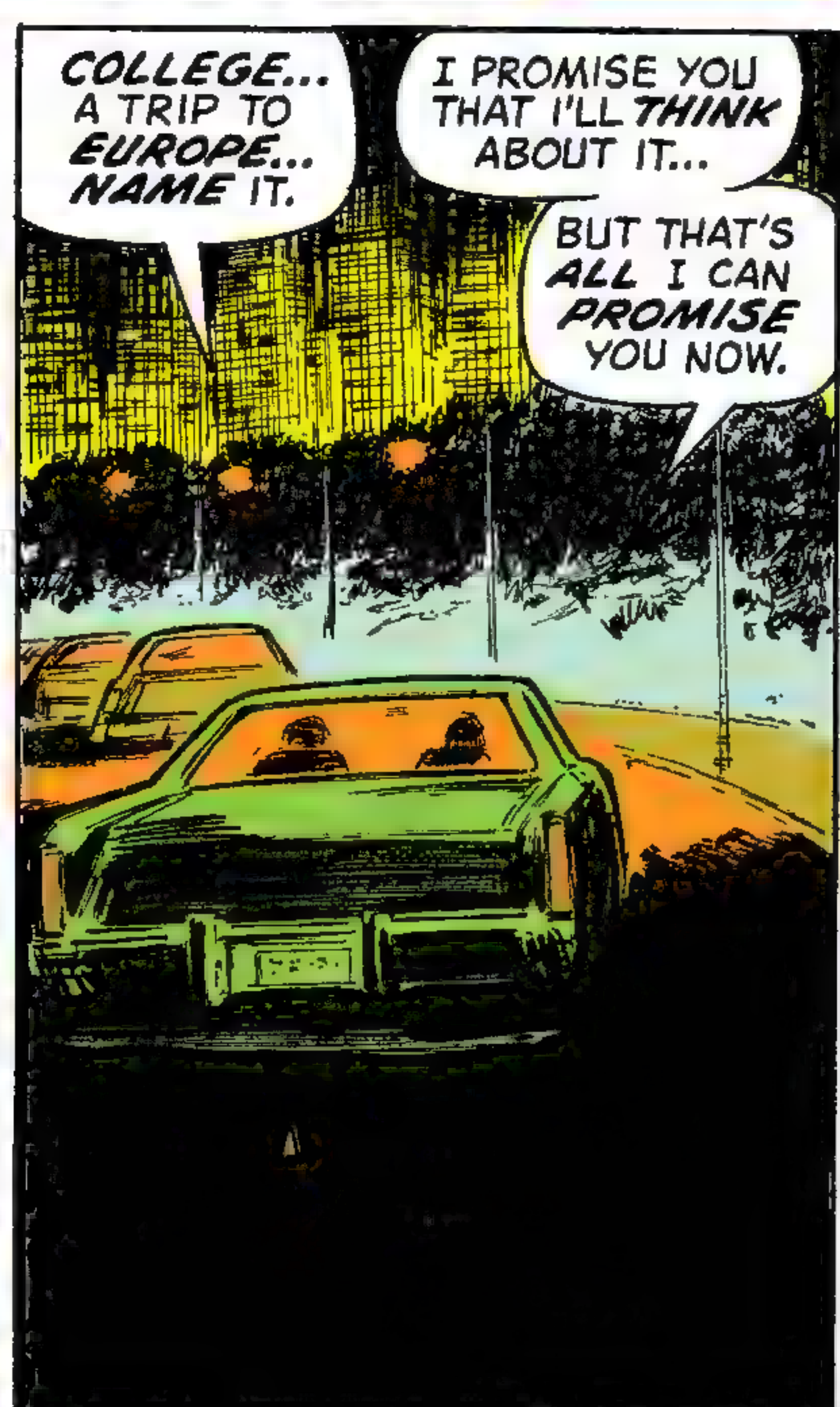
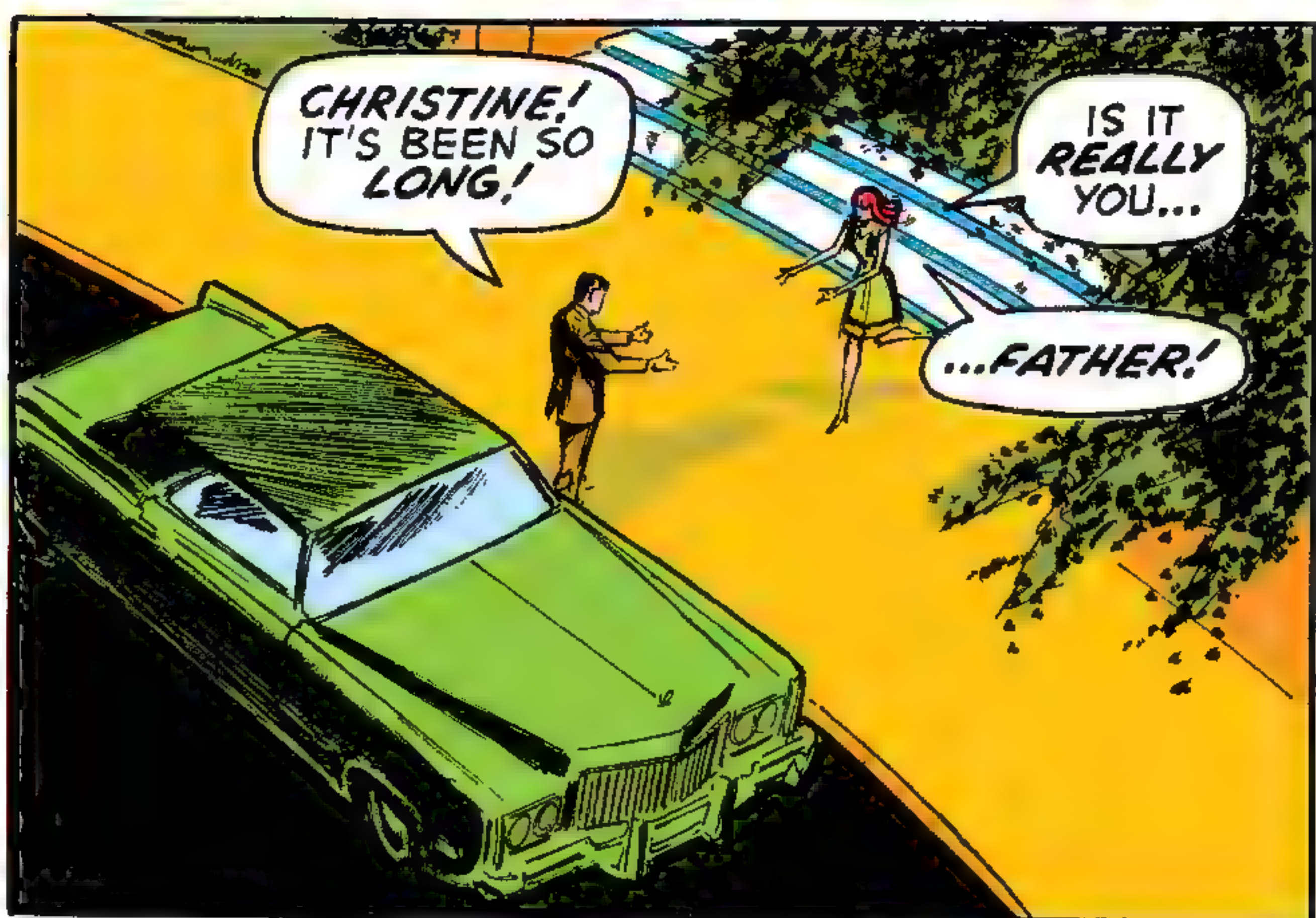


I BELIEVE I WILL, MISS CARTER.

I BELIEVE I WILL.









FOR GEORGIA JENKINS, A DAY OFF DOESN'T MEAN A MILLIONAIRE'S YACHT OR A FATHER'S LIMOUSINE...

IT MEANS HOME.

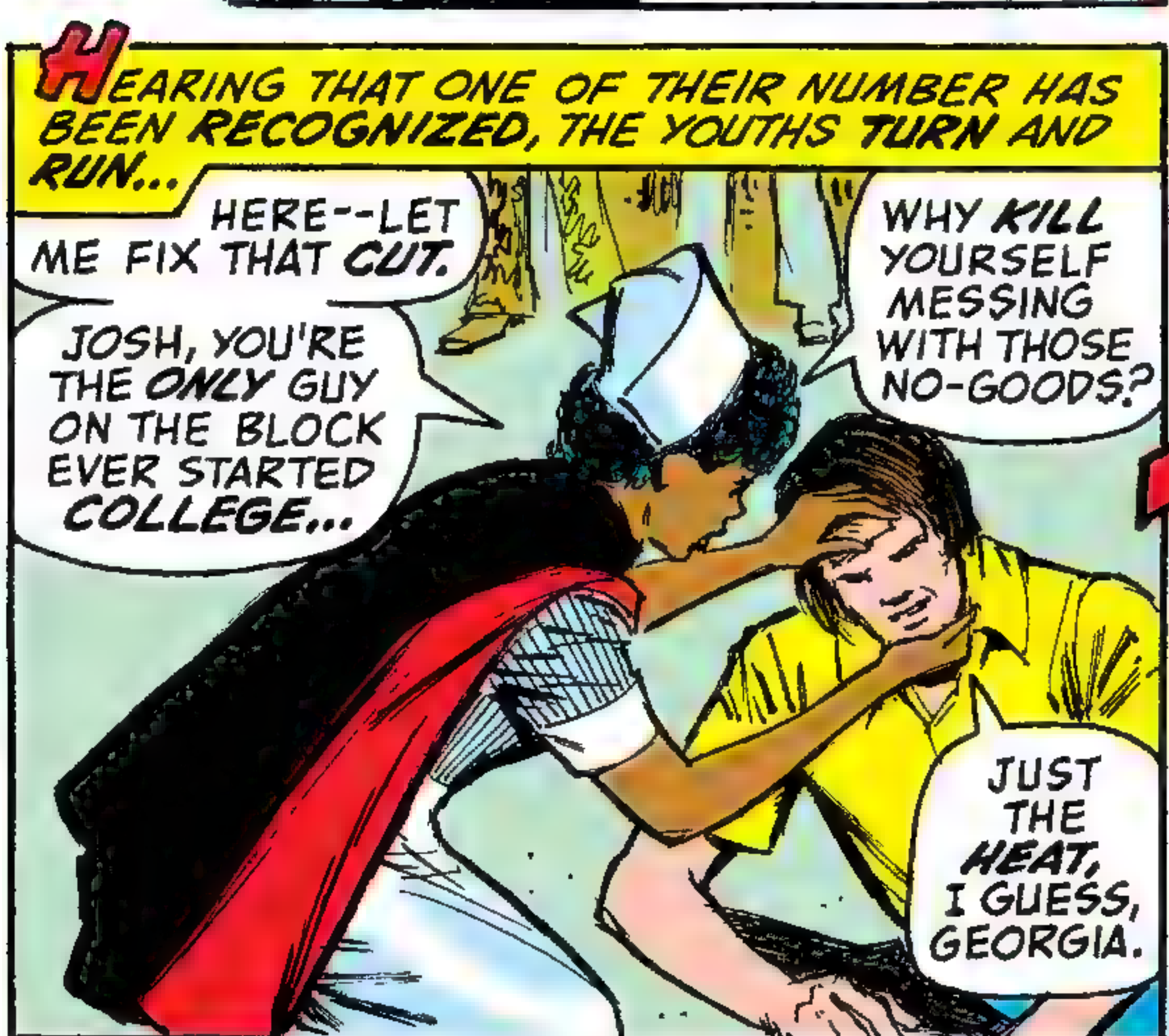
THE OLD BLOCK SEEMS VERY QUIET--



--TODAY! FIGHT LIKE ANIMALS! IS THAT ALL YOU EVER DO?

JOSH--JOSH HENRY! NOT YOU FIGHTIN' IN THE STREETS!

NOT YOU!



HEARING THAT ONE OF THEIR NUMBER HAS BEEN RECOGNIZED, THE YOUTHS TURN AND RUN...

HERE--LET ME FIX THAT CUT.

JOSH, YOU'RE THE ONLY GUY ON THE BLOCK EVER STARTED COLLEGE...

WHY KILL YOURSELF MESSING WITH THOSE NO-GOODS?

JUST THE HEAT, I GUESS, GEORGIA.



HEY, GEORGIA! AFTER YOU SEE YOUR MAMA, CAN YOU LOOK AT BESS?

SHE'S AWFUL DOWN IN THIS WEATHER.

SURE, MR. TOBY-- I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

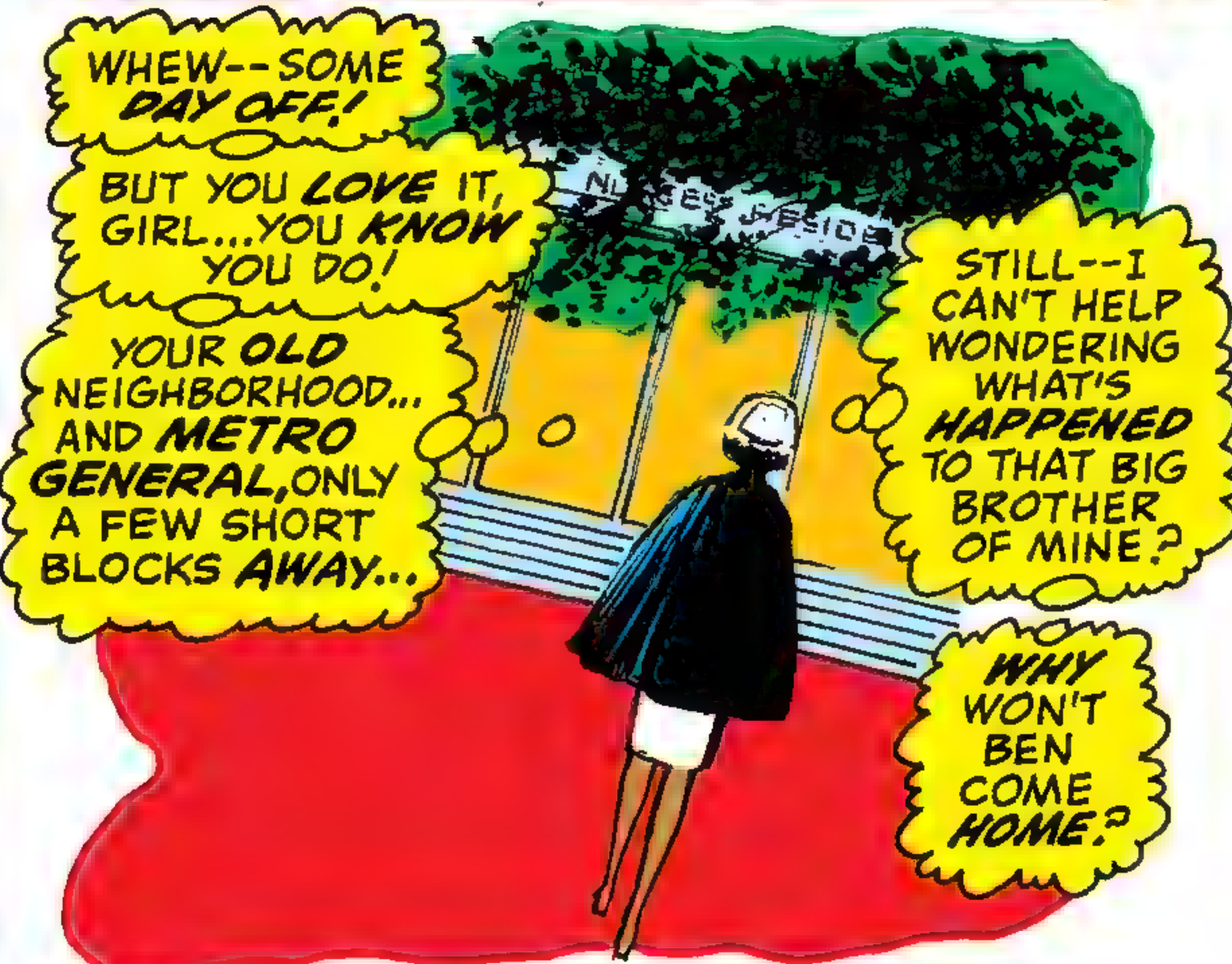


THERE, MRS. TOBY, SOME SOUP WILL PERK YOU UP.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'D DO WITHOUT YOU.

YOU ALWAYS COME 'ROUND HOME.

YOUR BROTHER BEN, THOUGH--WE AINT SEEN HIM FER A LONG TIME!



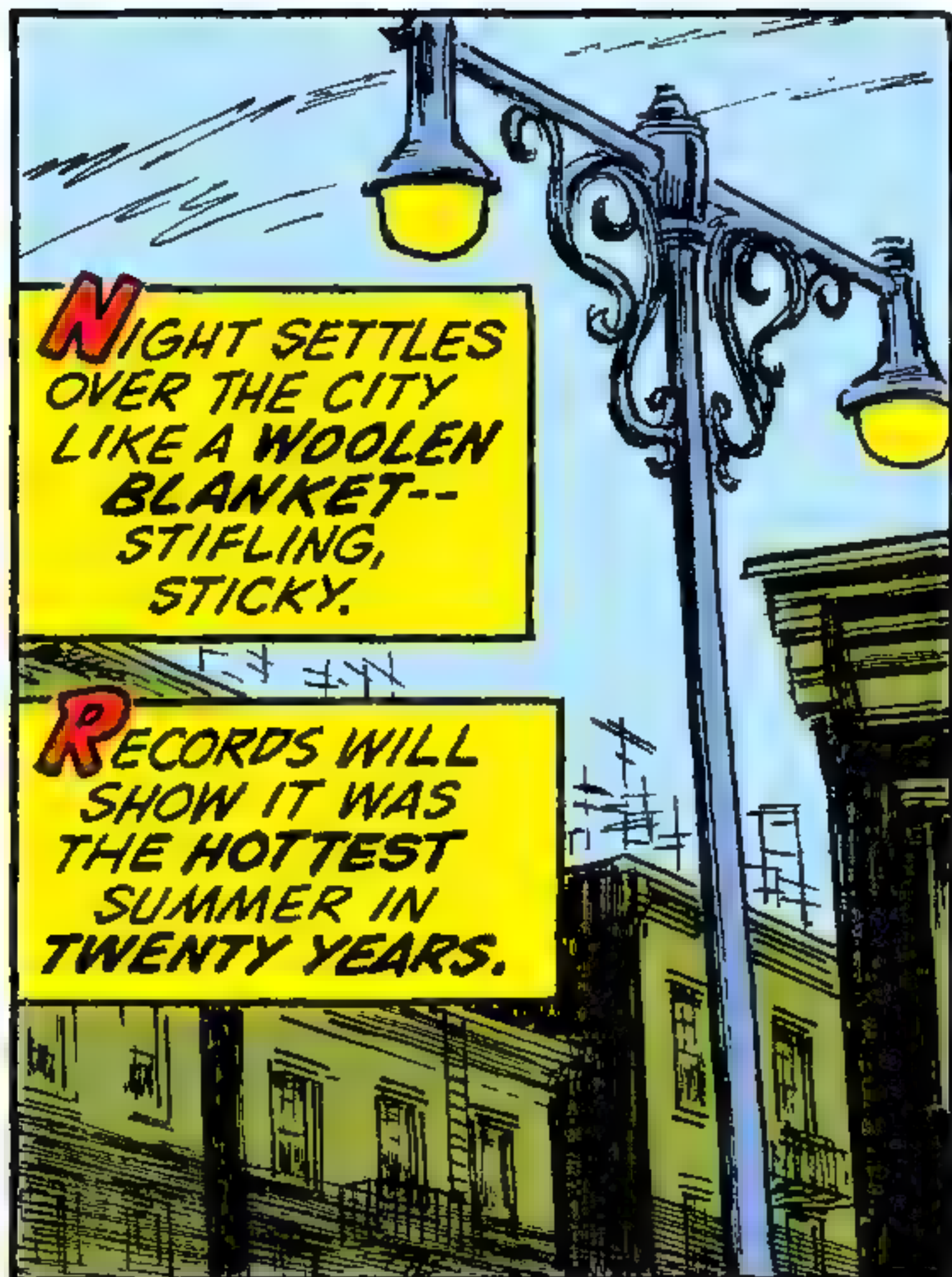
WHEW-- SOME DAY OFF!

BUT YOU LOVE IT, GIRL... YOU KNOW YOU DO!

YOUR OLD NEIGHBORHOOD... AND METRO GENERAL, ONLY A FEW SHORT BLOCKS AWAY...

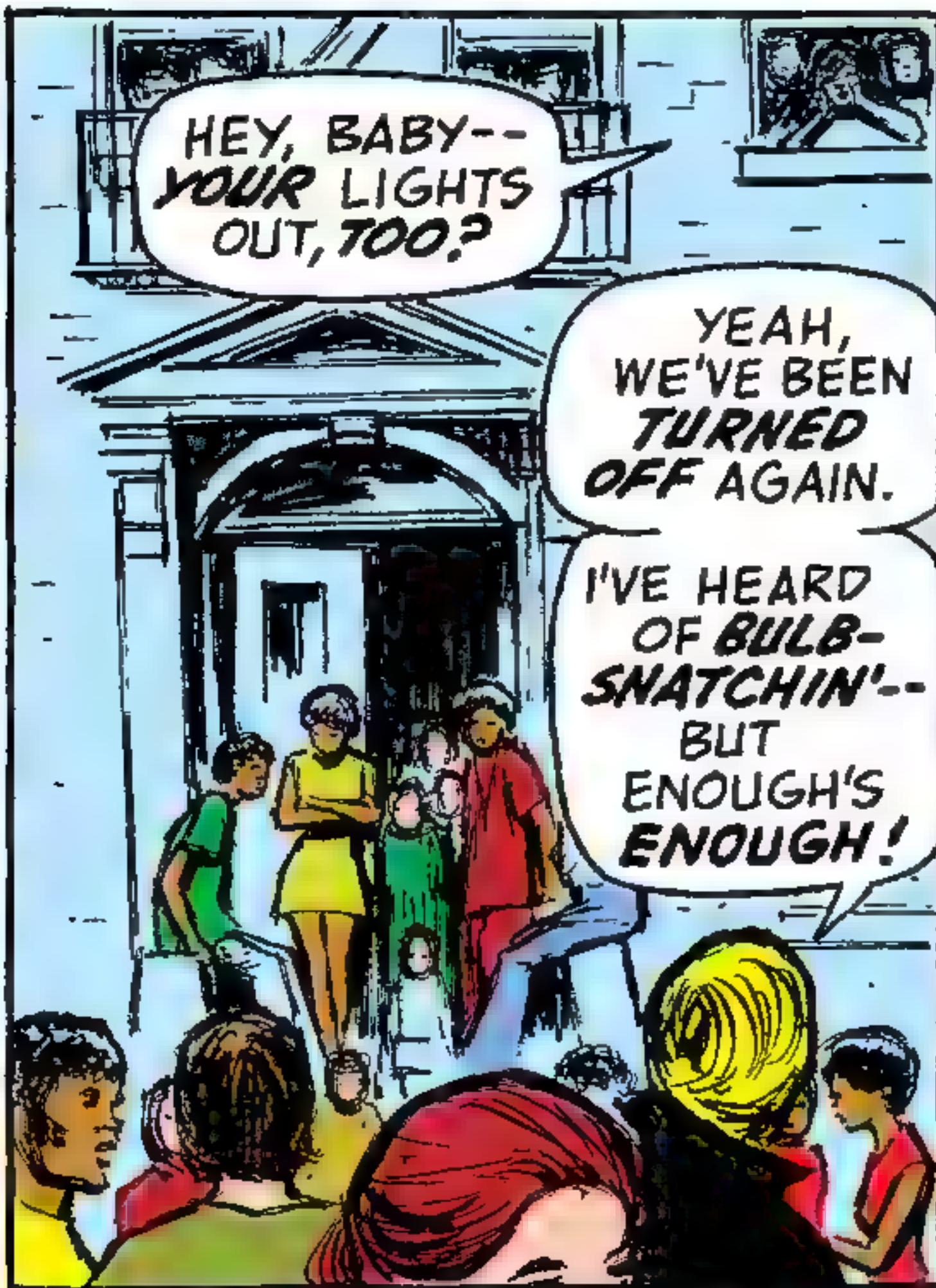
STILL--I CAN'T HELP WONDERING WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THAT BIG BROTHER OF MINE?

WHY WON'T BEN COME HOME?



NIGHT SETTLES OVER THE CITY LIKE A WOOLEN BLANKET--STIFLING, STICKY.

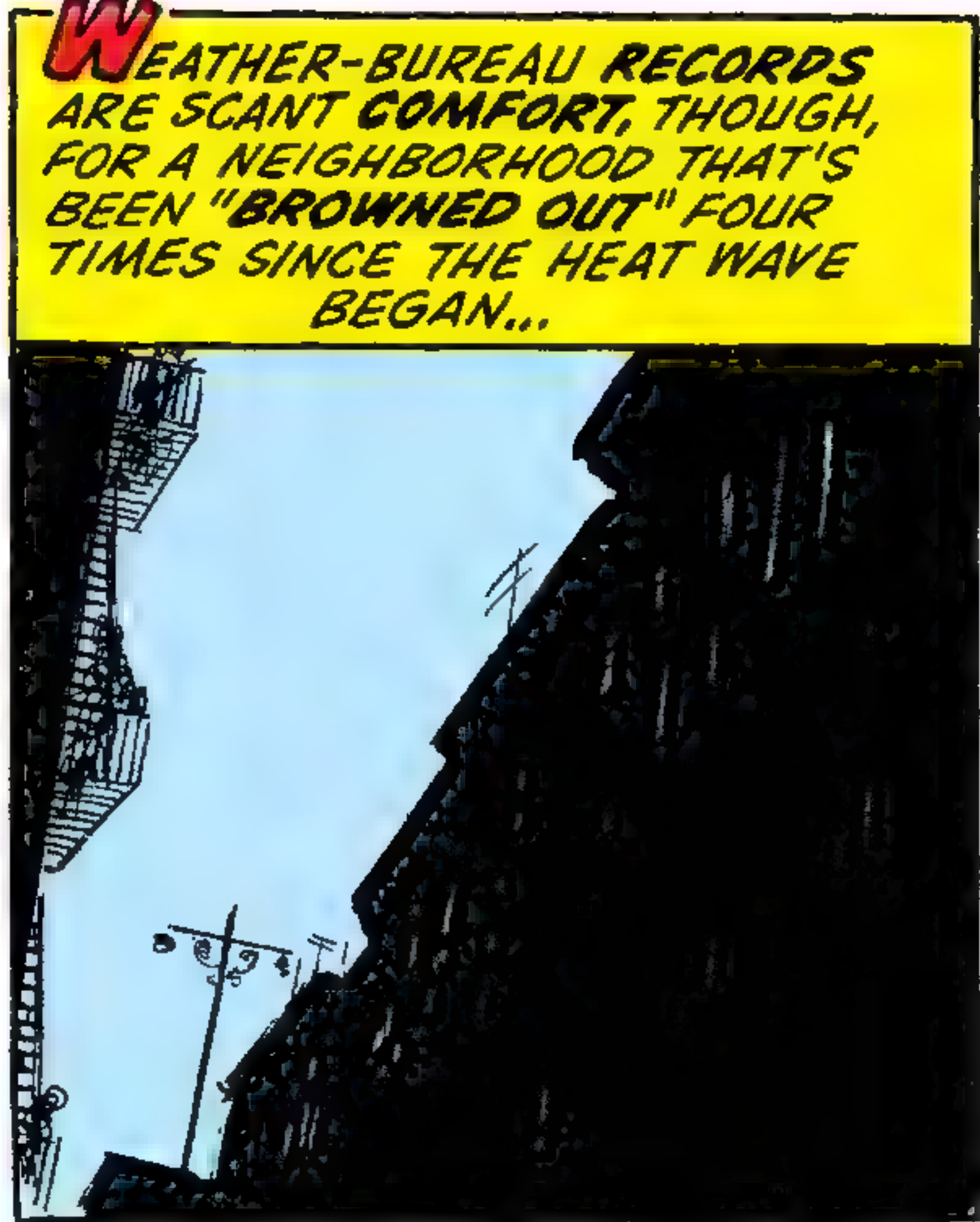
RECORDS WILL SHOW IT WAS THE HOTTEST SUMMER IN TWENTY YEARS.



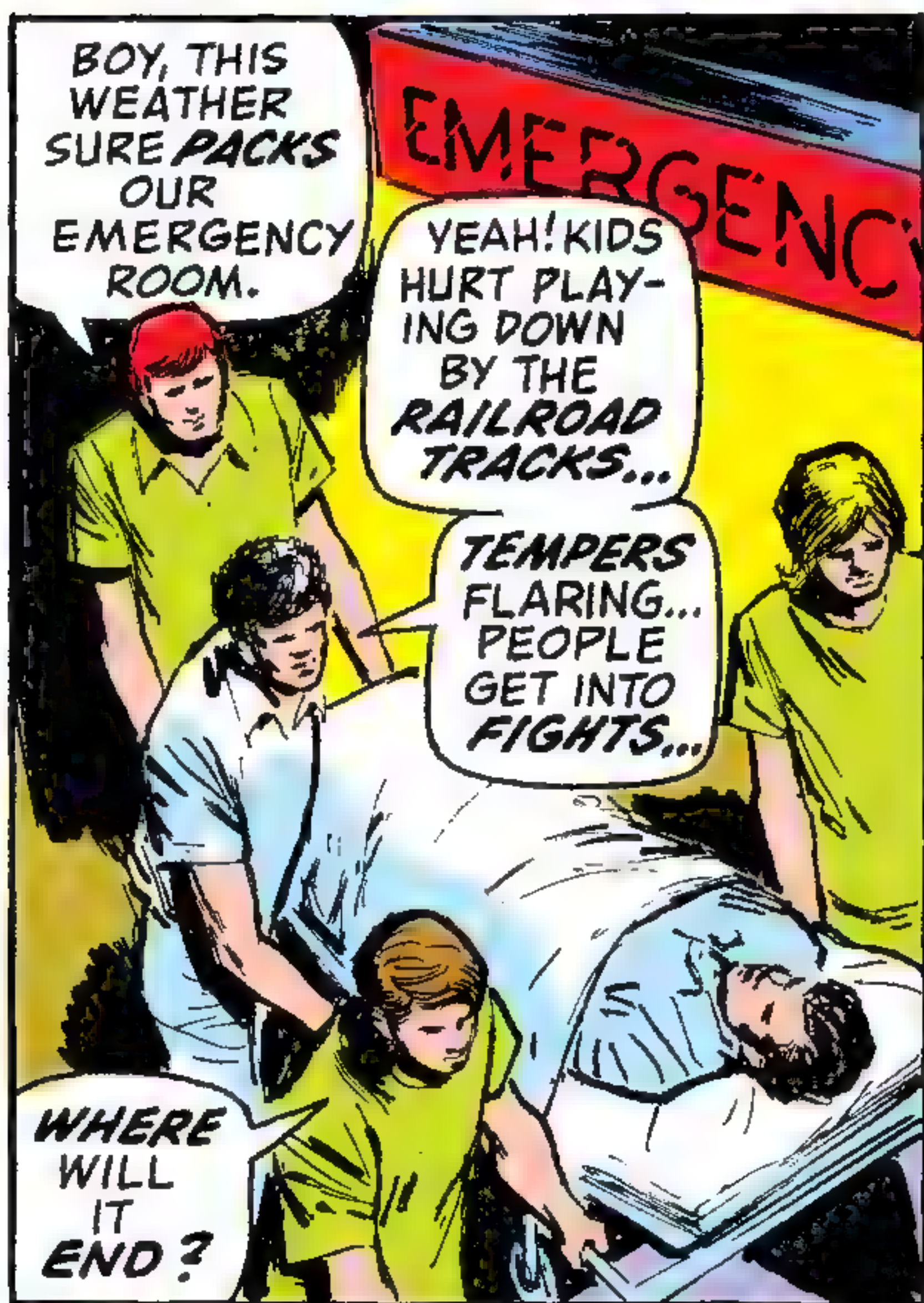
HEY, BABY--
YOUR LIGHTS
OUT, TOO?

YEAH,
WE'VE BEEN
TURNED
OFF AGAIN.

I'VE HEARD
OF BULB-
SNATCHIN'--
BUT
ENOUGH'S
ENOUGH!



WEATHER-BUREAU RECORDS ARE SCANT COMFORT, THOUGH, FOR A NEIGHBORHOOD THAT'S BEEN "BROWNED OUT" FOUR TIMES SINCE THE HEAT WAVE BEGAN...

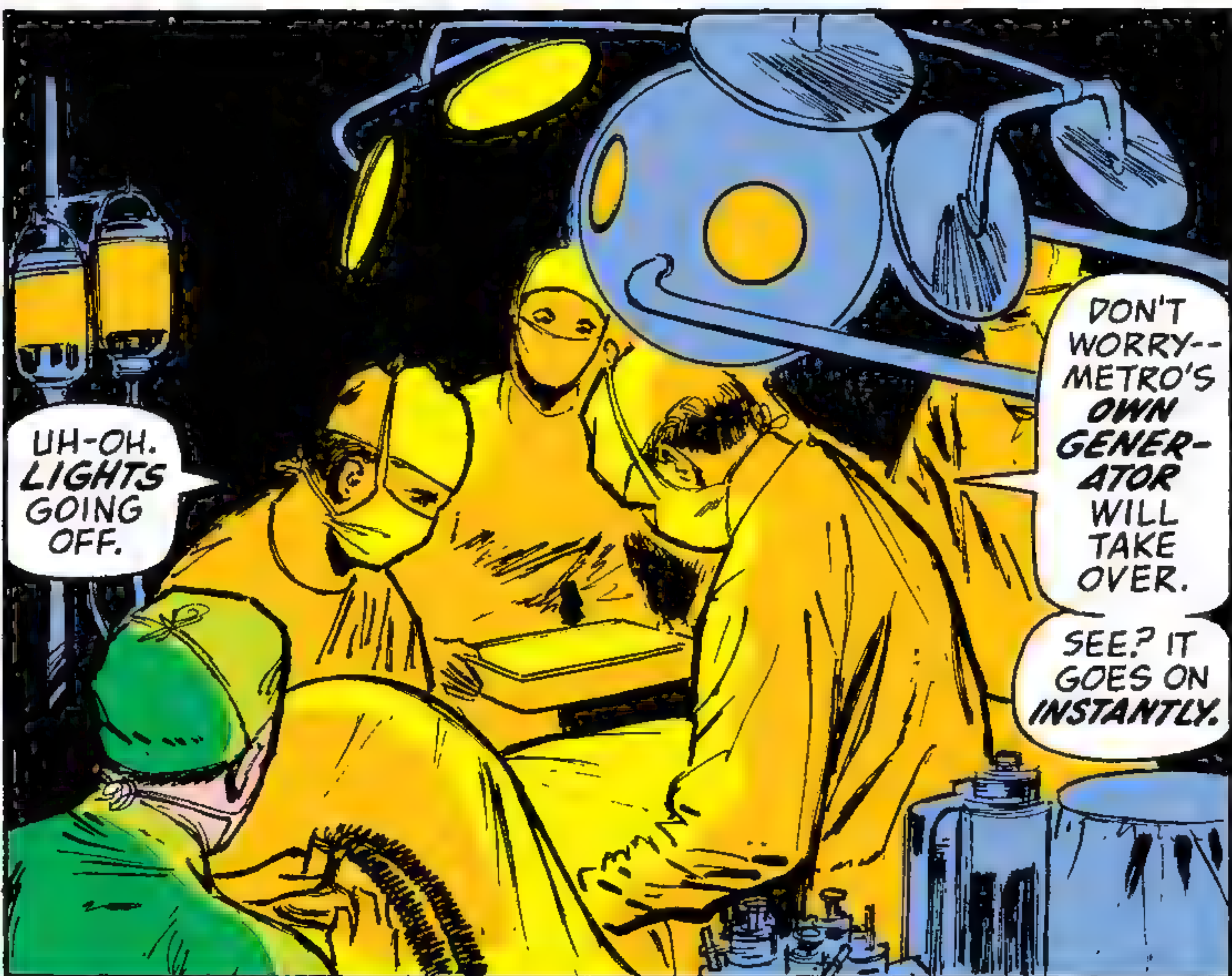


BOY, THIS
WEATHER
SURE PACKS
OUR
EMERGENCY
ROOM.

YEAH! KIDS
HURT PLAY-
ING DOWN
BY THE
RAILROAD
TRACKS...

TEMPERS
FLARING...
PEOPLE
GET INTO
FIGHTS...

WHERE
WILL
IT
END?



UH-OH.
LIGHTS
GOING
OFF.

DON'T
WORRY--
METRO'S
OWN
GENER-
ATOR
WILL
TAKE
OVER.

SEE? IT
GOES ON
INSTANTLY.

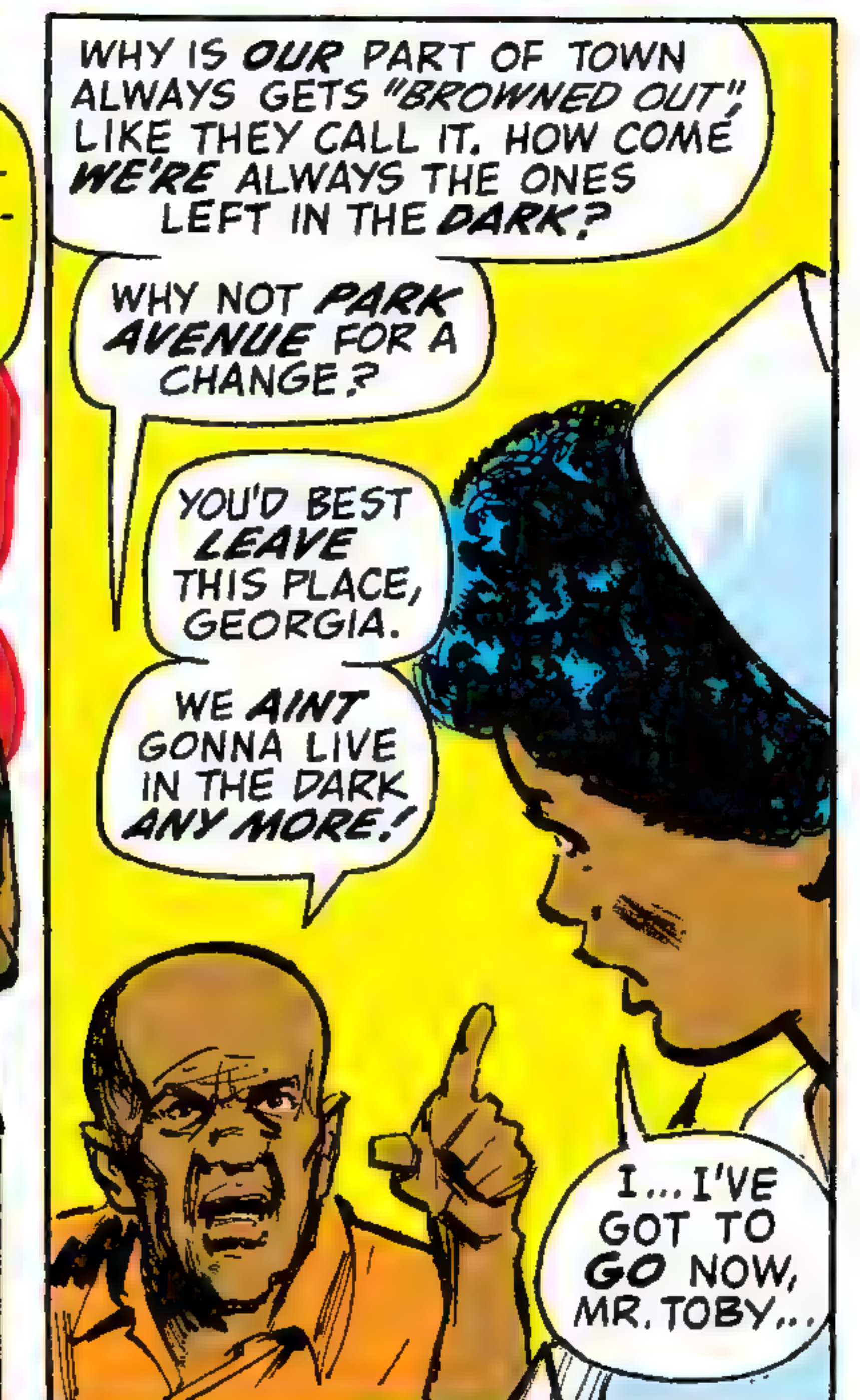
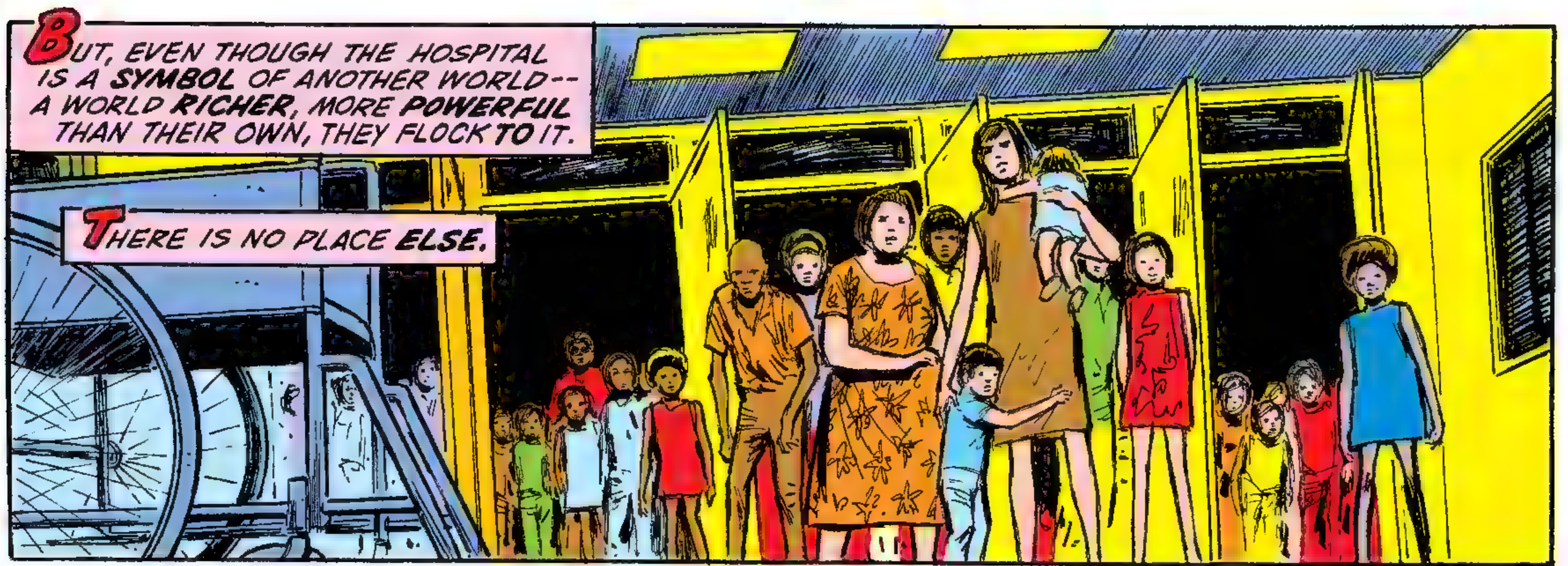
BUT TOO MANY TIMES HAVE THE PEOPLE OF THE SURROUNDING BLOCKS LOOKED DOWN THEIR PARKENED STREETS, TO SEE THE HOSPITAL--SHINING--OBLIVIOUS TO THE TORMENT AROUND IT...



HOW COME **THEY**
GOT LIGHTS--AN'
WE DON'T?

YOU KIDDIN'?
IT'S ALL PART
OF THE **SAME**
ESTABLISHMENT,
DIG?

WONDER HOW **METRO**
GENERAL WOULD
LIKE TO BE PART
OF **OUR** COMMUNITY
FOR A CHANGE?





BEN--TALK TO ME!

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN KEEPING YOURSELF ALL THESE WEEKS.

WHY HAVEN'T YOU...?

ROCKY AND I WERE...OUT OF TOWN FOR A WHILE, SIS.

BUT WE'VE GOT US A **JOB** HERE NOW, RIGHT, ROCK?



YEAH, SISTER-- A **JOB**!

AND WE HAVE TO **DO IT-- NOW!**

SO **BUG OFF, NURSIE!**



YOU GOT NO CALL TO TALK TO MY **SISTER** LIKE THAT!

LET **ME** HANDLE IT, OKAY?

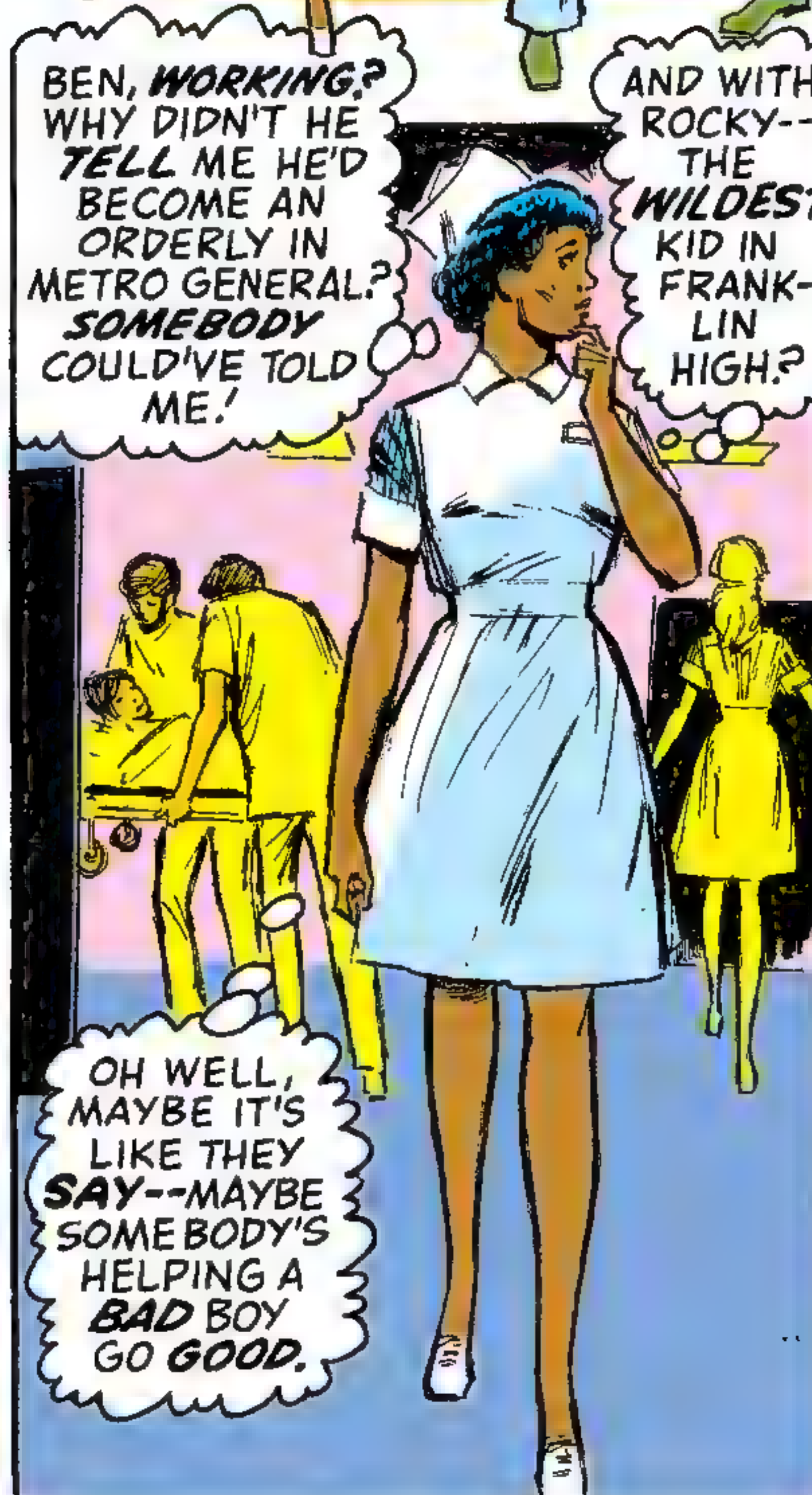


SWEETIE, ROCKY AND I... WELL, THIS IS OUR FIRST **WORK** FOR A WHILE... AND WE DON'T WANT TO **BLOW IT!**

WHY DON'T YOU GO CALL **MAMA**, AND TELL HER I'LL BE **COMIN' HOME** IN A LITTLE BIT?

UNDERSTAND?

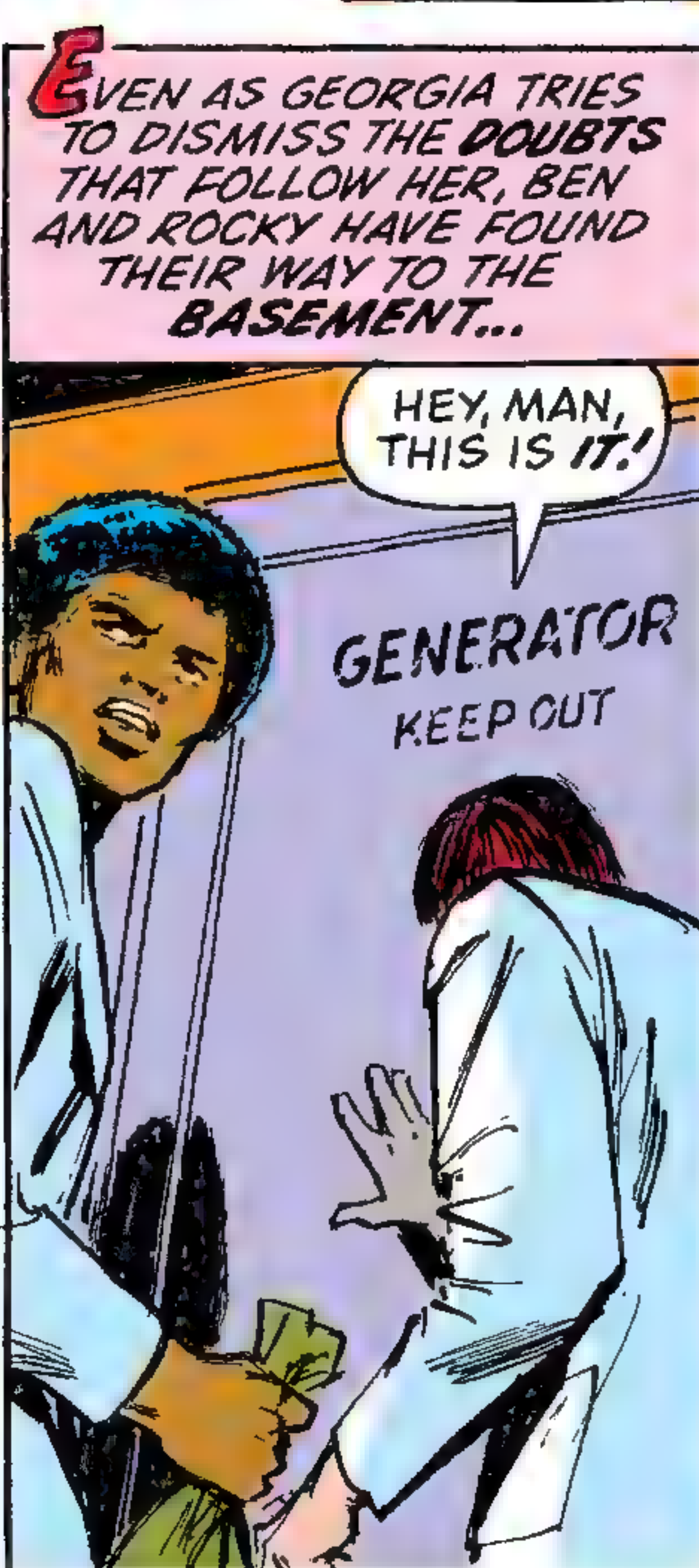
FOR YOU, BEN-- ANYTHING.



BEN, **WORKING?** WHY DIDN'T HE TELL ME HE'D BECOME AN ORDERLY IN METRO GENERAL? **SOMEBODY** COULD'VE TOLD ME!

AND WITH ROCKY-- THE **WILDEST** KID IN FRANKLIN HIGH?

OH WELL, MAYBE IT'S LIKE THEY **SAY--MAYBE** SOMEBODY'S HELPING A **BAD BOY** GO GOOD.



EVEN AS GEORGIA TRIES TO DISMISS THE DOUBTS THAT FOLLOW HER, BEN AND ROCKY HAVE FOUND THEIR WAY TO THE **BASEMENT...**

HEY, MAN, THIS IS IT!

GENERATOR
KEEP OUT

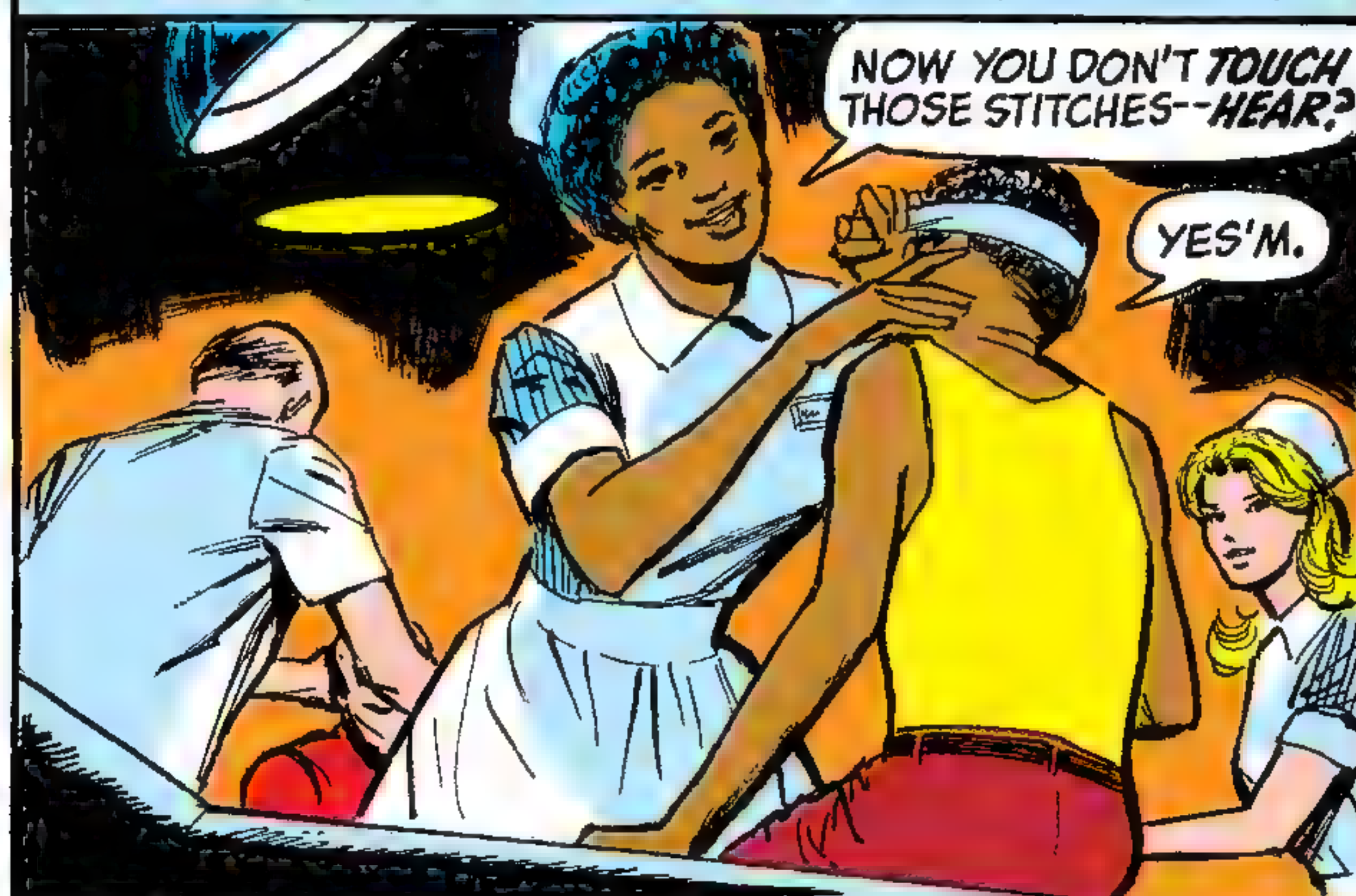


THAT'S ONE **GRANDDADDY** OF A GENERATOR! NO **WONDER** THIS HOSPITAL DON'T MISS THE CITY LIGHTS.

DO YOU THINK WE BROUGHT ENOUGH **DYNAMITE** TO DO THE **JOB**?

YEAH, ROCK.. I BROUGHT IT.

THEN, WITH ALL WARDS OVERFLOWING IN THIS TIME OF CRISIS, GEORGIA PLUNGES BACK INTO HER WORK-- SUBMERGING HER FEELINGS OF UNEASINESS...



NOW YOU DON'T TOUCH THOSE STITCHES--HEAR?

YES'M.

...UNTIL, OVER THE PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM, SHE SUDDENLY HEARS...

ATTENTION--ATTENTION, ALL PERSONNEL--A SHORTED CABLE HAS CAUSED THE AREA'S BROWN-OUT TO SPREAD INTO A CITY-WIDE BLACK-OUT!

THE ENTIRE CITY IS WITHOUT POWER!



OH NO! NO!



DID YOU HEAR THAT?

THERE'S NO ELECTRICITY IN THE WHOLE CITY--

--EXCEPT WHAT WE MAKE HERE OURSELVES IN THE BASEMENT GENERATING PLANT.

GEORGIA, YOU LOOK SCARED OUT OF YOUR WITS!

IT'S JUST A BLACKOUT, AFTER ALL...

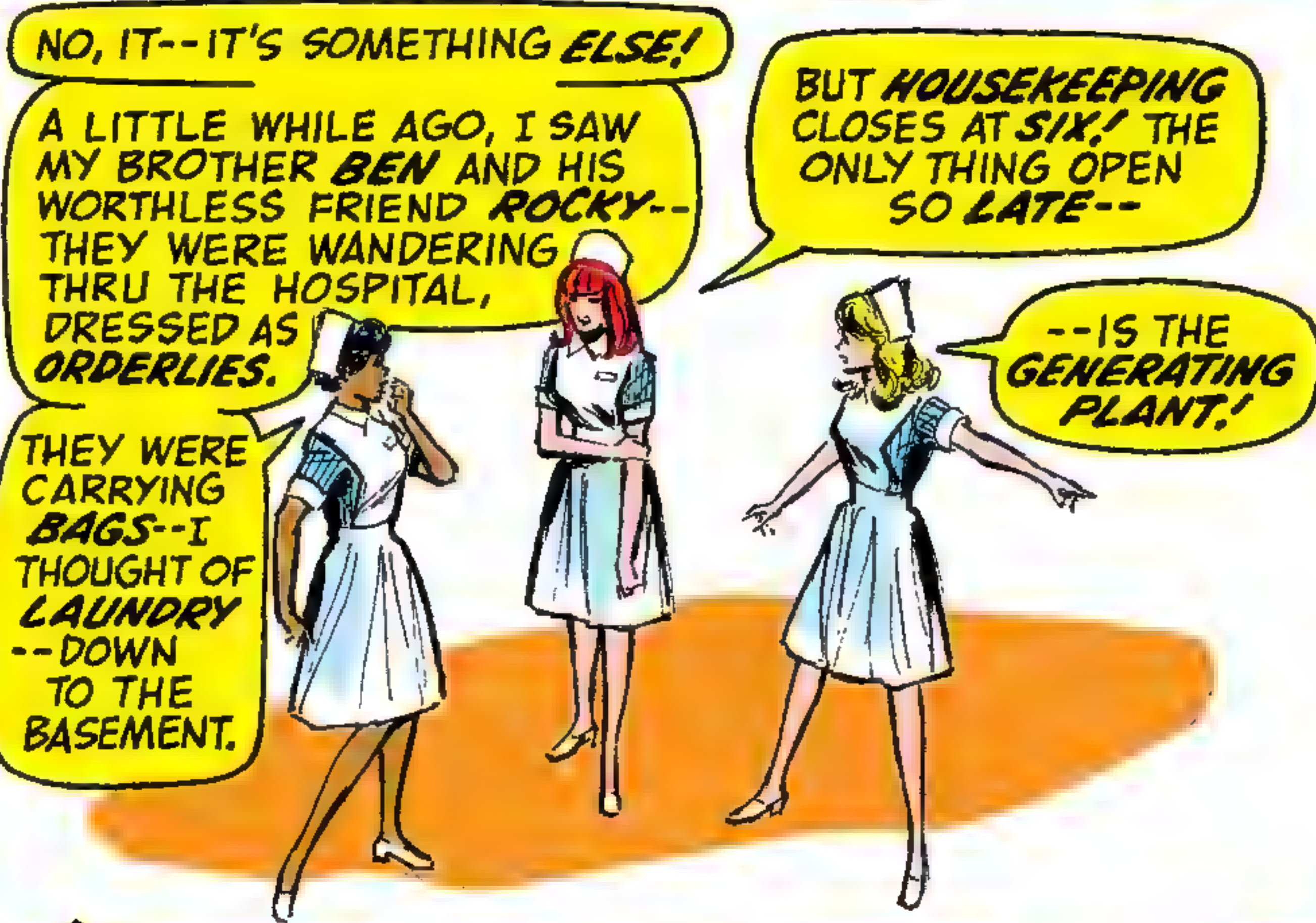
NO, IT--IT'S SOMETHING ELSE!

A LITTLE WHILE AGO, I SAW MY BROTHER BEN AND HIS WORTHLESS FRIEND ROCKY-- THEY WERE WANDERING THRU THE HOSPITAL, DRESSED AS ORDERLIES.

THEY WERE CARRYING BAGS--I THOUGHT OF LAUNDRY --DOWN TO THE BASEMENT.

BUT HOUSEKEEPING CLOSES AT SIX! THE ONLY THING OPEN SO LATE--

--IS THE GENERATING PLANT!



MEANWHILE, IN THE GENERATOR ROOM...



ROCK! THE GUARD IS-- DEAD!

YOU HAD NO CALL TO SHOOT 'IM!

WE COULDA TIED HIM UP!

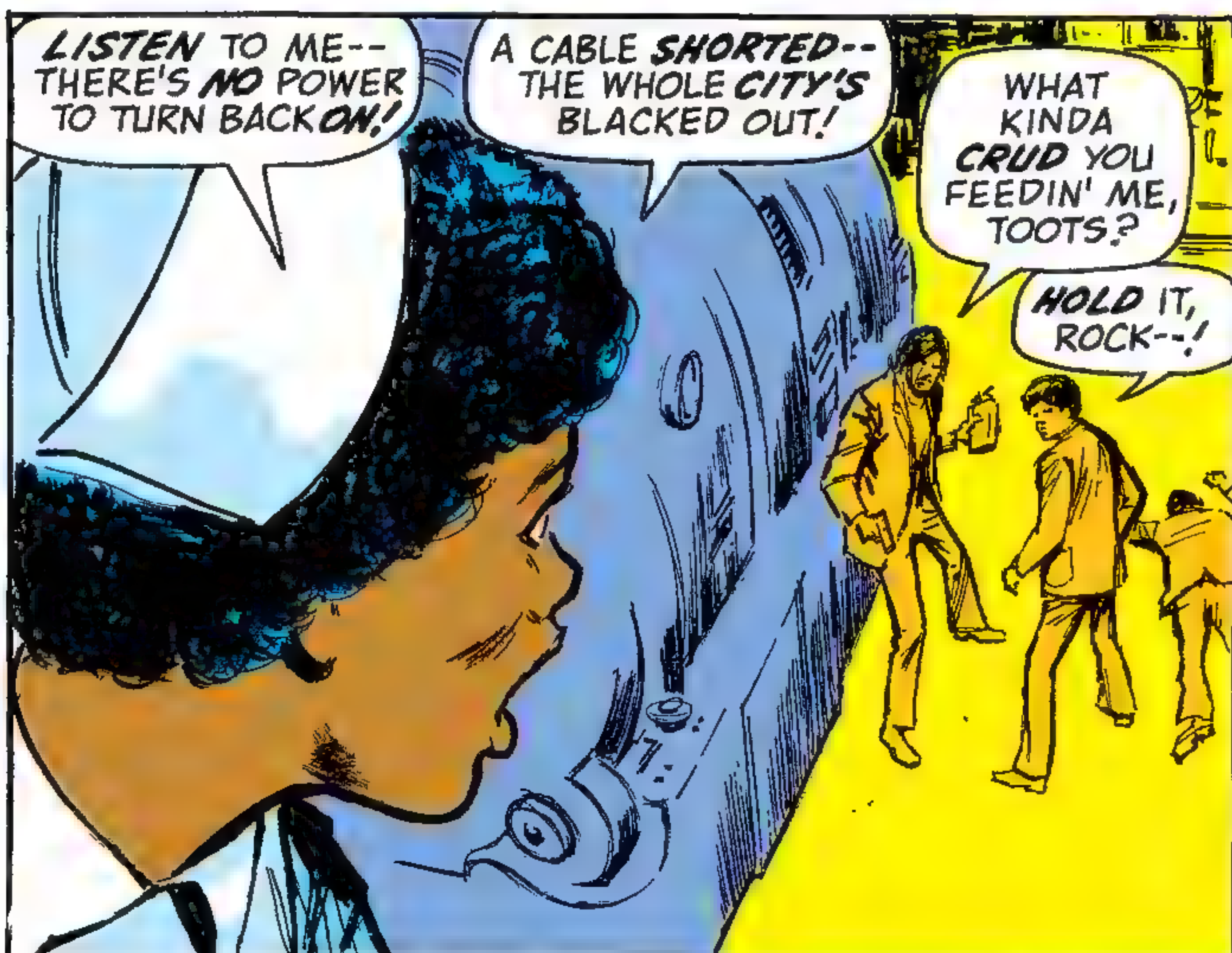
ROPES CRAMP MY STYLE!

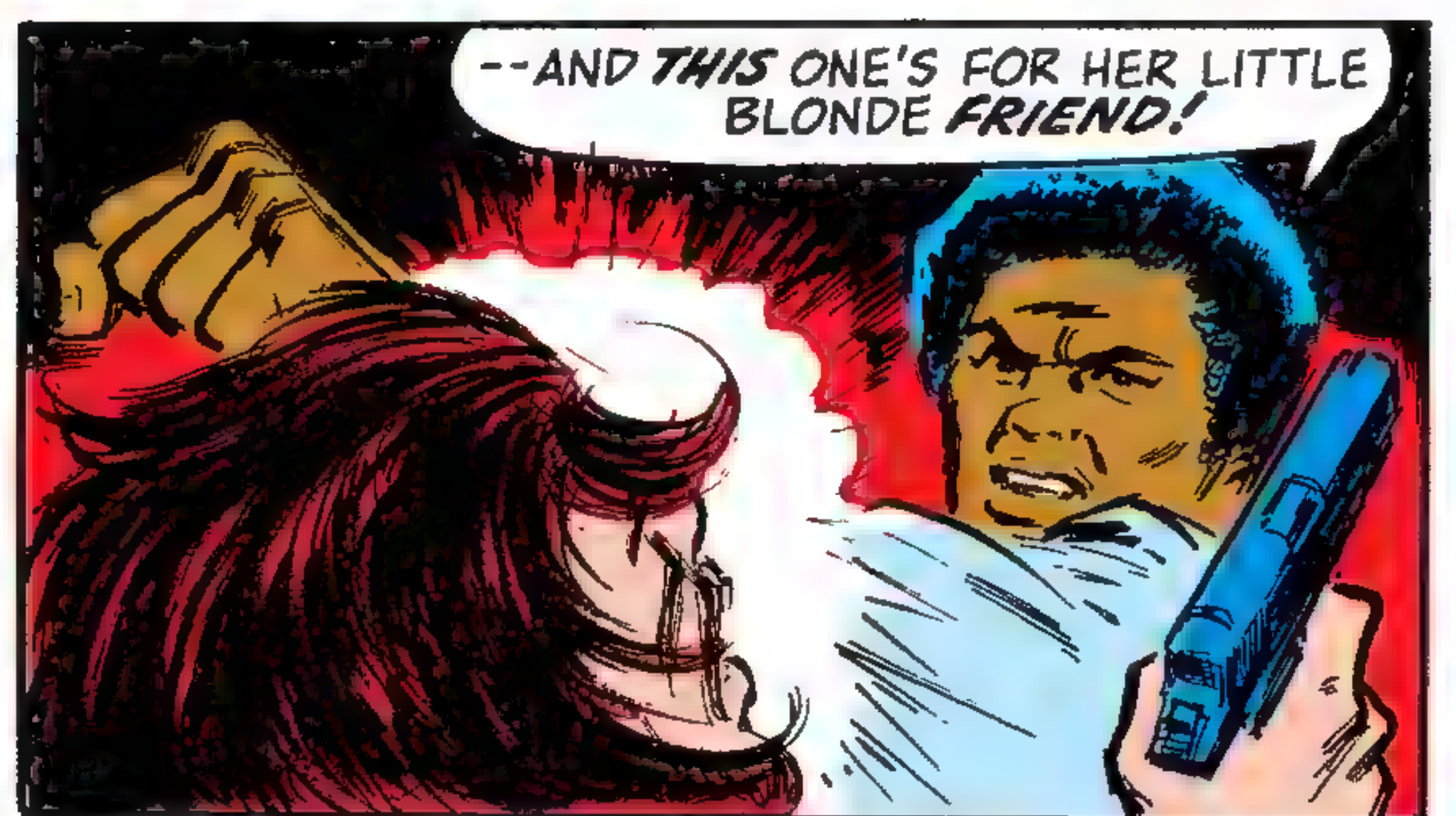
BESIDES, A PIG IS A PIG!



CHRIS--YOU GET GUARDS--POLICE-- ANYBODY!!

C'MON, GEORGIA, WE'VE GOT TO MOVE!







BLAST! NOW THERE'LL BE MORE GUARDS COMING!

THEY'RE BOUND TO HAVE HEARD THAT SHOT!

I'VE GOTTA START HUSTLIN'!



GEORGIA--PUT PRESSURE ON AN ARTERY TO STOP THE BLEEDING!

I JUST HOPE-- IT'S NOT TOO LATE!



HE'S ALL YOURS, GIRLS--WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM!

SEE YOU IN CHURCH!

MISTER, YOU JUST FORGOT--

--THE FIRST LESSON YOU LEARN IN NEW YORK--



ALWAYS WATCH WHERE YOU'RE WALKING!



OHMIGOSH! THE BOMB! WHAT DO I DO WITH--?



DON'T MOVE!) BRING THAT BOMB OVER-- NICE AND EASY!

PLEASE-- DON'T DO THIS TERRIBLE THING!

WHY DO YOU WANT TO HURT BEN--OR YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS IN THIS HOSPITAL?

WHAT DO I CARE ABOUT THEM?

WHAT'D ANY OF THEM EVER CARE ABOUT ME?



NEXT MORNING, IN A CERTAIN PRIVATE ROOM...

...I DUNNO, THE FIRST THING I SAW COMIN' HOME FROM JAIL LAST NIGHT WAS MR. TOBY...

...LAYIN' THERE IN THAT DARK HALLWAY WITH A BUSTED ARM.

DON'T WORRY, BEN. YOU HAVE FRIENDS NOW, AND WE'LL--

GUESS I WAS RIPE TO FALL FOR ROCKY'S LIES!

MISS CARTER-- YOU HAVE A CALLER IN THE LOBBY...!

MARSHALL! OH, I'VE SO MUCH TO TELL YOU! SO MUCH HAS--

LATER, LINDA.

FIRST, TELL ME-- DID YOU THINK ABOUT--MY PROPOSAL?

OH YES, MY DARLING-- YES! AND I DO WANT TO BE YOUR WIFE!

THEN WE'LL SEAL IT WITH A KISS--AND WE'LL BE MARRIED TOMORROW, IN BUENOS AIRES!

BUENOS--? BUT--TODAY IS GRADUATION DAY! I CAN'T MISS--

YOU CAN--AND YOU WILL! WE WENT ALL THRU THAT, REMEMBER?

YOU'RE MY WIFE, OR A NURSE-- NOT BOTH!

I--I CAN'T MAKE A CHOICE LIKE THAT, MARSHALL...

YOU MUST, LINDA! I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT BUSINESS DEAL BREWING IN SOUTH AMERICA--I'VE GOT TO BE THERE TONIGHT!

IN AN HOUR, I'LL BE ON A PLANE--AND I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'LL BE BACK.

ARE YOU COMING WITH ME, LINDA?

NO... I'M NOT...

THEN...IT'S GOODBYE.

I JUST HOPE AND PRAY YOU'VE MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE...FOR BOTH OF US.

...LINDA, WHAT'S WRONG? WE HEARD MARSHALL WAS OUT HERE, SO WE--

CAN'T YOU SEE, GIRL? WE HEARD RIGHT THE FIRST TIME.

MARSHALL WAS OUT HERE-- PAST TENSE, PERIOD.

PLEASE...DON'T MAKE A FUSS OVER ME. I'LL BE...ALL RIGHT...

JUST...HELP ME BACK INSIDE, PLEASE...

I'VE GOT TO GET READY... FOR TODAY!

METRO GENERAL HOSPITAL

AND TOMORROW, LINDA...AND TOMORROW...!

NEXT ISSUE: MORE TRUE-TO-LIFE ADVENTURES OF LINDA CARTER, NIGHT NURSE!

NIGHT
NURSE

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

20¢
©
2 JAN
02159

ENTER THE WORLD OF DANGER, DRAMA AND DEATH!

NIGHT NURSE™



SAVE HER!
SAVE MY
LITTLE GIRL---
OR I'LL SEE YOUR
HIDES NAILED TO
THE WALL!

NO--
STOP!!
IF YOU GO
IN THERE
NOW--

SURGERY

--YOUR
DAUGHTER
WILL
DIE!

ABSOLUTELY
NO
ADMITTANCE
WHEN
RED
LIGHT
IS ON!

FOR EVERY NURSE--
FOR EVERY WOMAN--
THERE COMES A...

MOMENT OF TRUTH!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: LINDA CARTER, **NIGHT NURSE!**™

A YOUNG NURSE WALKS FEVERISHLY THRU THE CITY'S STREETS AFTER HER SWING SHIFT DUTY... RESTLESS, LONELY... HOPING THAT EACH STEP MIGHT FURTHER DRUM FROM HER MIND THE MEMORY OF THE MAN SHE LOVED... AND LOST.

A TEENAGE GIRL STUMBLES SLEEPILY HOME FROM A NEARBY PARTY. PERHAPS SHE AND HER MALE HOST RAIDED THE KITCHEN FOR A SIP OF SHERRY, OR A BOTTLE OF BEER.

STRANGE... THAT GIRL DOESN'T SEEM TO SEE THAT CAR.

AND-- IT'S GOING MUCH TOO FAST!

ANY OTHER NIGHT, THESE TWO YOUNG WOMEN WOULD HAVE QUIETLY PASSED EACH OTHER BY. BUT, TONIGHT IS NOT TO BE AN ORDINARY NIGHT... FOR EITHER OF THEM...!

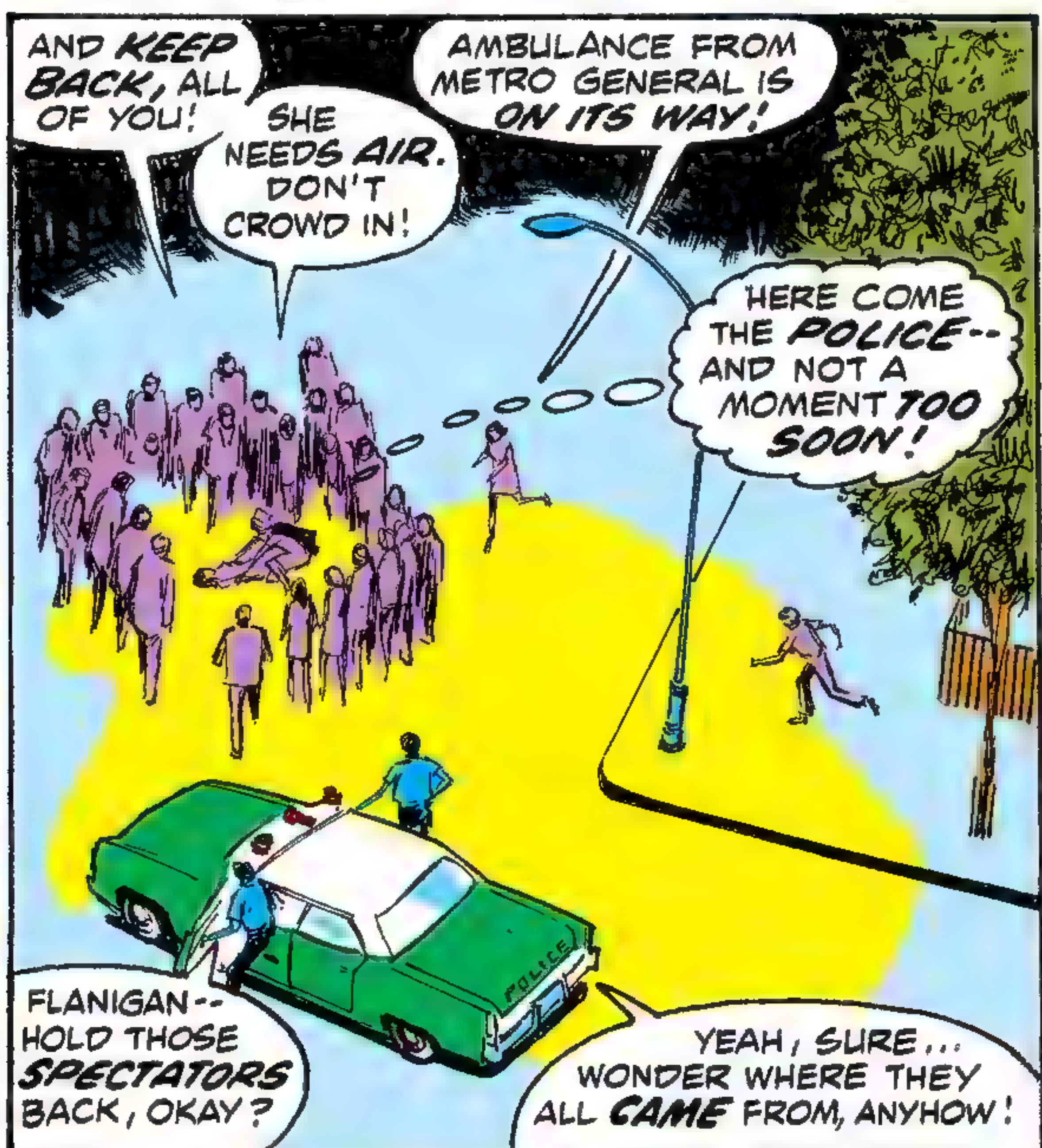
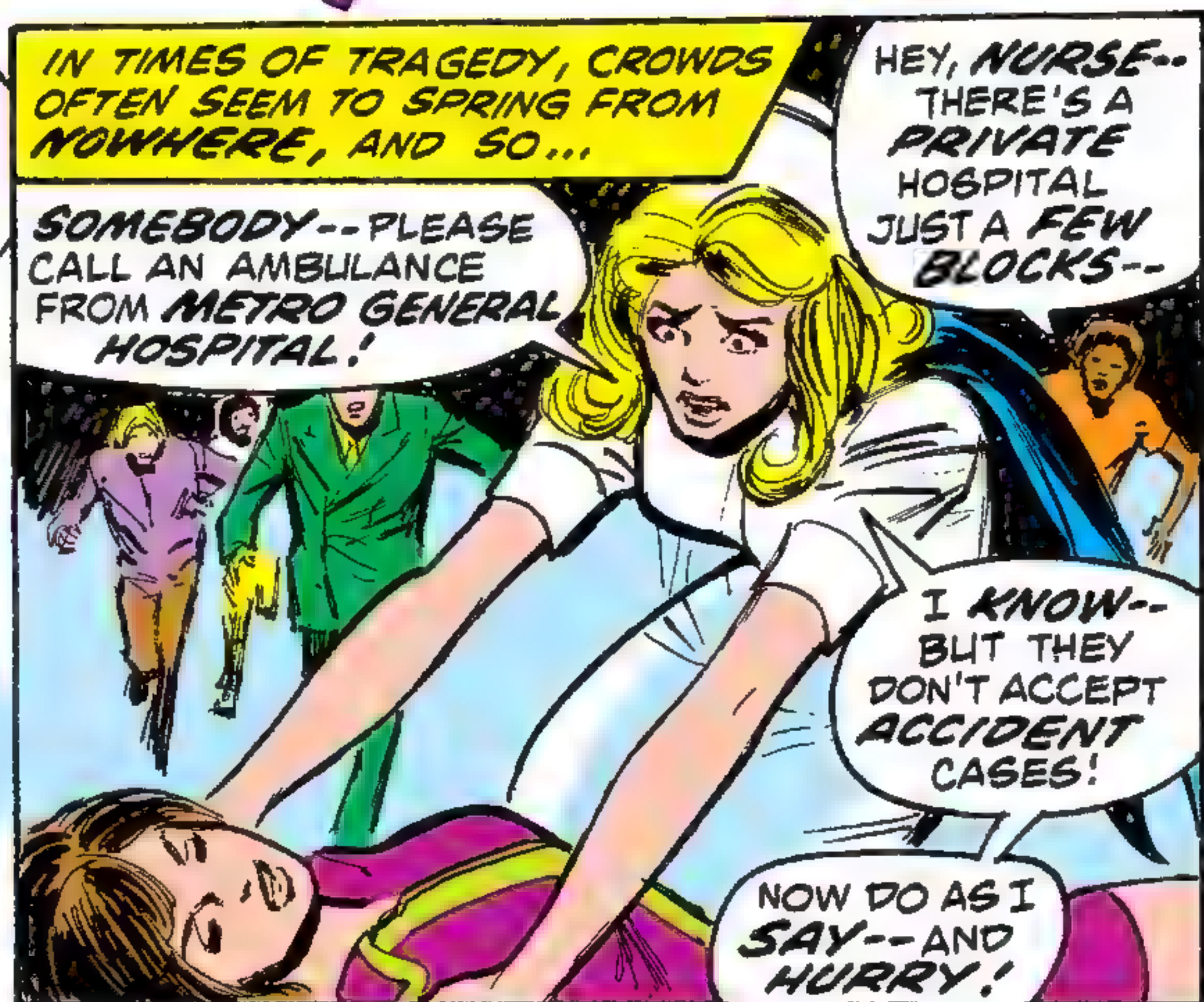
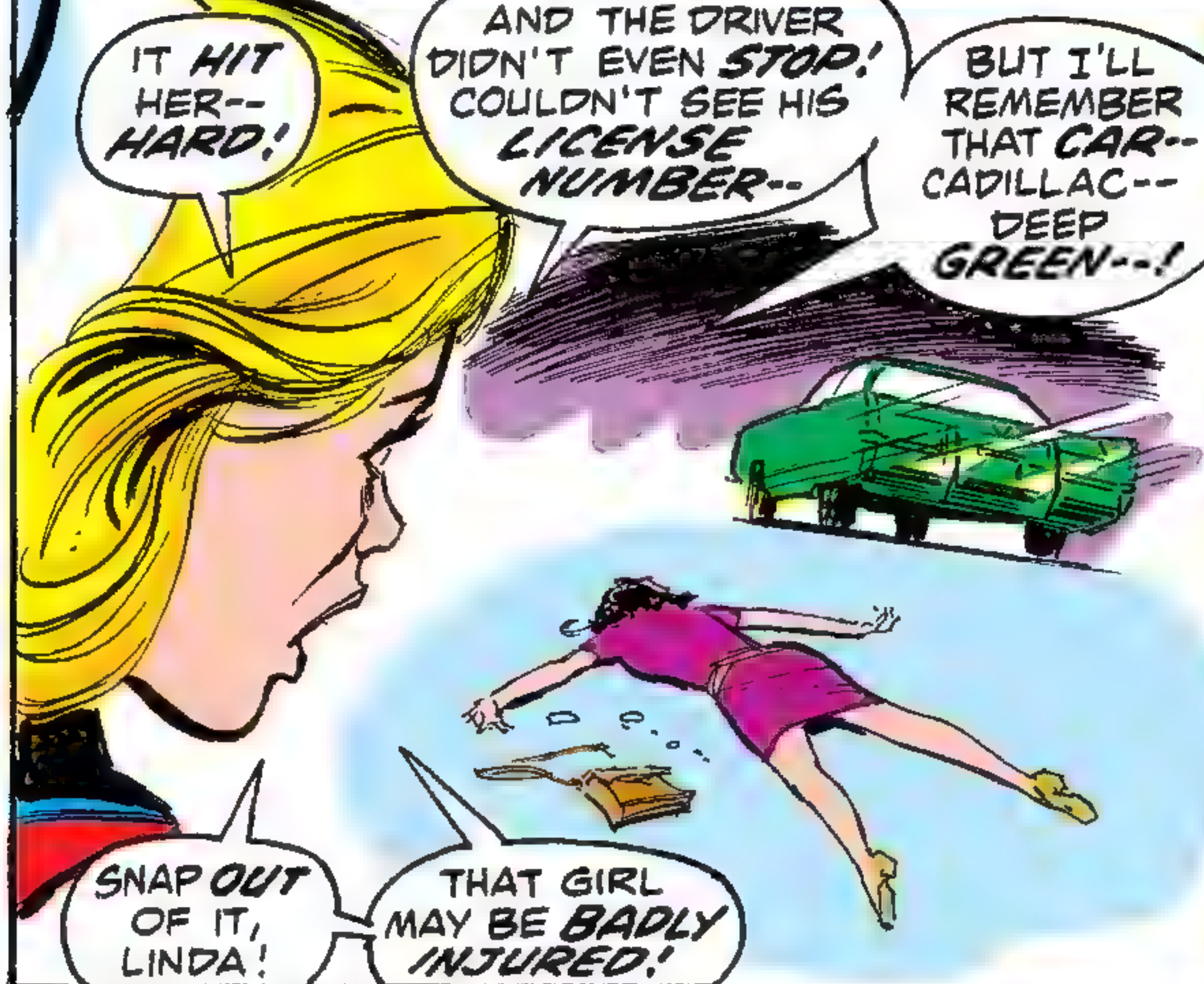
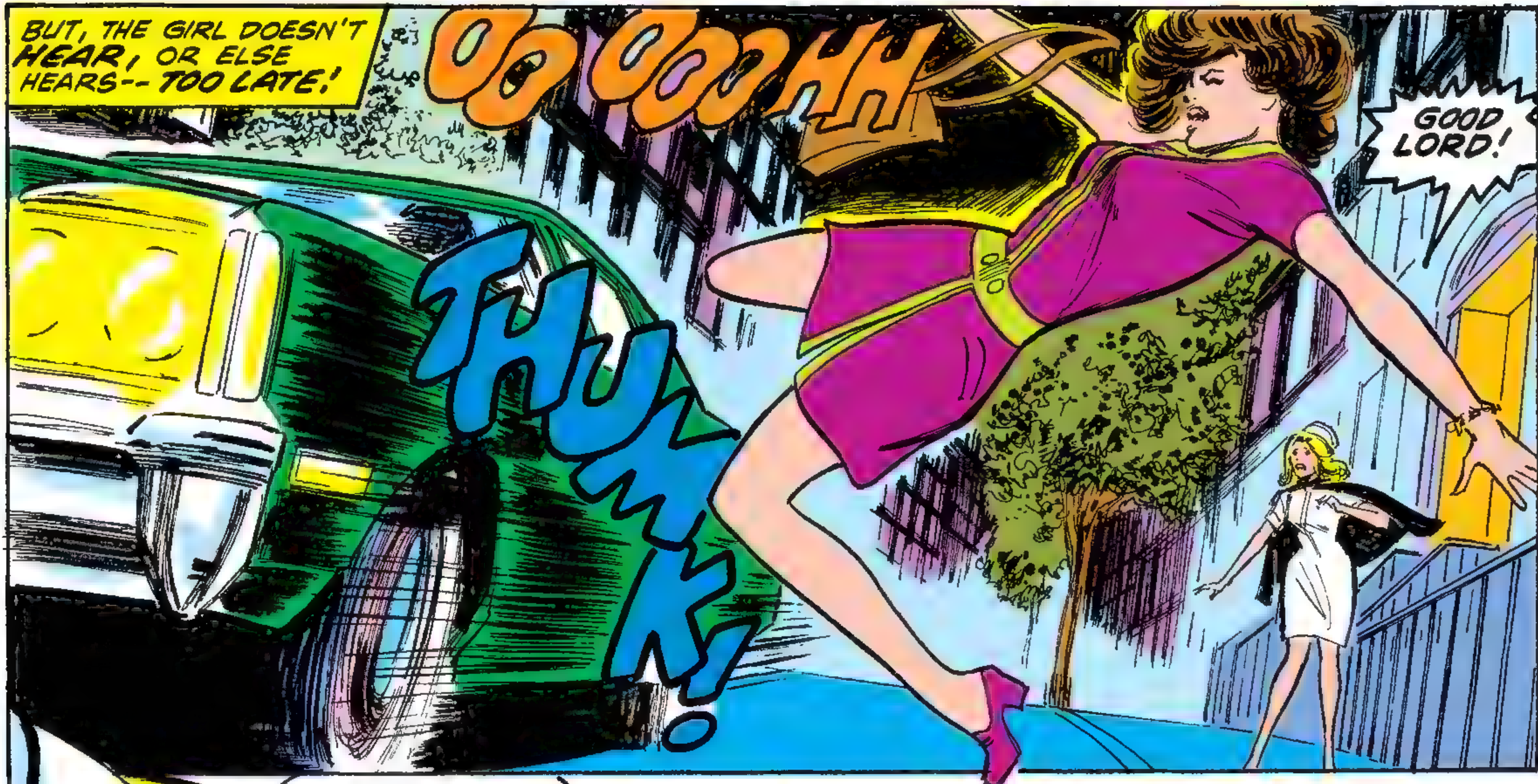
SHE'LL BE HIT, IF SHE DOESN'T--

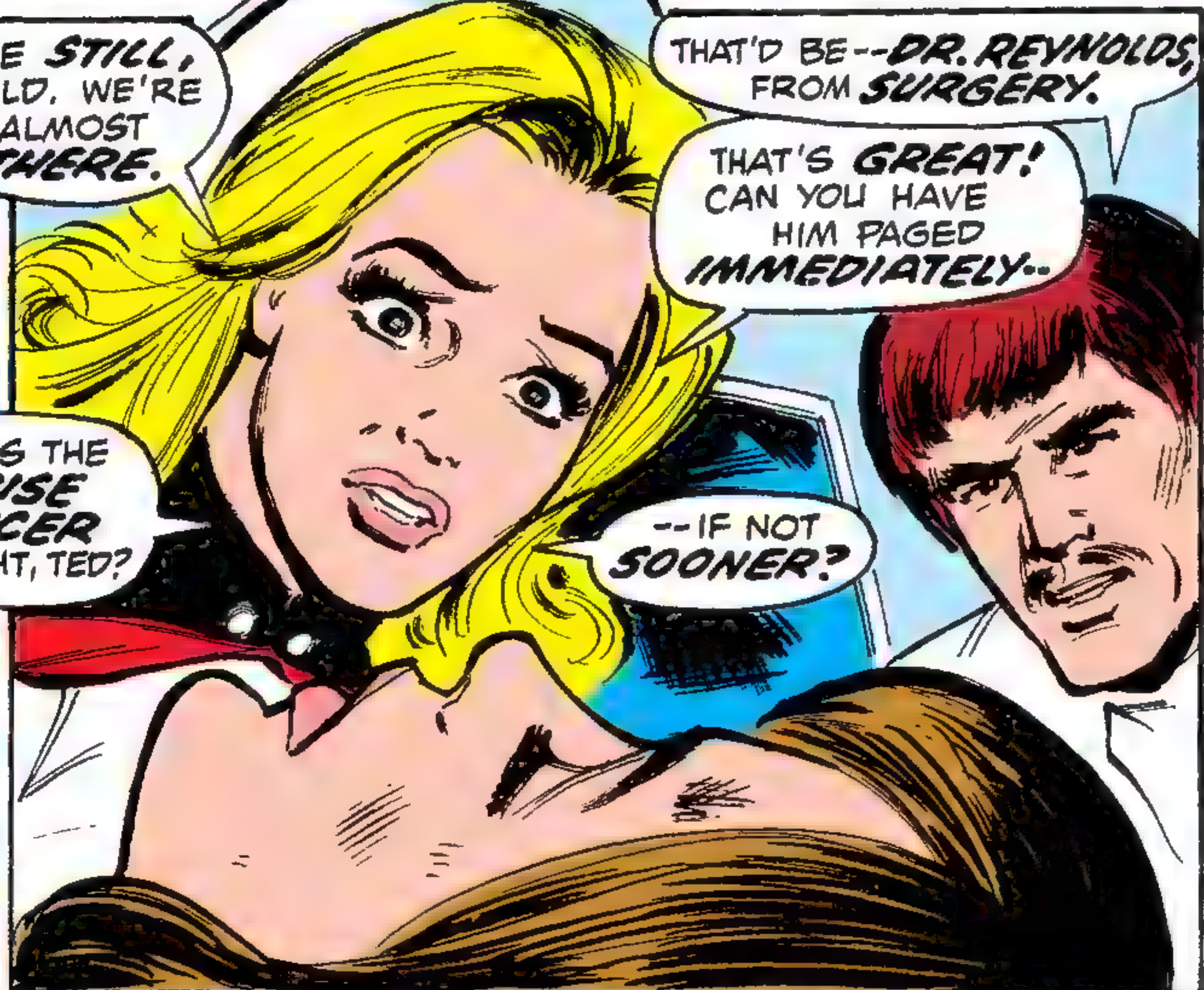
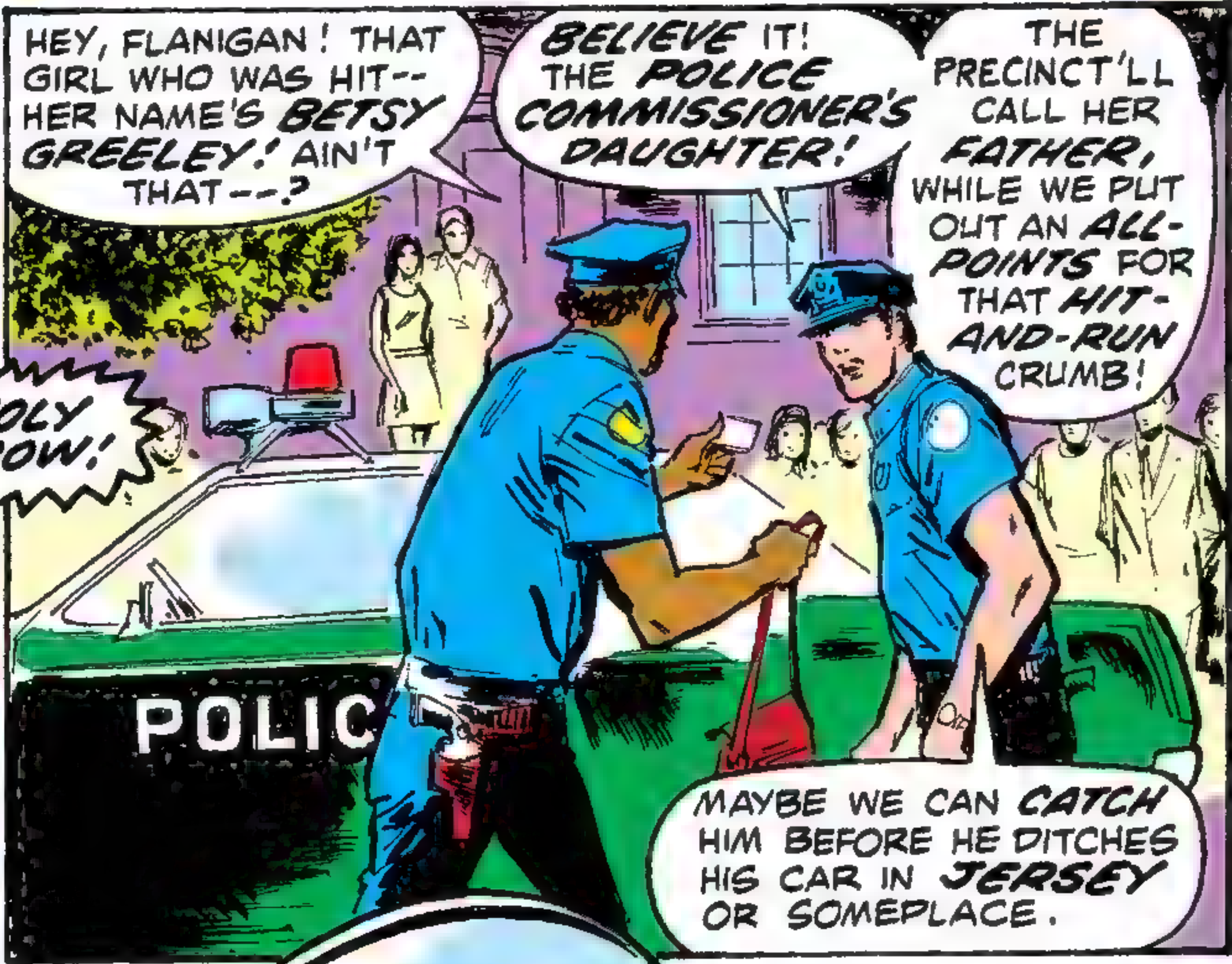
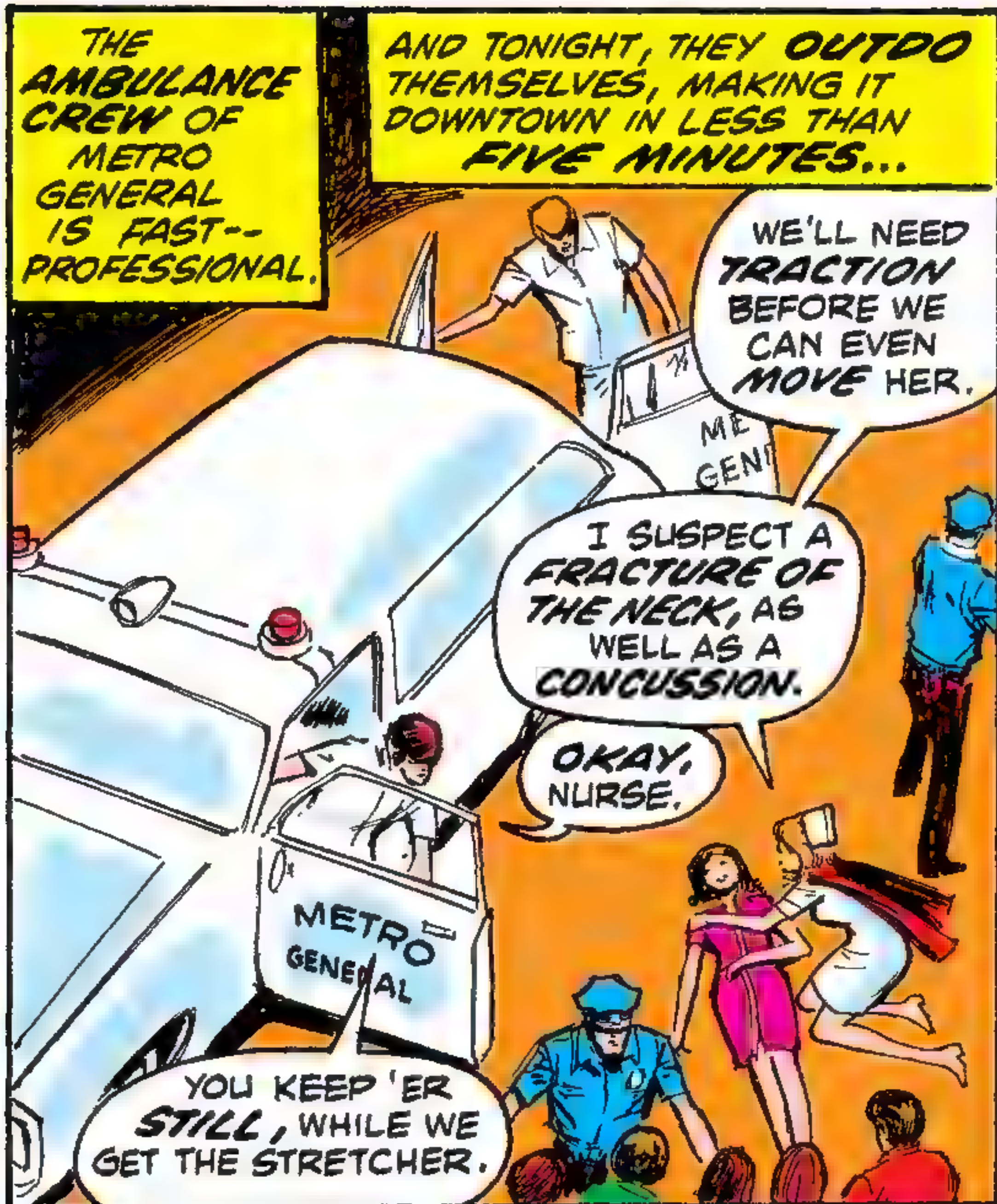
--RUN!!

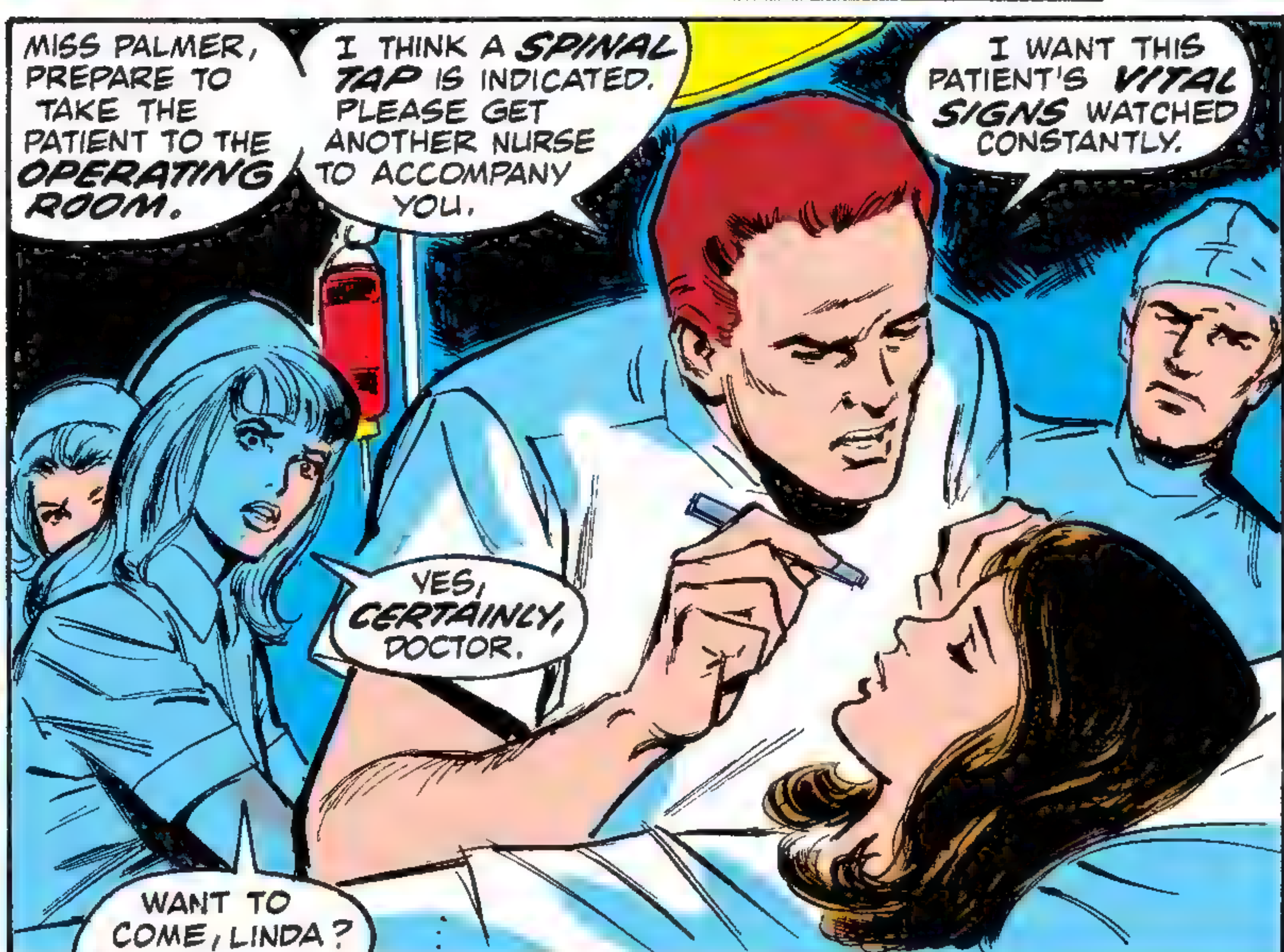
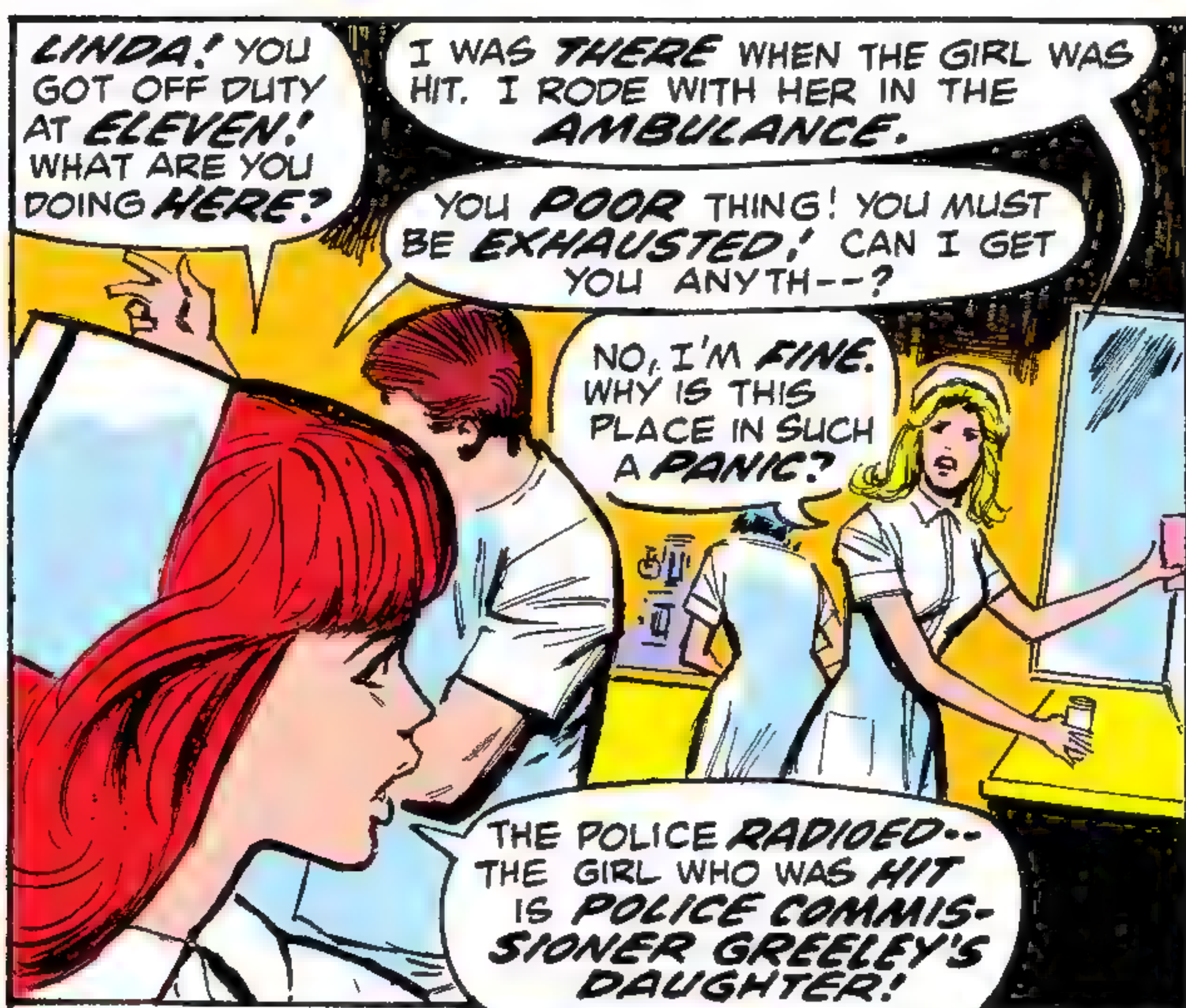
GET OUT OF THE WAY! HURRY!

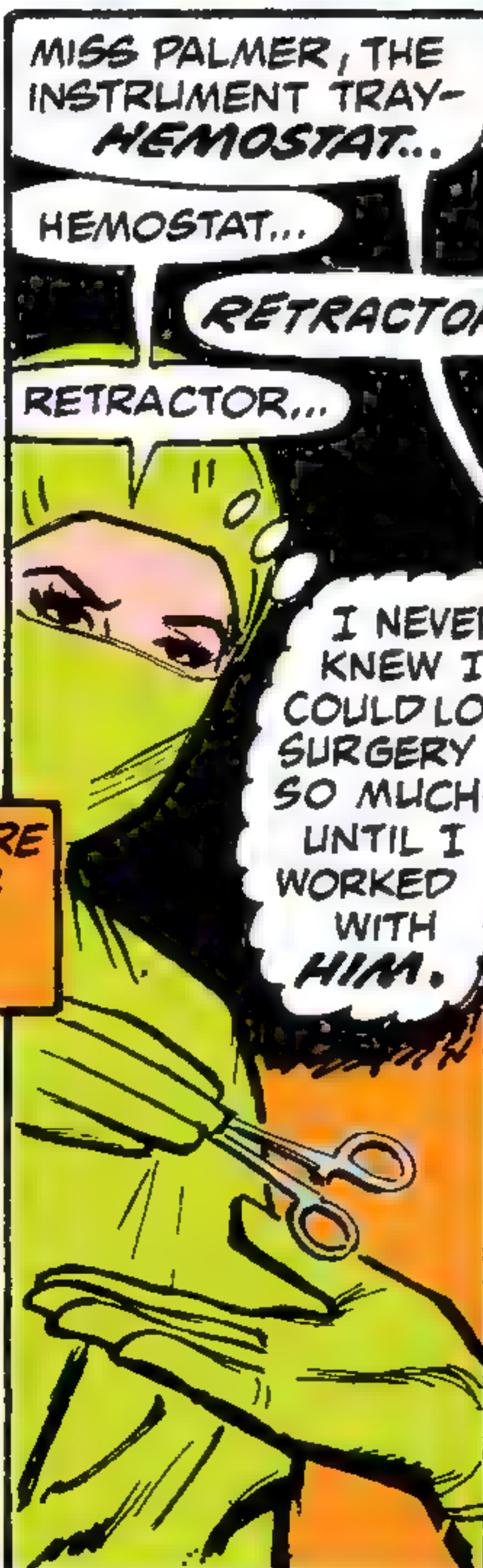
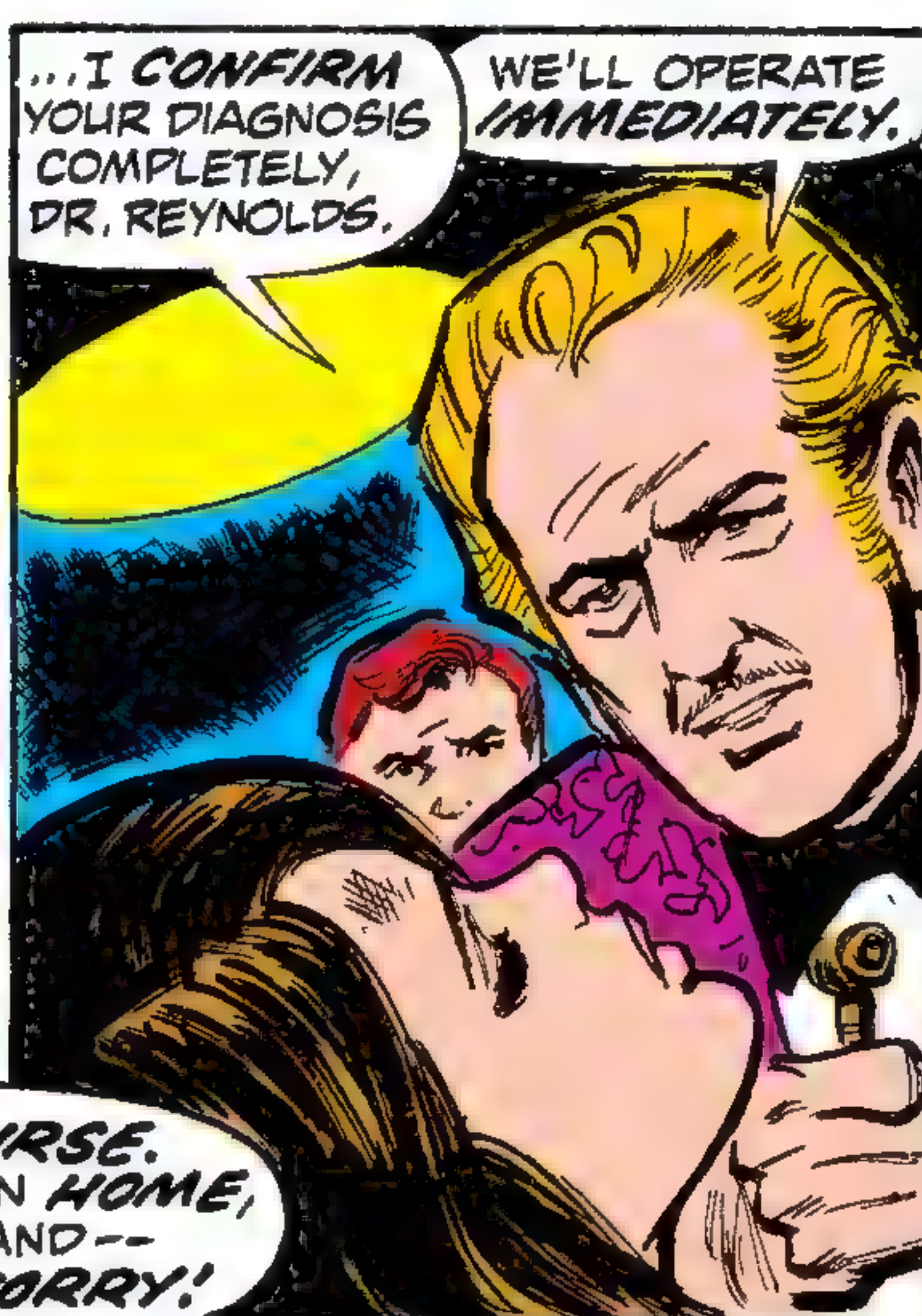
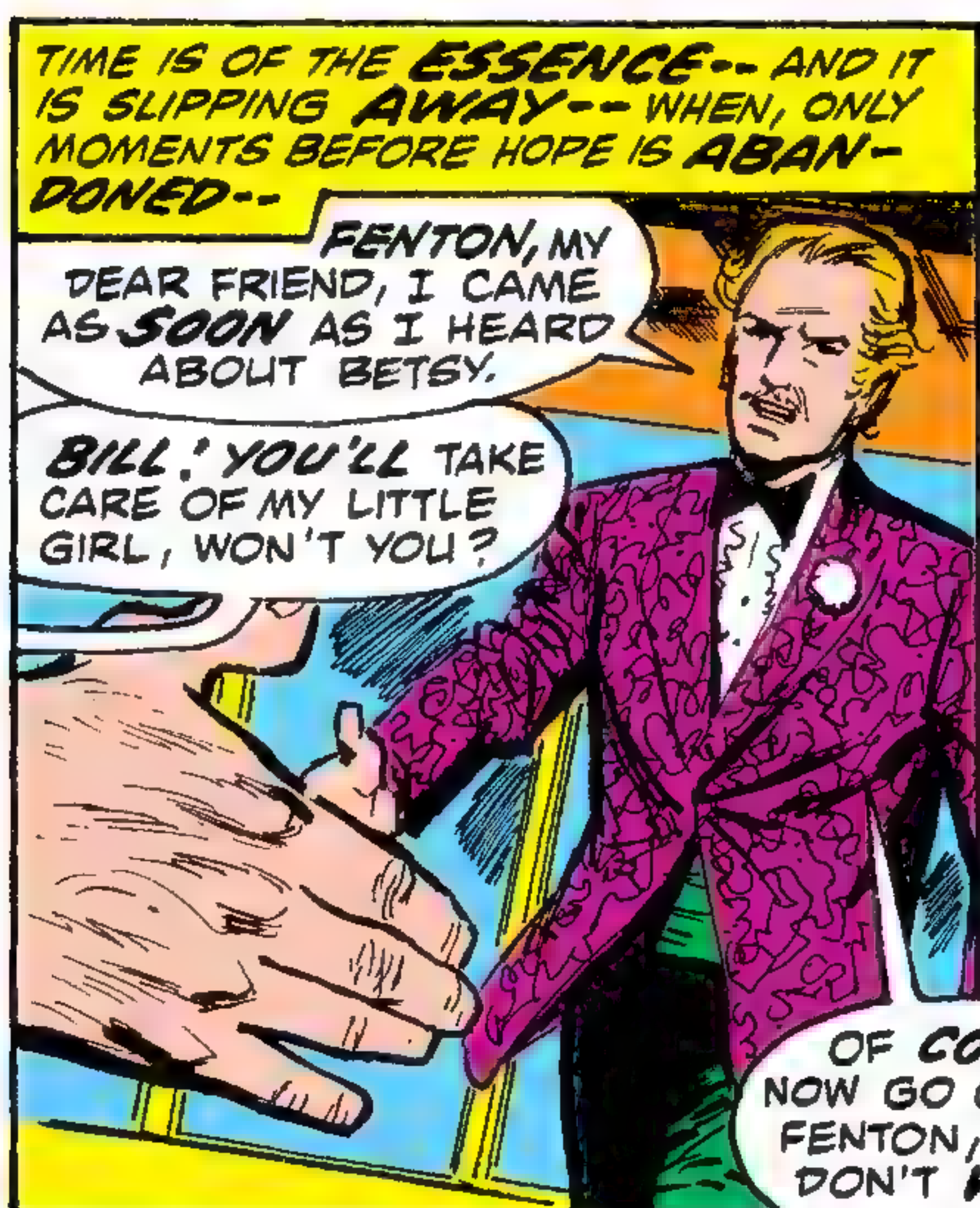
NIGHT OF TEARS...
NIGHT OF TRUTH!

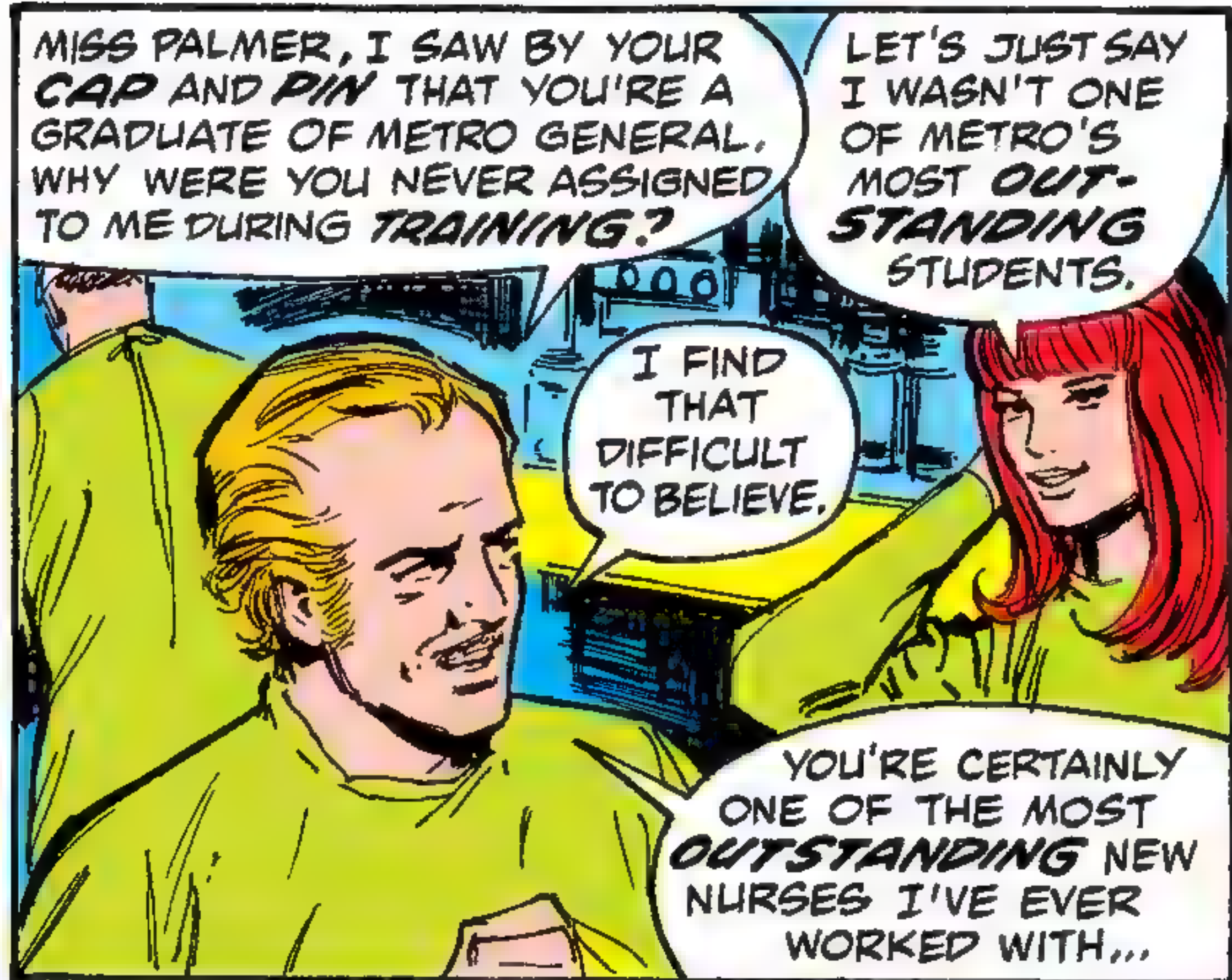
JEAN THOMAS, WRITER * WINSLOW MORTIMER, ARTIST * JOHN COSTANZA, LETTERER * ROY THOMAS, EDITOR











MISS PALMER, I SAW BY YOUR **CAP AND PIN** THAT YOU'RE A GRADUATE OF METRO GENERAL. WHY WERE YOU NEVER ASSIGNED TO ME DURING **TRAINING**?

LET'S JUST SAY I WASN'T ONE OF METRO'S MOST **OUT-STANDING** STUDENTS.

I FIND THAT DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE.

YOU'RE CERTAINLY ONE OF THE MOST **OUTSTANDING** NEW NURSES I'VE EVER WORKED WITH...



AND I **NEED** A BRIGHT YOUNG NURSE TO TRAIN AS A **SPECIAL ASSISTANT** FOR MY WORK AT METRO GENERAL.

WOULD YOU CONSIDER SUCH A JOB?

WOULD I? WOULD I **EVER**! I MEAN, YES, **SIR**!

MEANWHILE, LINDA, UTTERLY **DRAINED** FROM THE EVENING'S TRAGEDY, TRIES TO CLOSE HER **EYES**--



--TRIES TO CLOSE OUT THE **MEMORIES** THAT **HOUND** HER EVERY EMPTY MOMENT...

...MEMORIES* OF THE MURDEROUS **ROCKY** AND HIS ATTEMPT TO **BLACKMAIL** METRO GENERAL BY BLOWING UP ITS **GENERATOR** DURING THE SUMMER'S **BLACKOUT**...



I'VE ALREADY **KILLED** THE **GUARD**--

YOU THINK TWO **NURSES** ARE GONNA STAND IN MY WAY?

MEMORIES OF A **BROKEN ENGAGEMENT**...

THEN...IT'S **GOODBYE**! YOU CAN BE MY **WIFE**, OR A **NURSE**-- BUT NOT **BOTH**!

MEMORIES OF **GRADUATION DAY**...

MISS **LINDA JANE CARTER**-- GRADUATED WITH **HIGHEST HONORS**.

CONGRATULATIONS, MISS CARTER.

AND **AFTER**...

APT. FOR RENT

JUST GOT HOME. I WAS WITH **MAMA** FOR A WHILE AFTER THE **TRIAL** TODAY.

MY BIG BROTHER **BEN** IS SURE IN A **HEAP** OF TROUBLE FOR GETTING MIXED-UP IN **ROCKY'S** CRAZY PLAN.

BUT NOW, LINDA'S EYES ARE SUDDENLY **OPENED** AGAIN, AS--

WHA--! **GEORGIA JENKINS**, YOU SURE CAN **SCARE** A PERSON! I DIDN'T **HEAR** YOU COME IN.



HOW'RE WE **EVER** GOING TO GET THE NAMES **CARTER**, **JENKINS**, AND **PALMER** ALL ON THE SAME **MAILBOX**?



THE NEXT WEEK, WITH THEIR TRANSFERS TO THE DAY SHIFT BEGINNING, THE THREE ROOMMATES GATHER FOR BREAKFAST...

AM I GLAD TO MOVE IN DAY-LIGHT AGAIN! I ALMOST FELT LIKE I SHOULD BE SLEEPING IN A BOX OF MY NATIVE SOIL."

OKAY, OKAY. SERIOUSLY THOUGH, I HAVE AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE--!

OH, CHRIS, NIGHT WORK ISN'T THAT BAD.

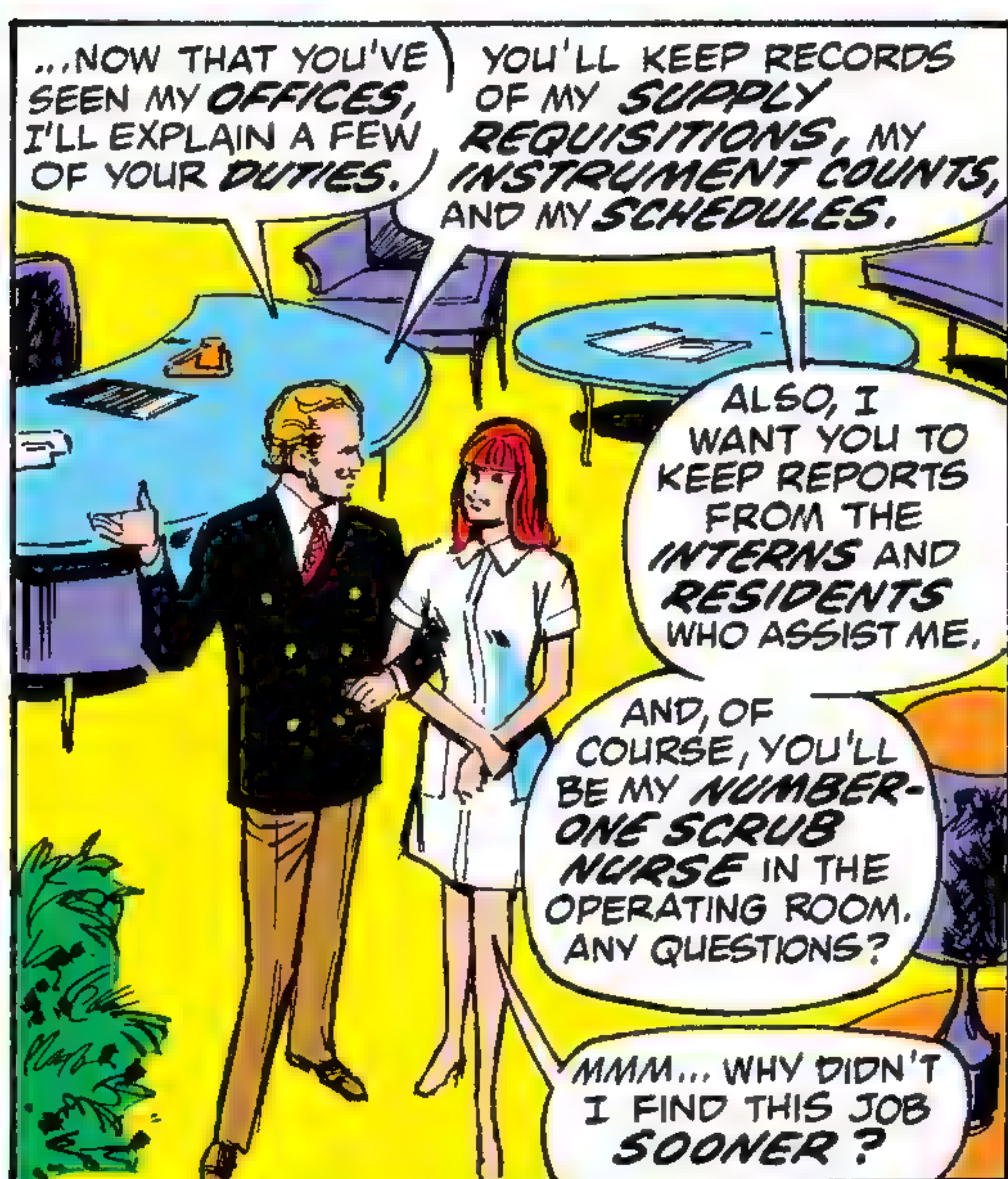


TODAY I START AS SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO DR. WILLIAM SUTTON!

OUTASITE! ALL THIS, MIND YOU, FROM THE GIRL WHO WON'T EVEN SLICE CELERY!

OOOPS! GOTTA RUN TO THE COURTHOUSE TO SEE BEN.

KEEP YOU POSTED IF THERE'S ANY NEWS FROM HIS TRIAL.



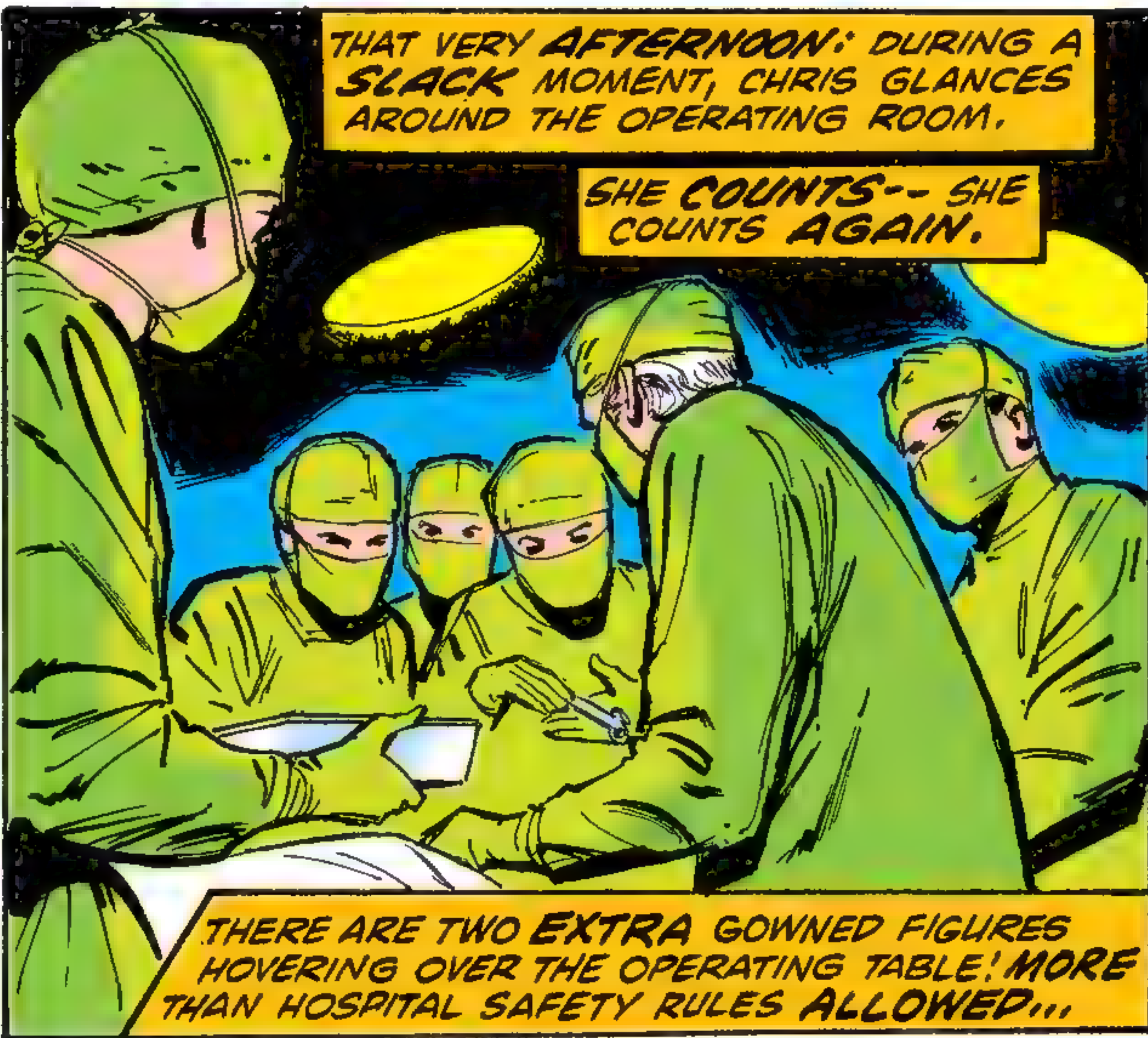
...NOW THAT YOU'VE SEEN MY OFFICES, I'LL EXPLAIN A FEW OF YOUR DUTIES.

YOU'LL KEEP RECORDS OF MY SUPPLY REQUISITIONS, MY INSTRUMENT COUNTS, AND MY SCHEDULES.

ALSO, I WANT YOU TO KEEP REPORTS FROM THE INTERNS AND RESIDENTS WHO ASSIST ME.

AND, OF COURSE, YOU'LL BE MY NUMBER-ONE SCRUB NURSE IN THE OPERATING ROOM. ANY QUESTIONS?

MMM... WHY DIDN'T I FIND THIS JOB SOONER?



THAT VERY AFTERNOON: DURING A SLACK MOMENT, CHRIS GLANCES AROUND THE OPERATING ROOM.

SHE COUNTS-- SHE COUNTS AGAIN.

THERE ARE TWO EXTRA GOWNED FIGURES HOVERING OVER THE OPERATING TABLE! MORE THAN HOSPITAL SAFETY RULES ALLOWED...



LATER...

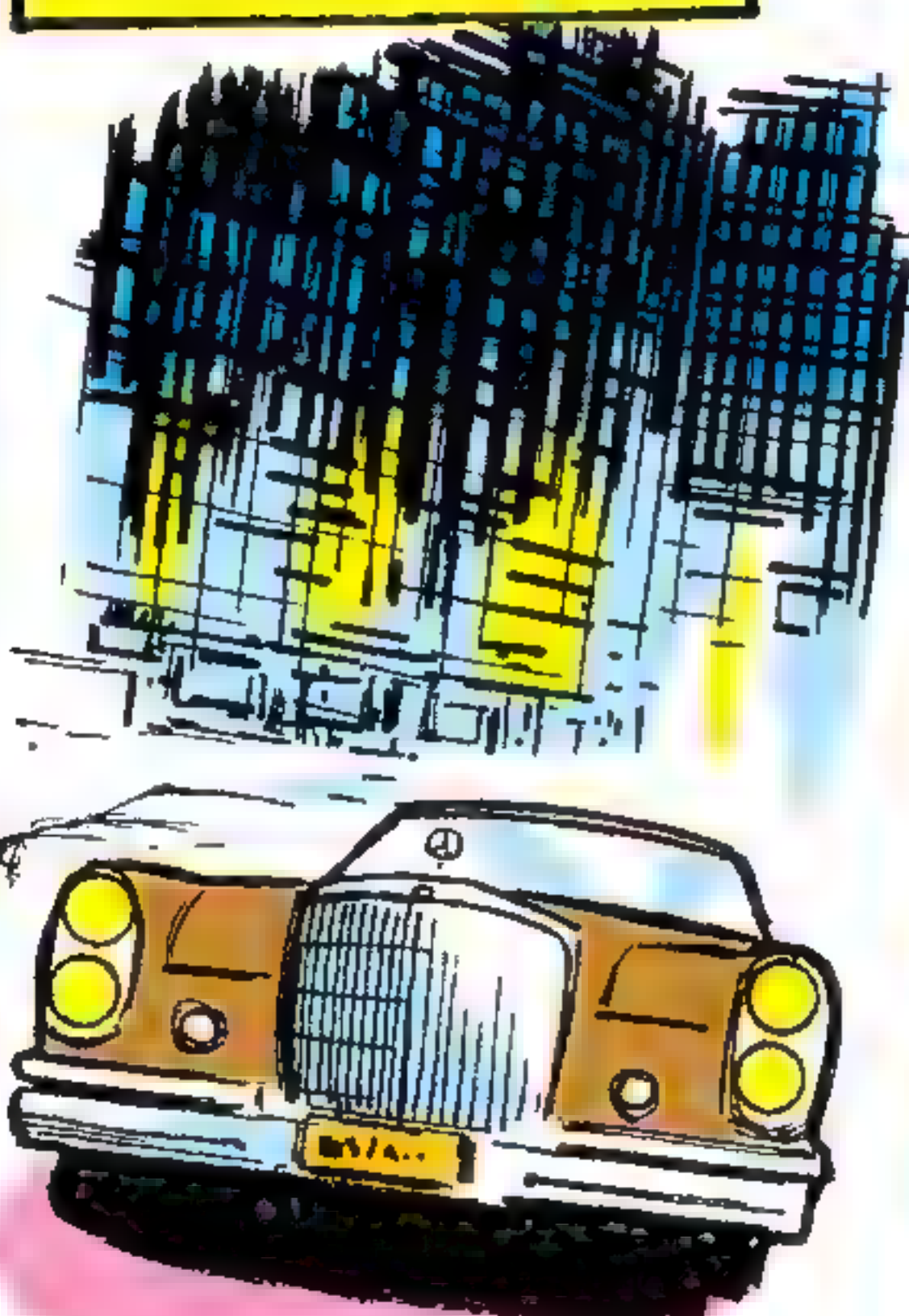
...DR. SUTTON, MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?

YES, MY DEAR?

I KNOW I'M NEW AT THIS JOB, BUT DIDN'T I SEE A COUPLE OF EXTRA PEOPLE--?

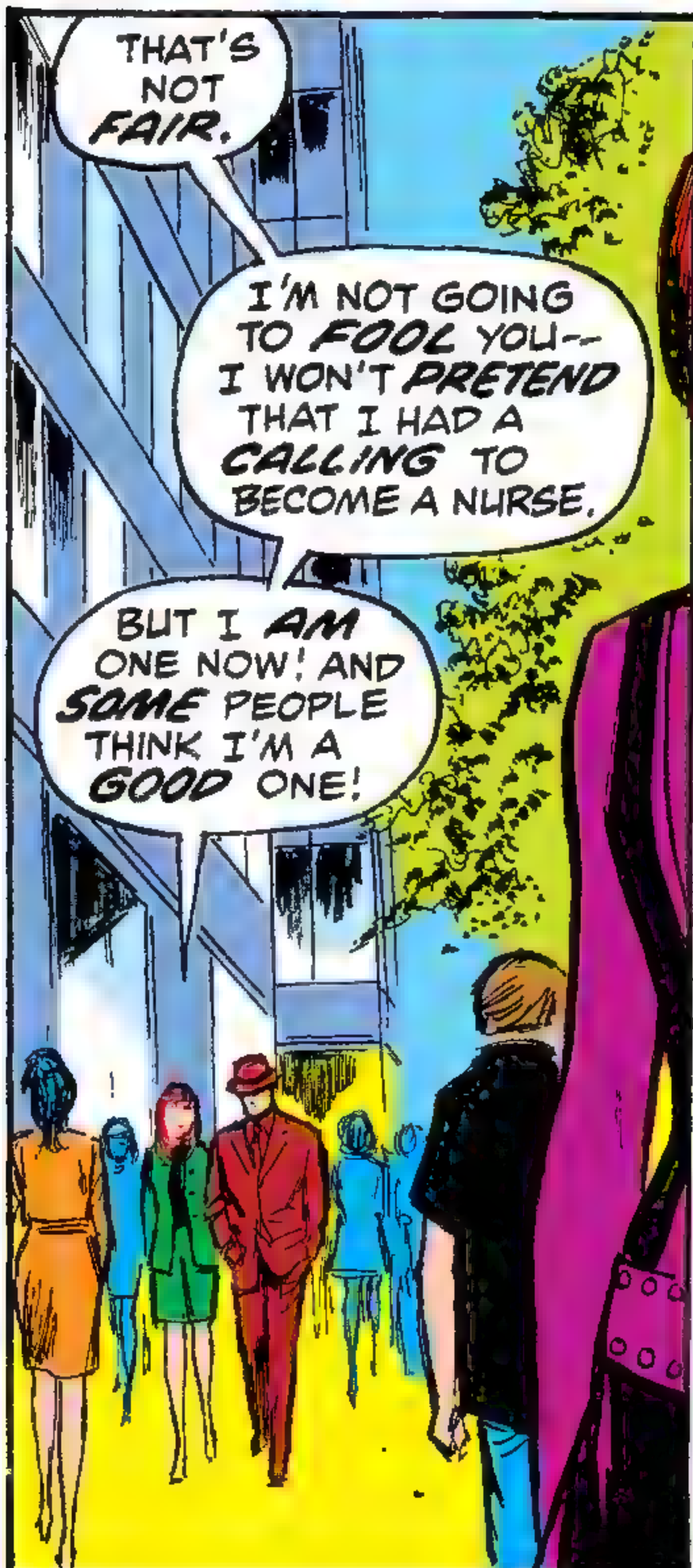
LET'S FORGET HOSPITAL AFFAIRS WHEN THE DINNER HOUR IS SO NEAR.

"MAY I PICK YOU UP AT EIGHT?"



...I'M SO PLEASED YOU'D SEE ME FOR DINNER.

CHRISTINE -- THAT'S A LOVELY NAME...





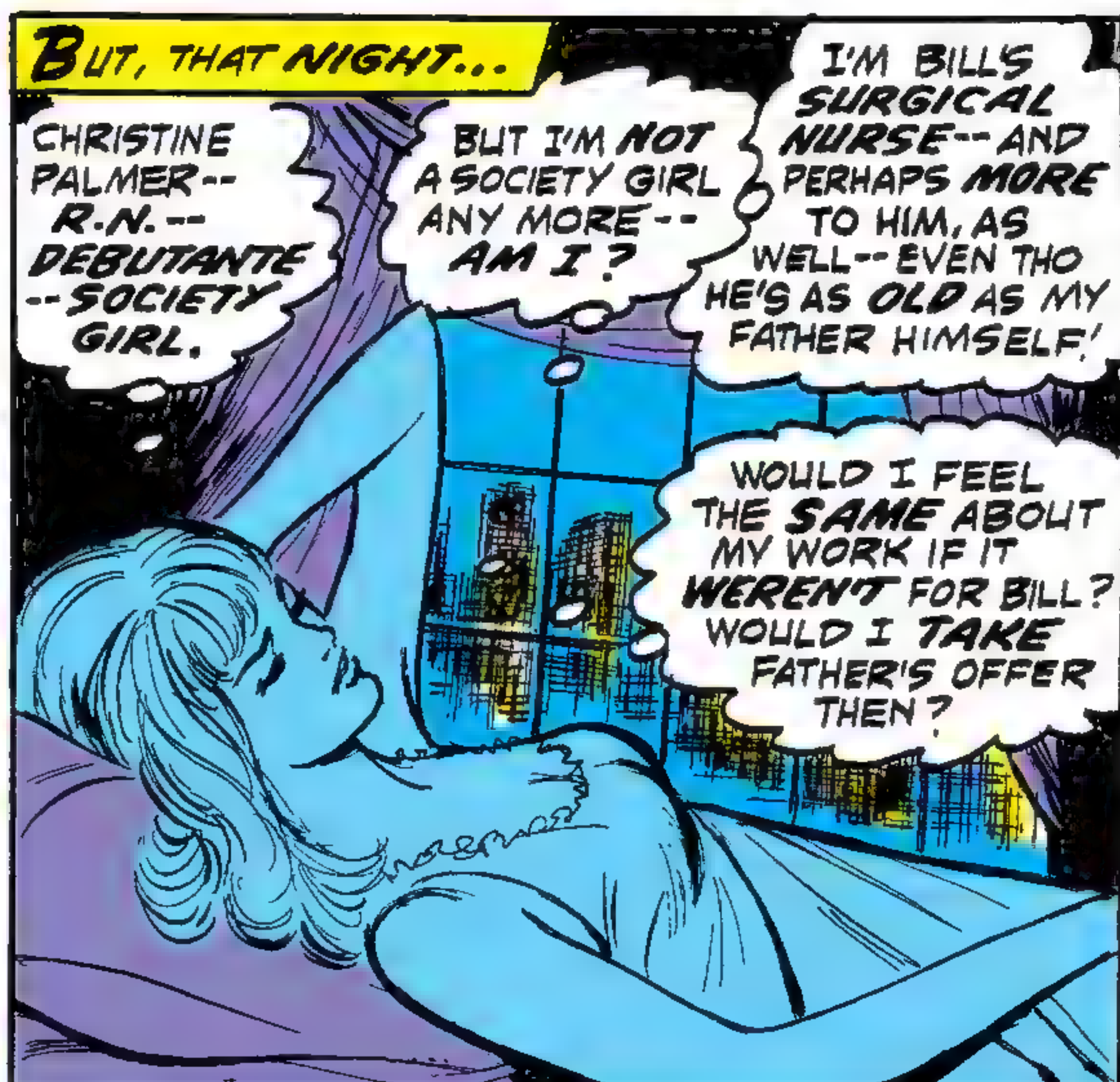
PLEASE--COME HOME FOR THANKSGIVING.

MOST OF YOUR FRIENDS ARE STILL IN COLLEGE AND WILL BE HOME FOR VACATION.

IT'S THE BEGINNING OF THE SOCIAL SEASON. PARTIES--BALLS --AND YOU COULD JOIN THEM BY HAVING YOUR DEBUT.

IF YOU DON'T COME HOME BY THANKSGIVING, CHRIS --DON'T COME HOME AT ALL!

CHRISTINE SAYS NOTHING...



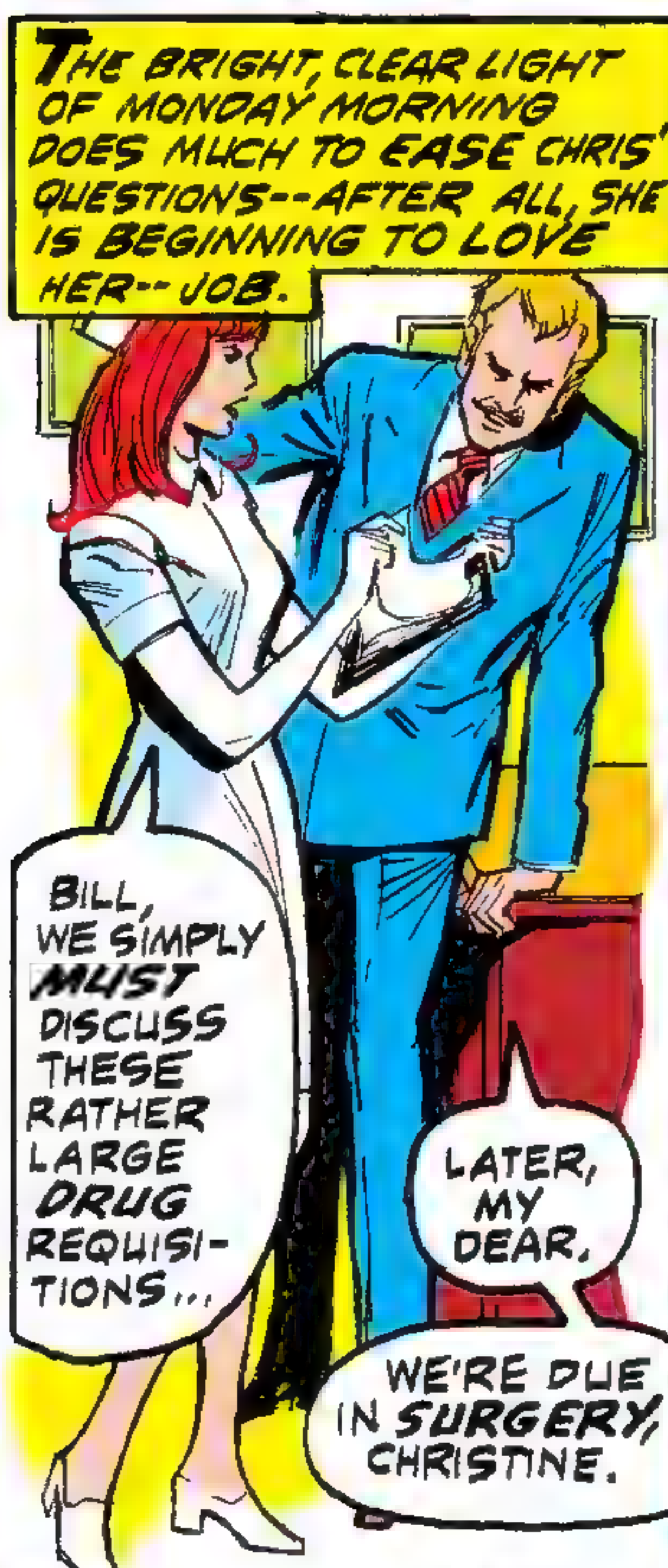
BUT, THAT NIGHT...

CHRISTINE PALMER-- R.N.-- DEBUTANTE --SOCIETY GIRL.

BUT I'M NOT A SOCIETY GIRL ANY MORE-- AM I?

I'M BILL'S SURGICAL NURSE-- AND PERHAPS MORE TO HIM, AS WELL-- EVEN THO HE'S AS OLD AS MY FATHER HIMSELF!

WOULD I FEEL THE SAME ABOUT MY WORK IF IT WEREN'T FOR BILL? WOULD I TAKE FATHER'S OFFER THEN?

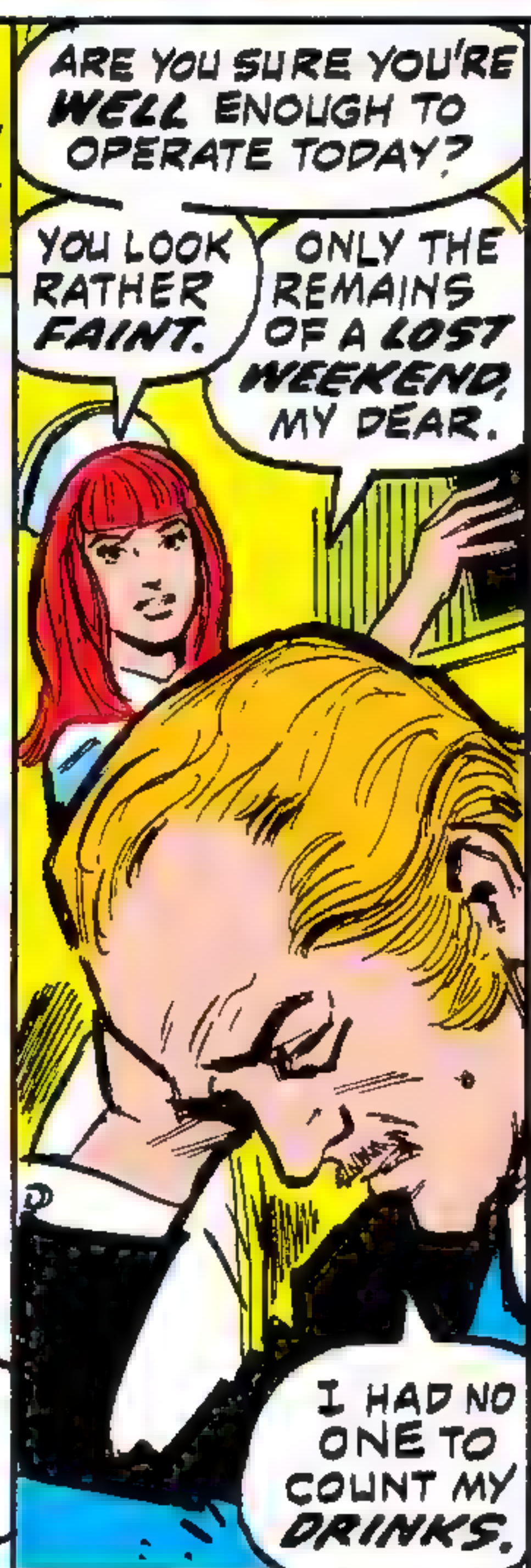


THE BRIGHT, CLEAR LIGHT OF MONDAY MORNING DOES MUCH TO EASE CHRIS' QUESTIONS--AFTER ALL, SHE IS BEGINNING TO LOVE HER-- JOB.

BILL, WE SIMPLY MUST DISCUSS THESE RATHER LARGE DRUG REQUISITIONS...

LATER, MY DEAR.

WE'RE DUE IN SURGERY, CHRISTINE.



ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE WELL ENOUGH TO OPERATE TODAY?

YOU LOOK RATHER FAINT.

ONLY THE REMAINS OF A LOST WEEKEND, MY DEAR.

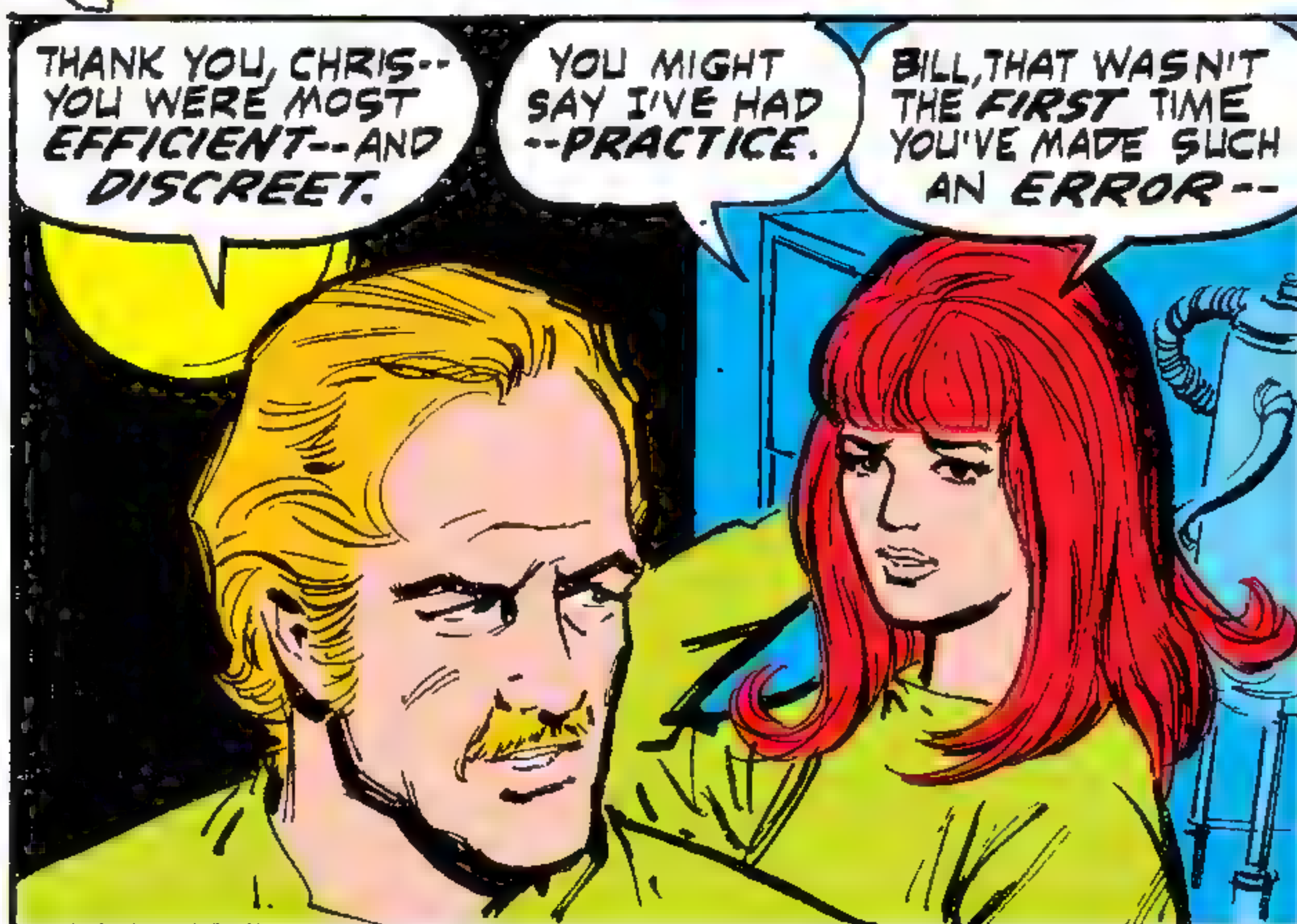
I HAD NO ONE TO COUNT MY DRINKS.



THEN, IN SURGERY: A GASPING BREATH... A DROPPED KNIFE...

IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO WINK, CHRIS CATCHES DR. SUTTON'S FALLING KNIFE AND WORDLESSLY REPLACES IT WITH ANOTHER.

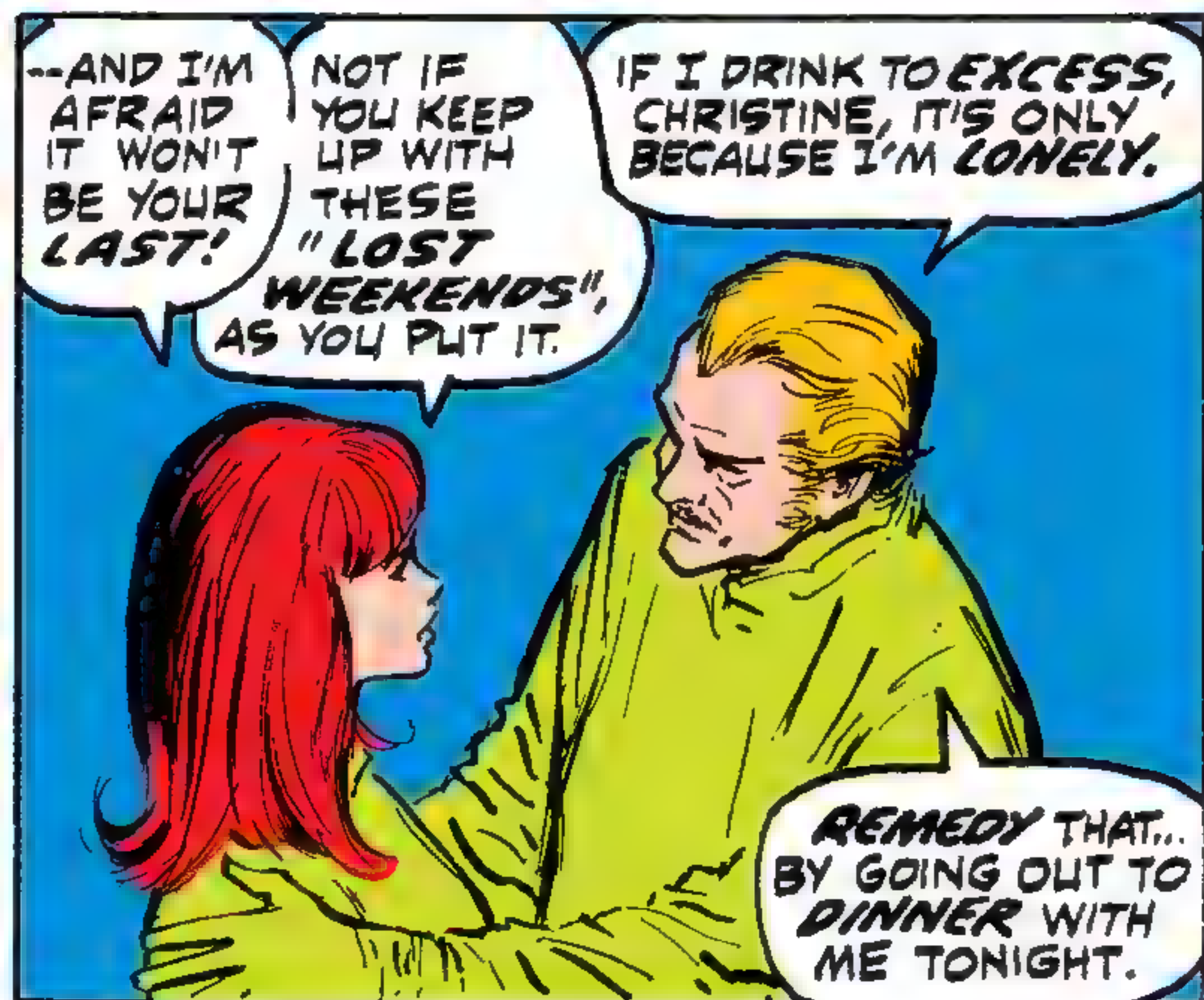
SHE ALSO BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF!--NO ONE ELSE HAS SEEN!



THANK YOU, CHRIS-- YOU WERE MOST EFFICIENT--AND DISCREET.

YOU MIGHT SAY I'VE HAD --PRACTICE.

BILL, THAT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE MADE SUCH AN ERROR--

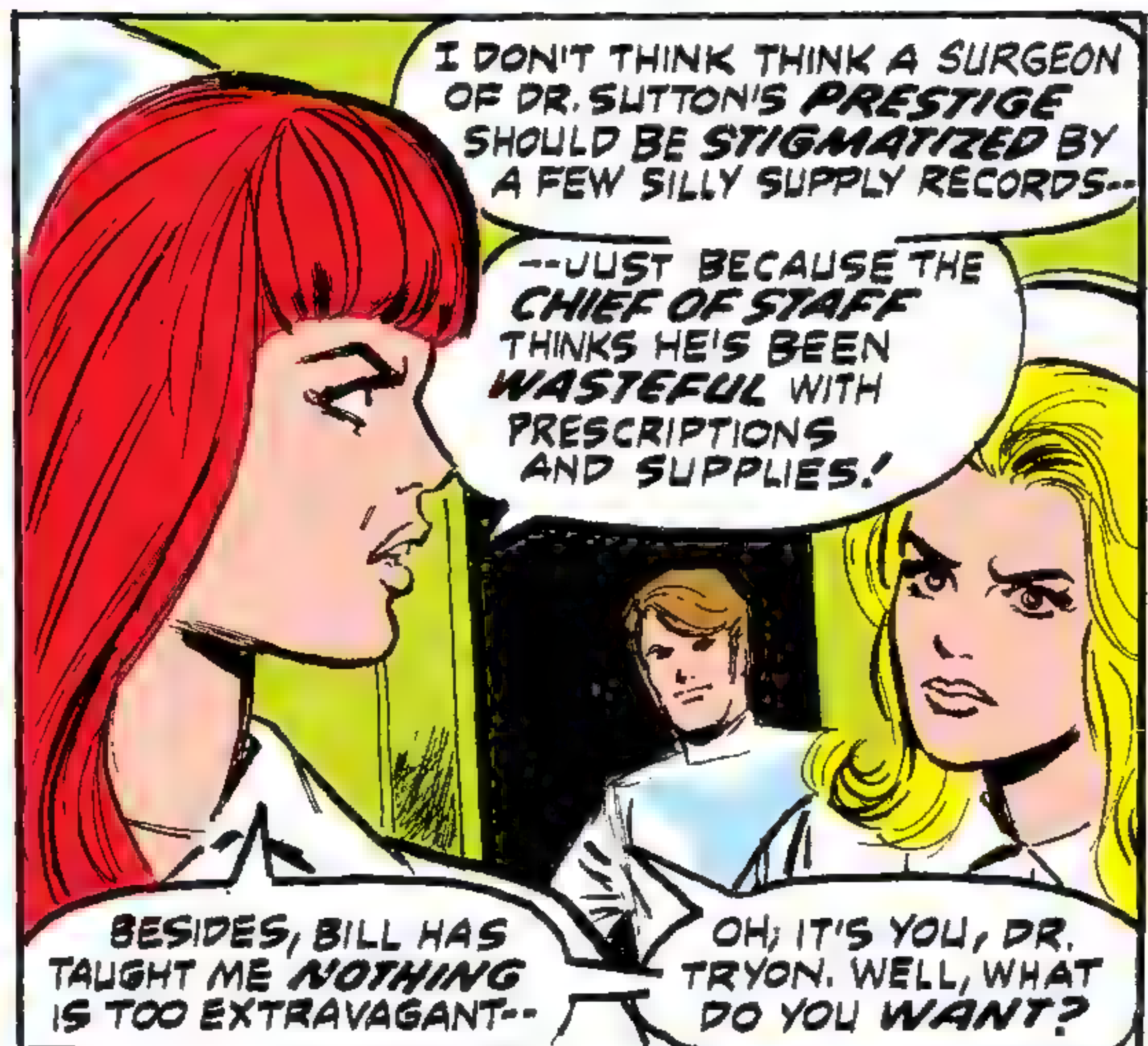
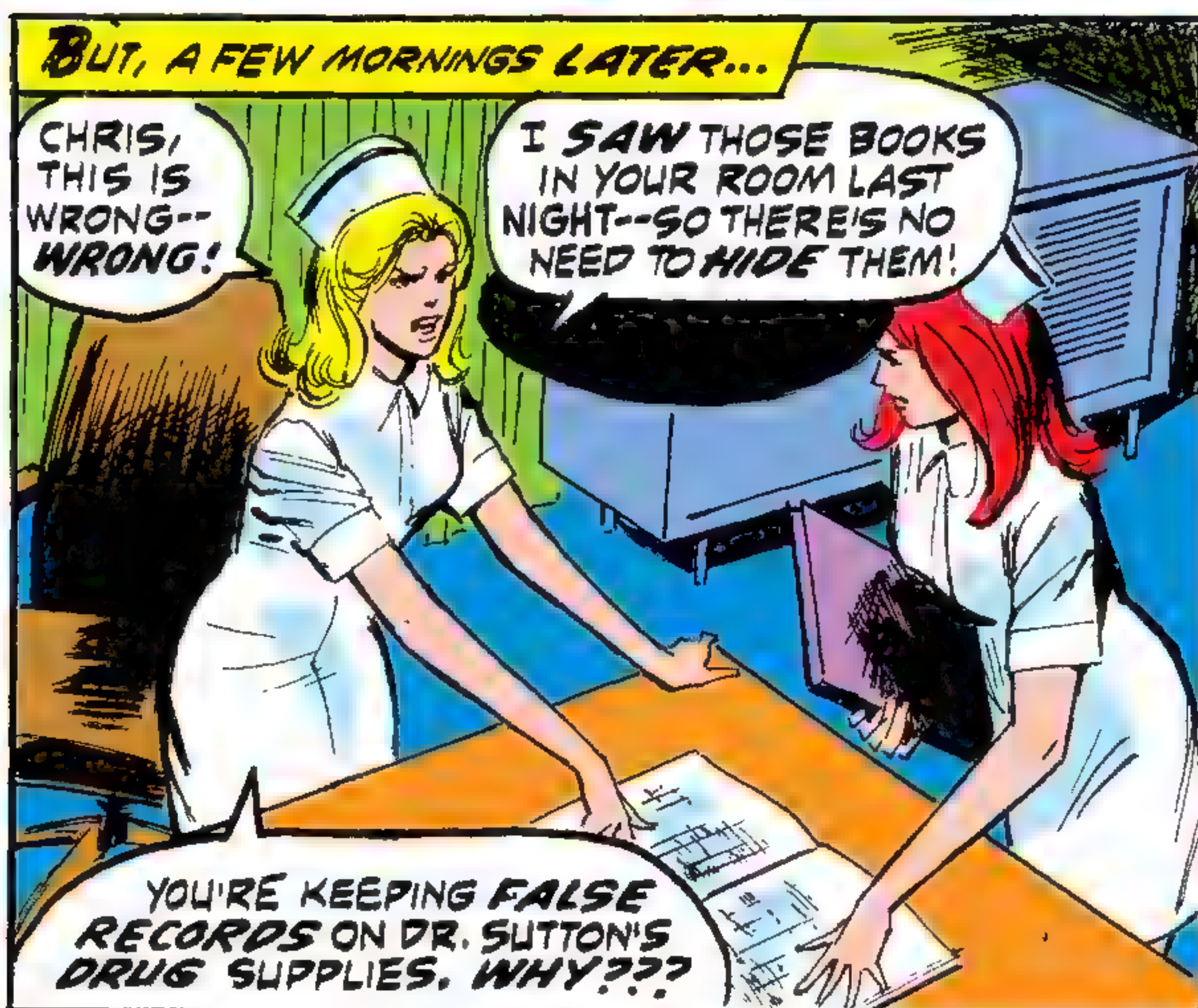
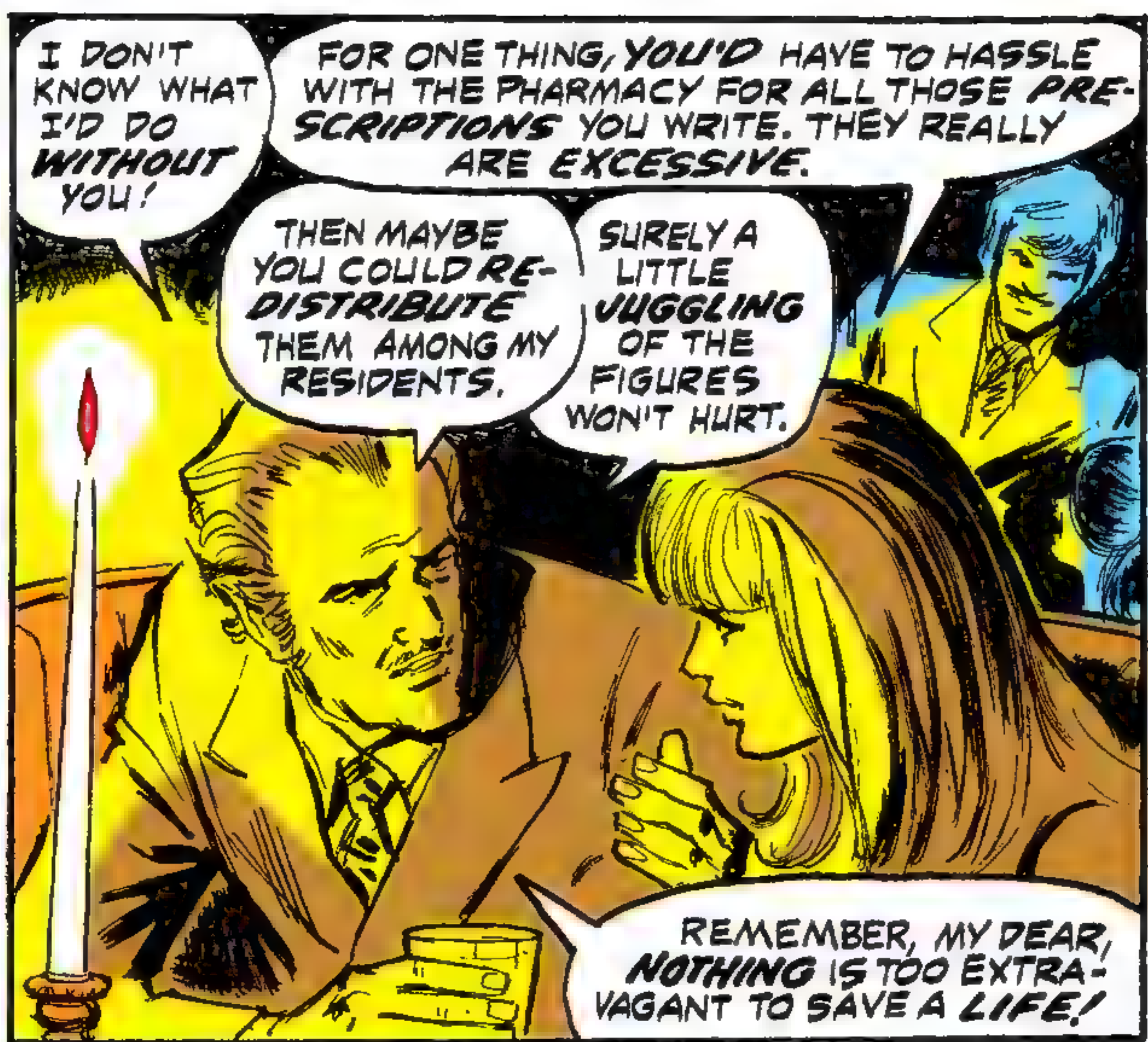


--AND I'M AFRAID IT WON'T BE YOUR LAST!

NOT IF YOU KEEP UP WITH THESE "LOST WEEKENDS", AS YOU PUT IT.

IF I DRINK TO EXCESS, CHRISTINE, IT'S ONLY BECAUSE I'M LONELY.

REMEDY THAT... BY GOING OUT TO DINNER WITH ME TONIGHT.



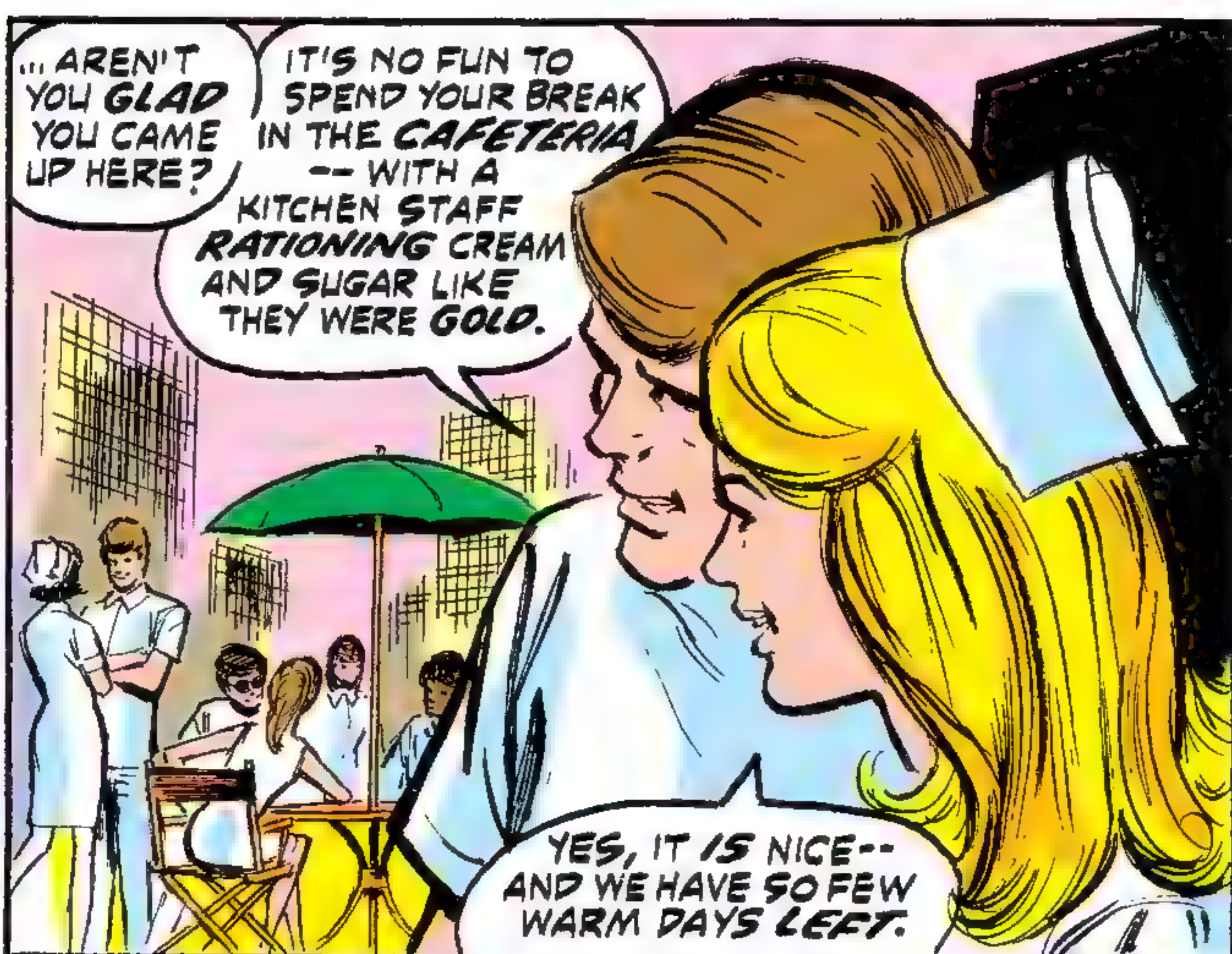


SHALL WE TAKE MISS PALMER'S *HINT*?

I DON'T REALLY *FEEL* LIKE HAVING COFFEE, THANK YOU.

PLEASE *DO*. IF NO COFFEE, THEN JUST SOME PLAIN OLD *SUN* ON THE *ROOF GARDEN*.

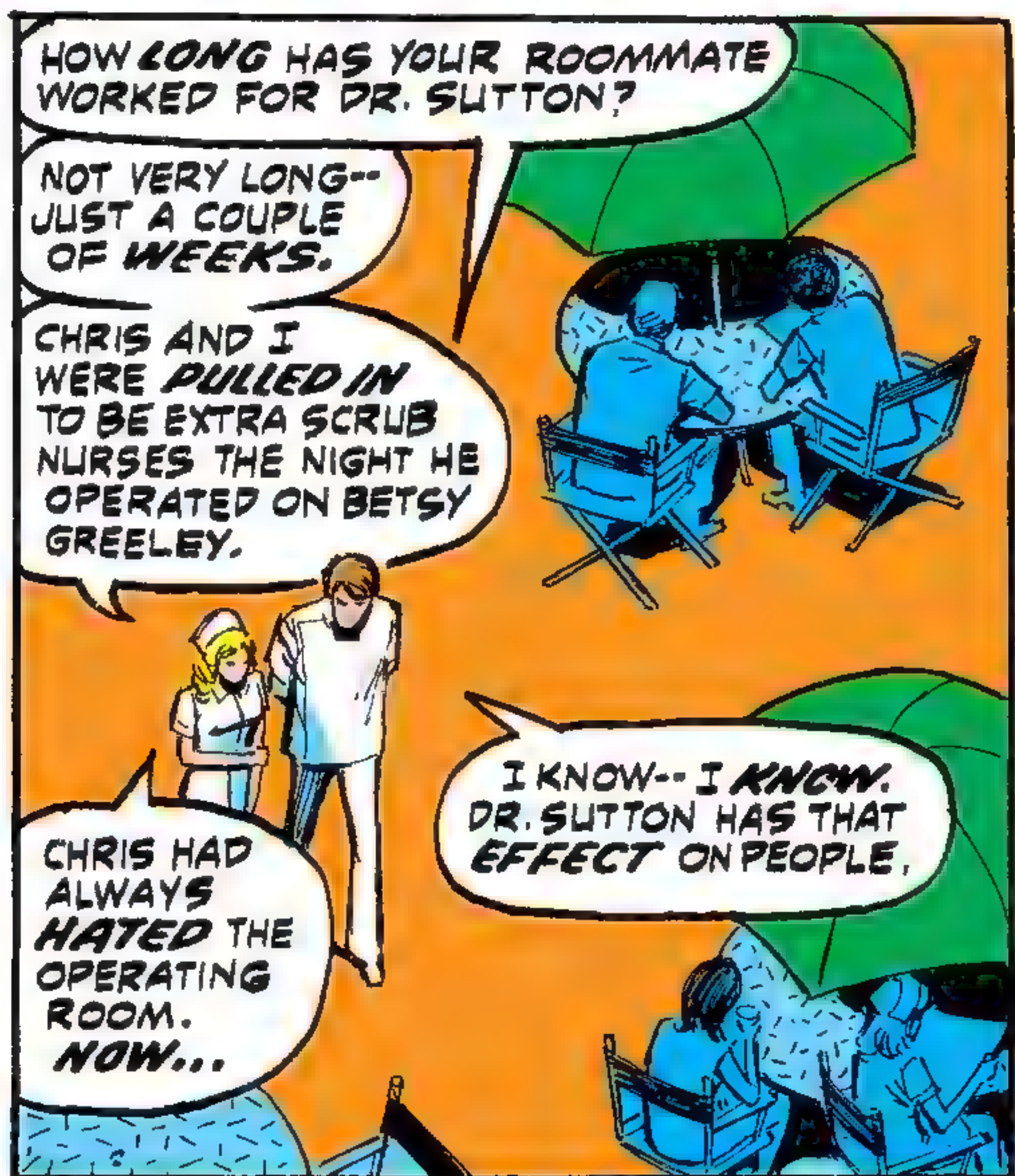
W-E-L-L...



...AREN'T YOU *GLAD* YOU CAME UP HERE?

IT'S NO FUN TO SPEND YOUR BREAK IN THE *CAFETERIA* -- WITH A KITCHEN STAFF *RATIONING* CREAM AND SUGAR LIKE THEY WERE *GOLD*.

YES, IT IS NICE-- AND WE HAVE SO FEW WARM DAYS LEFT.



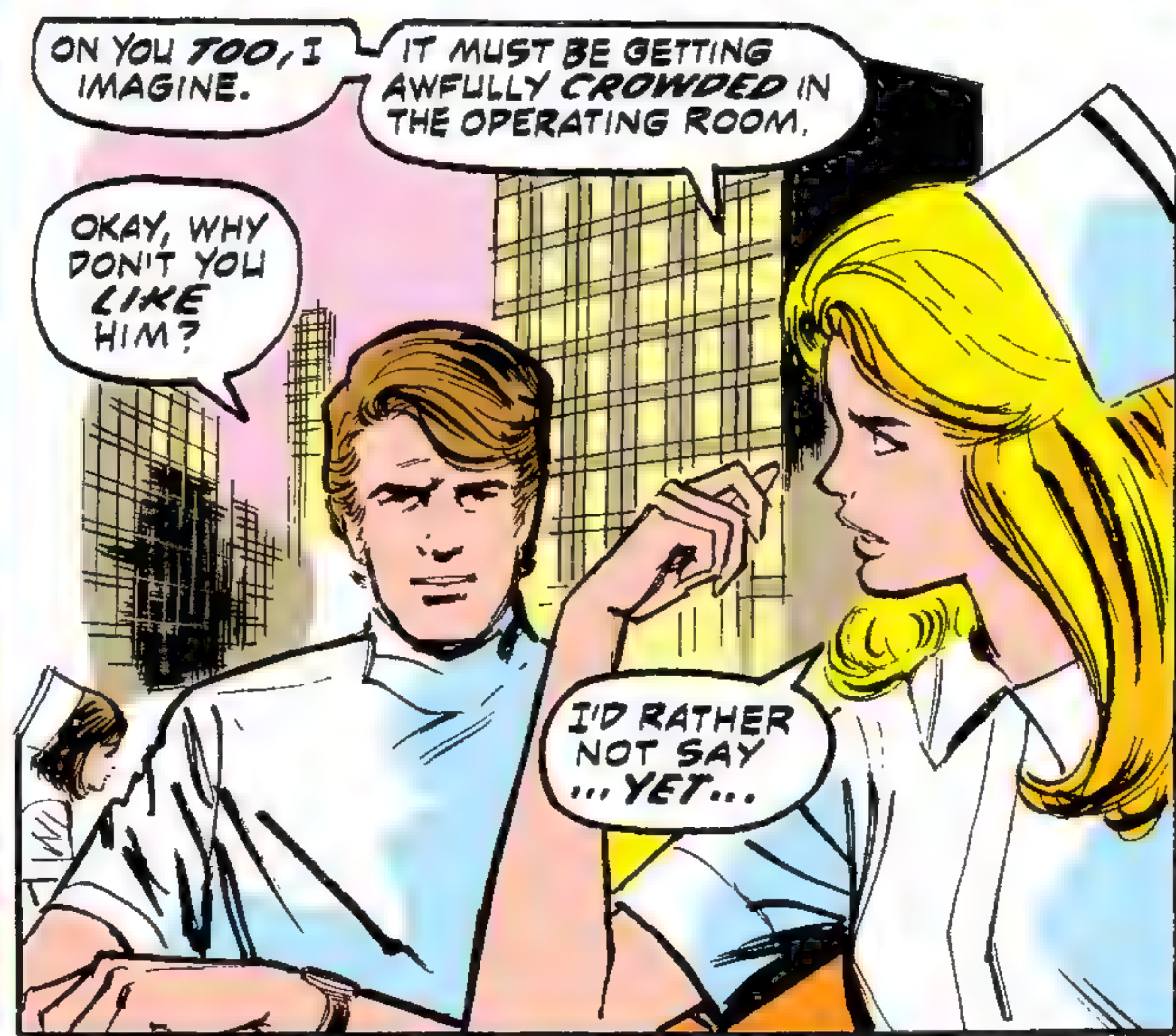
HOW *LONG* HAS YOUR ROOMMATE WORKED FOR DR. SUTTON?

NOT VERY LONG-- JUST A COUPLE OF *WEEKS*.

CHRIS AND I WERE *PULLED IN* TO BE EXTRA SCRUB NURSES THE NIGHT HE OPERATED ON BETSY GREELEY.

CHRIS HAD ALWAYS *HATED* THE OPERATING ROOM. *NOW...*

I KNOW-- I *KNOW*. DR. SUTTON HAS THAT *EFFECT* ON PEOPLE.

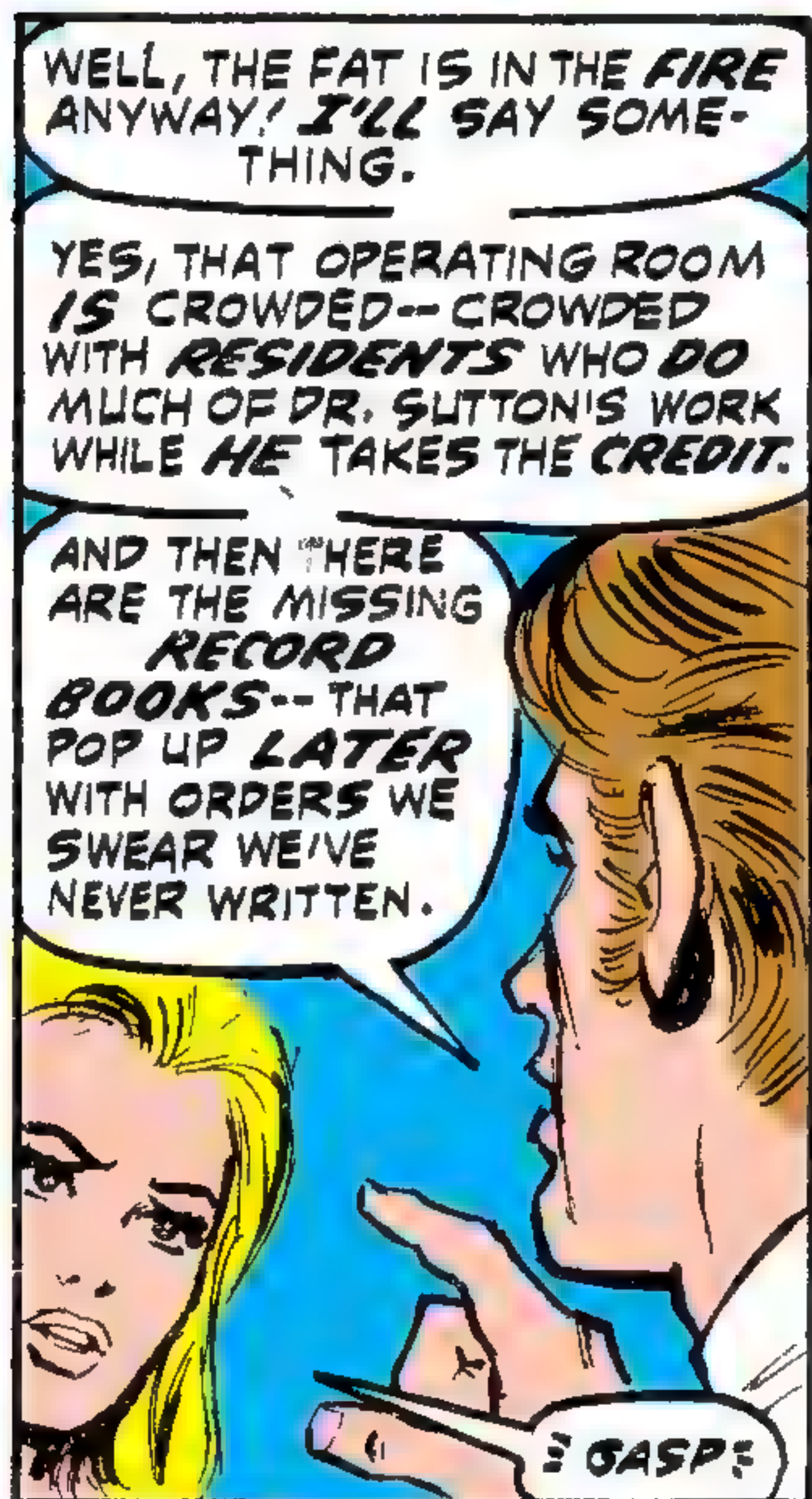


ON YOU *TOO*, I IMAGINE.

IT MUST BE GETTING *AWFULLY CROWDED* IN THE OPERATING ROOM.

OKAY, WHY DON'T YOU *LIKE* HIM?

I'D RATHER NOT SAY ... YET...



WELL, THE FAT IS IN THE *FIRE* ANYWAY. I'LL SAY SOMETHING.

YES, THAT OPERATING ROOM IS *CROWDED*-- CROWDED WITH *RESIDENTS* WHO DO MUCH OF DR. SUTTON'S WORK WHILE *HE* TAKES THE *CREDIT*.

AND THEN THERE ARE THE MISSING *RECORD BOOKS*-- THAT POP UP *LATER* WITH ORDERS WE SWEAR WE'VE NEVER WRITTEN.

== GASP ==



WHAT DO YOU *KNOW* ABOUT THOSE ORDERS?

ONLY WHAT I SAW LAST NIGHT-- THAT CHRIS-- MISS PALMER *FAKES* RECORDS, SO DR. SUTTON CAN OBTAIN VERY LARGE AMOUNTS OF *DRUGS* AND *EQUIPMENT*!

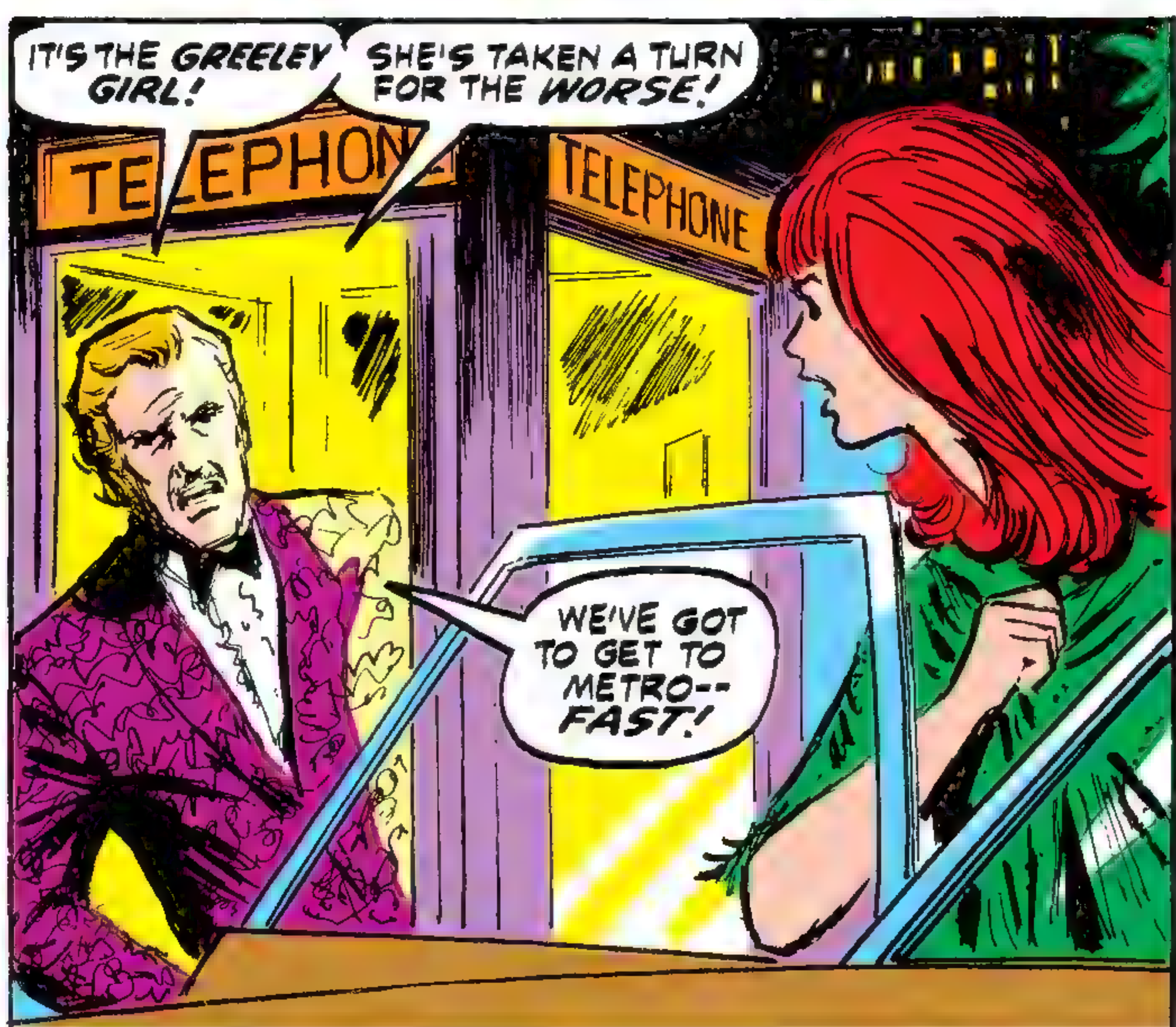
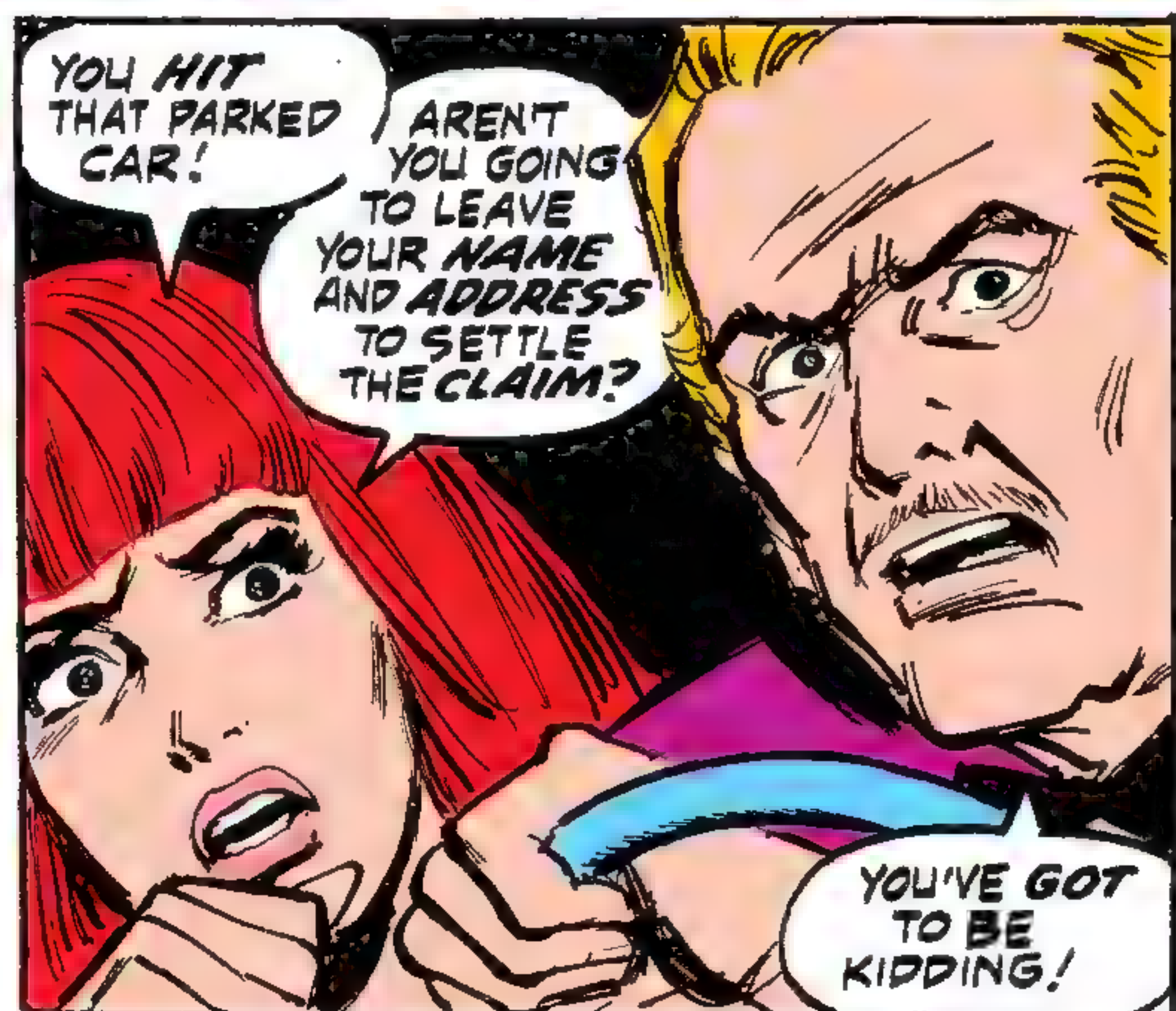
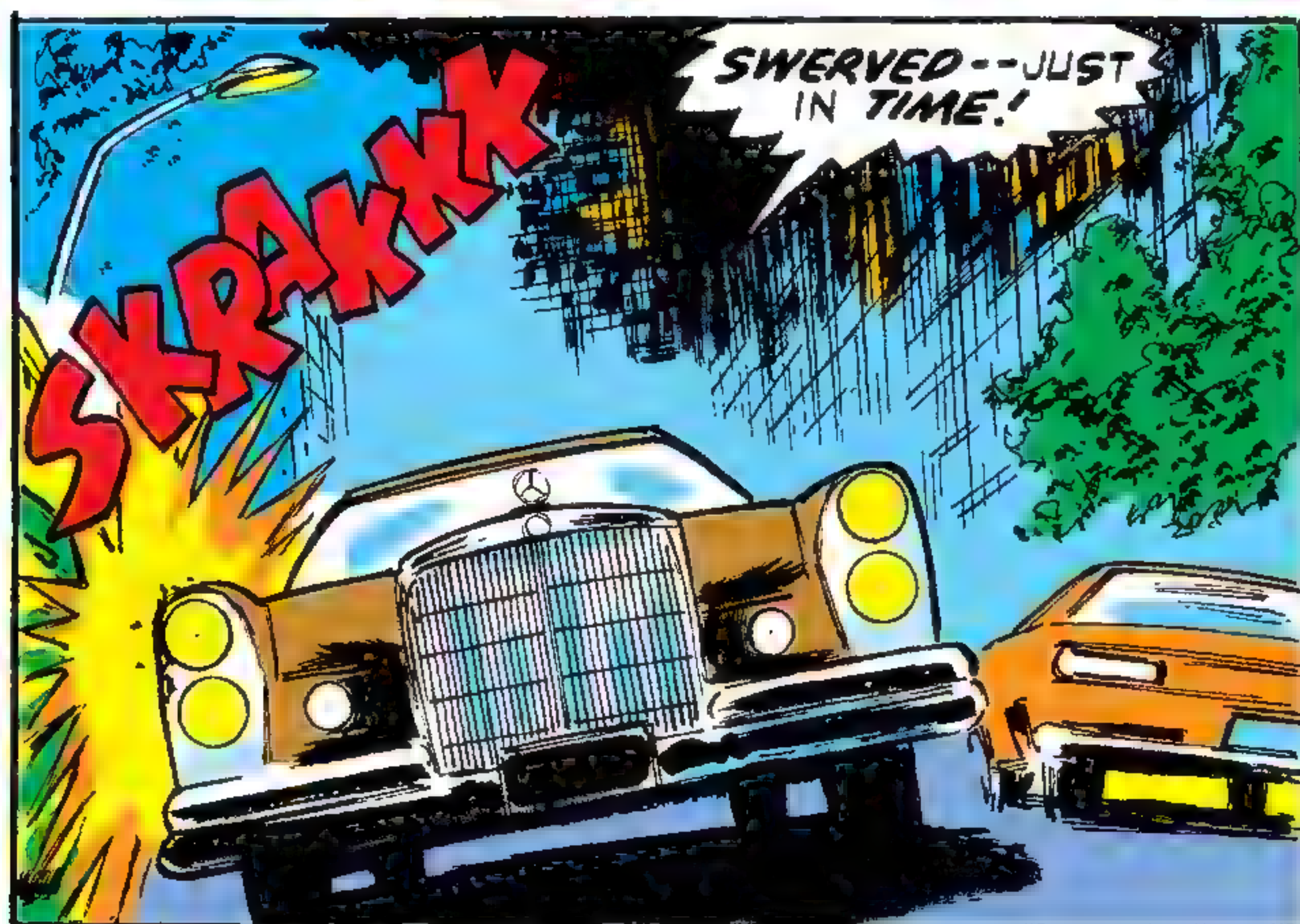
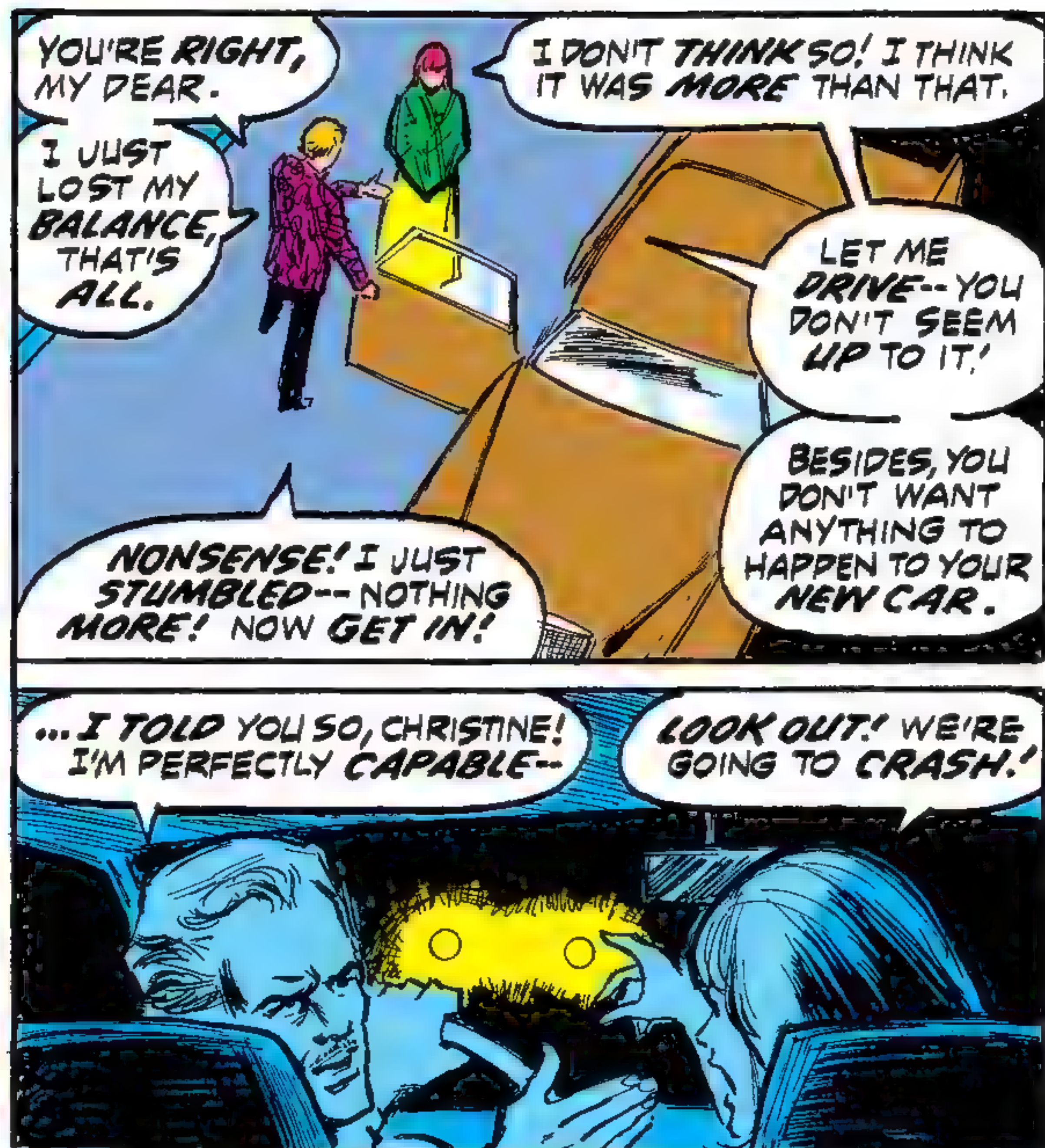
LOOK! YOU AND I HAVE GOT TO GET TO THE *BOTTOM* OF THIS-- TONIGHT!



I DON'T KNOW-- ABOUT *TONIGHT*. I MIGHT NOT...

OH, I CAN SEE IN YOUR *EYES* WHAT YOU'RE THINKING!

THIS IS *BUSINESS*-- STRICTLY *BUSINESS*.



WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH THE GIRL? I THOUGHT SHE WAS **RECOVERING**.

SHE **WAS!**

THE **CERVICAL SPINAL FRACTURE** -- THE **NECK FRACTURE** -- WAS TREATED BY **TRAC-TION**. THAT'S **PROGRESSING** VERY WELL, THO SHE'LL BE IN IT FOR ANOTHER MONTH OR SO.

BUT **PRESSURE** IS AGAIN BUILDING UP AROUND THE **CONCUSSION** AT THE SITE OF THE **SKULL FRACTURE**.

SHE'S GOING TO NEED AN IMMEDIATE **REPEAT** OF THE OPERATION WE DID THE NIGHT SHE WAS BROUGHT IN -- TO **REMOVE** THE **PRESSURE** ON THE **BRAIN**.

BUT, **BILL** -- **WHO'S** GOING TO **PERFORM** SUCH AN OPERATION?

YOU KNOW HER FATHER WON'T SIGN A **RE-LEASE** UNLESS YOU --

OH NO! NOT YOU -- YOU'RE IN NO **CONDITION** --

DON'T BE SO **HYSTERICAL**, CHRISTINE.

A LITTLE DRINK ONLY **SETTLES** MY **NERVES**.

NOW **PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER** AND ACT LIKE THE **NURSE** YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE!

ME -- **PULL MYSELF TO-GETHER!** HAH!

DEAR LORD IN HEAVEN -- HE CAN'T EVEN **UNFASTEN** HIS **WATCH!**

LOOK, IT'S NOT MY **PLACE** TO SAY THIS, BUT I **DON'T** THINK --

WHAT ARE YOU **DOING?**

N-NOTHING.

YOU WERE TAKING SOME **PILLS!**

FOR WHAT? WHAT??

YOU CAN'T **PERFORM** SUCH A **DELICATE** OPERATION --

-- WHEN YOU'RE NOT EVEN **FIT** TO **DRIVE** DOWN THE **STREET!**

LET ME GO, YOU LITTLE **FOOL** -- AND STOP YOUR **RAVING!**

NOW **SHUT UP**. MY **ASSIST-ANTS** ARE COMING.

COULDN'T YOU GET **HOLD** OF **TRYON**? OH WELL, WE'LL BE WITH YOU IN JUST A **MINUTE**.

YOU'RE **NOT** REALLY GOING THROUGH WITH IT, ARE YOU?

SOMEHOW, CHRIS KEEPS ALIVE THE FAINT HOPE THAT DR. SUTTON WILL RESIGN THE CASE--CALL IN ANOTHER SURGEON AT THE LAST SECOND.

BUT THAT HOPE DIES AN ANGUISHED DEATH WHEN SHE SEES HIM, TREMBLING AND UNCERTAIN, PICK UP THE SCALPEL.

THE ARTISTRY IN HIS HANDS IS GONE--

--AND NOT EVEN HIS COMPETENCE REMAINS!

THIS IS THE END, BILL!

I CAN'T BE A PARTY TO THIS MADNESS ANY MORE!

I'M GOING HOME-- TO PRAY FOR THAT POOR GIRL!

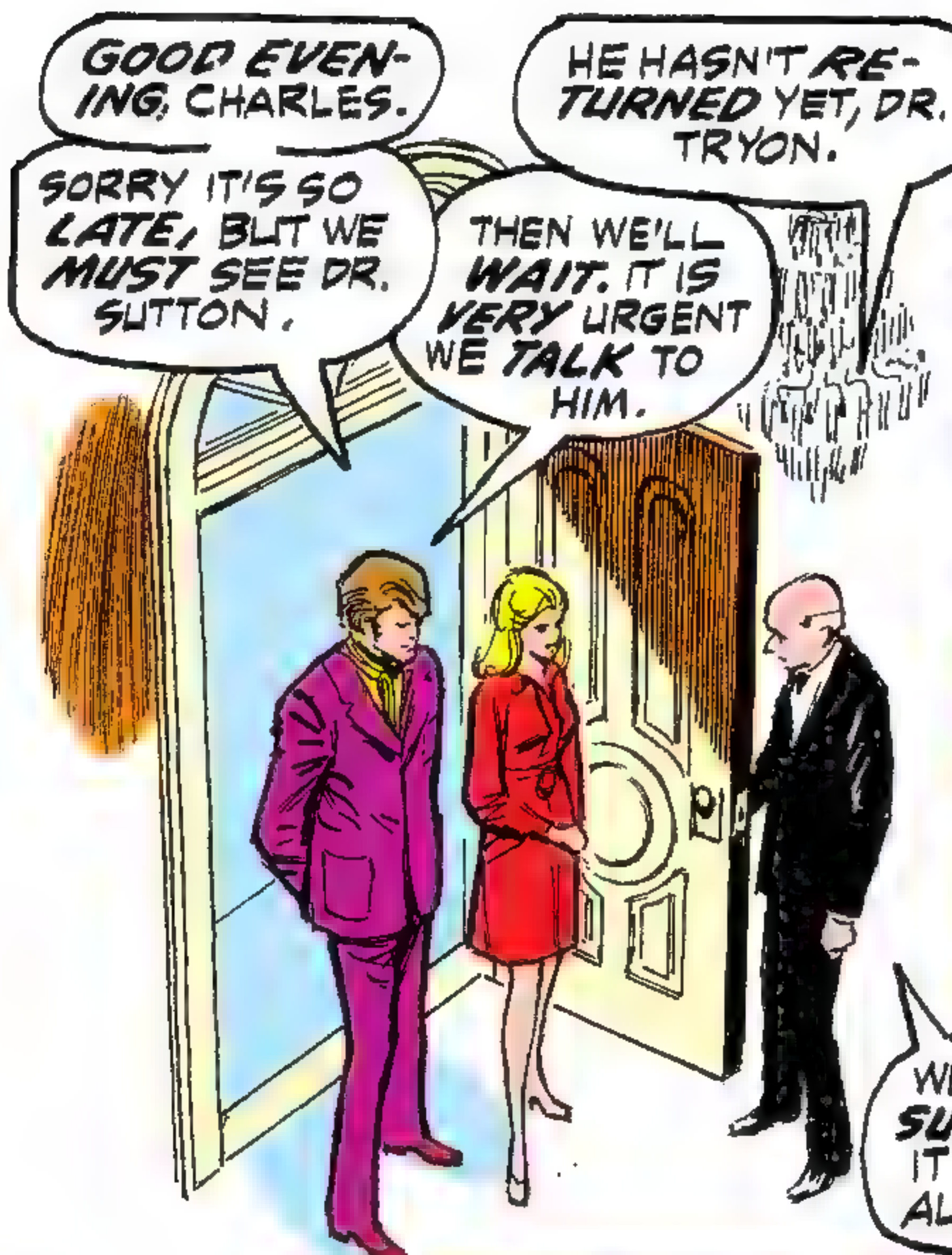
UNAWARE OF THE EVENTS THAT HAVE TRANSPIRED AT METRO GENERAL, LINDA AND DR. TRYON GO TO CONFRONT DR. SUTTON IN HIS PLUSH UPPER-EAST-SIDE TOWNHOUSE...

FUNNY-- THIS WAS MY IDEA, BUT NOW I WONDER IF WE'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING.

WE HAVE ONLY SUSPICIONS-- NO EVIDENCE.

BUT WE OWE IT TO BOTH OF THEM-- DR. SUTTON AND CHRIS.

AND WE'LL NEVER KNOW THE TRUTH-- UNTIL WE ASK!



GOOD EVENING, CHARLES.

HE HASN'T RETURNED YET, DR. TRYON.

SORRY IT'S SO LATE, BUT WE MUST SEE DR. SUTTON.

THEN WE'LL WAIT. IT IS VERY URGENT WE TALK TO HIM.

WELL... I SUPPOSE IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT...



WHAT A GORGEOUS HOUSE!

DO PEOPLE REALLY LIVE IN PLACES LIKE THIS?

WULPIE DO PEOPLE REALLY DRINK THINGS LIKE THIS!

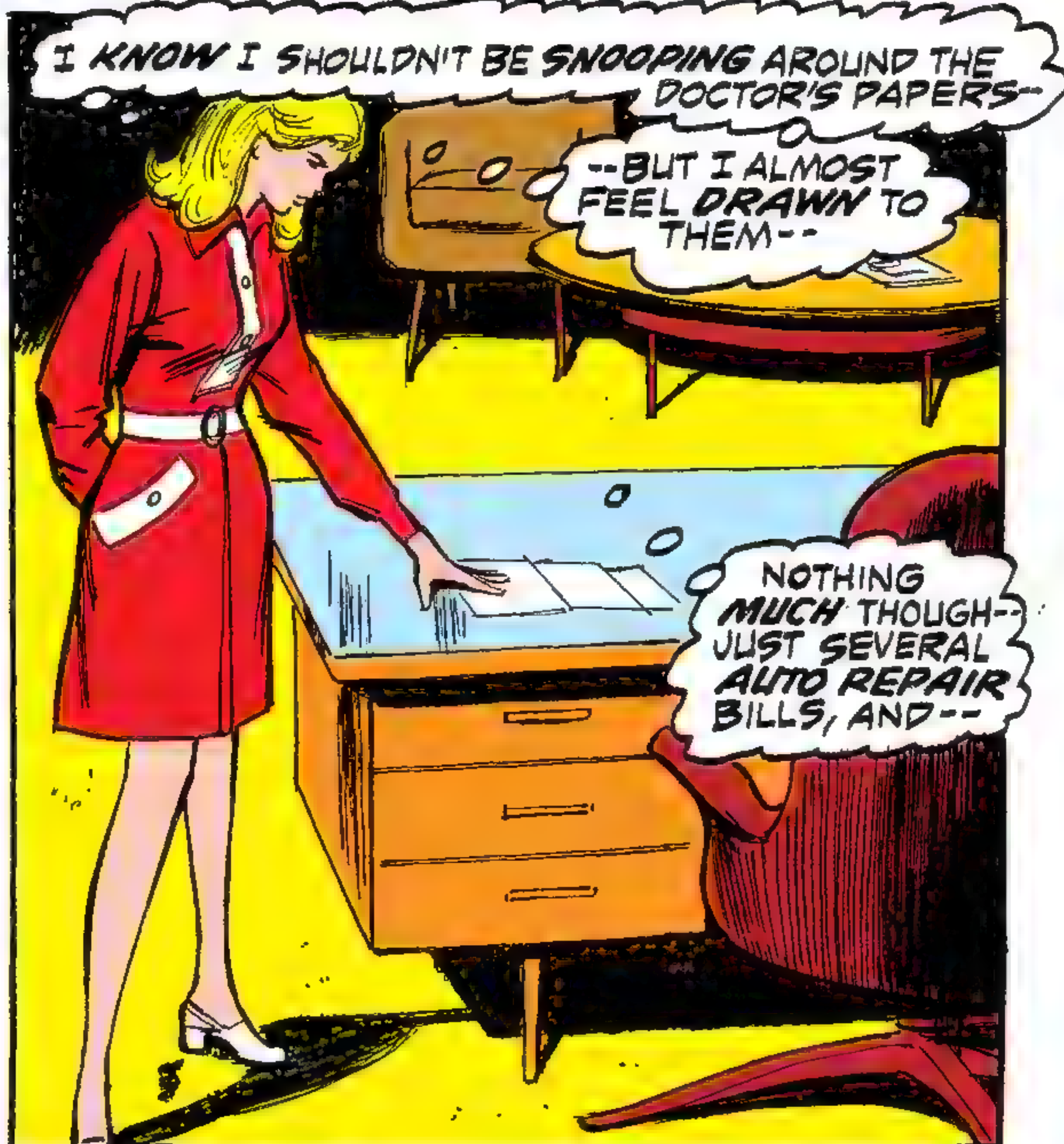
JUST TAKE A LOOK AT ALL THIS LIQUOR!



WELL, A SMALL PART OF THE MYSTERY IS SOLVED.

SEVERAL BOTTLES OF THESE DRUGS WERE ORDERED FROM MY MISSING PRESCRIPTION PAD!

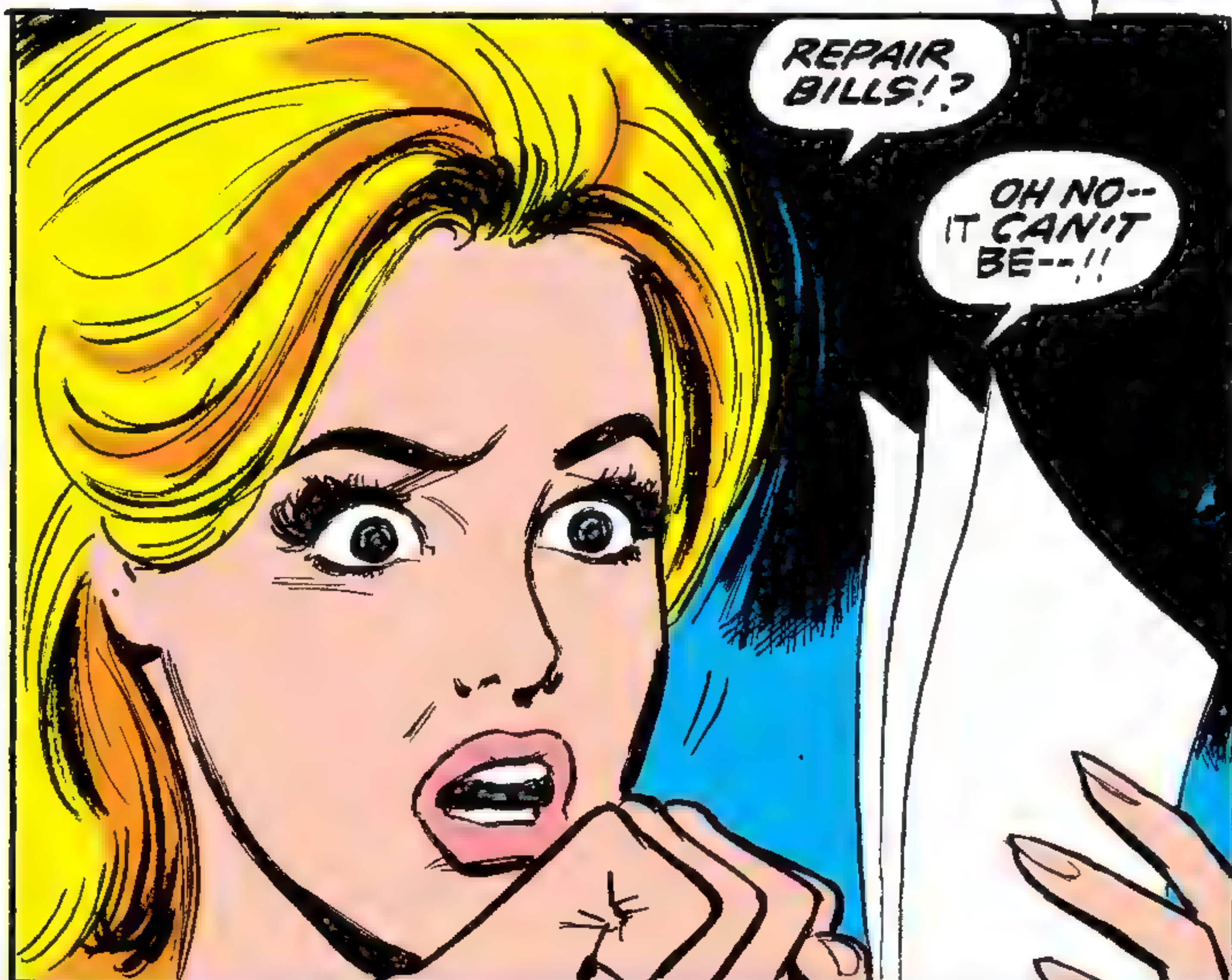
BUT WHAT DOES HE DO WITH THEM?



I KNOW I SHOULDN'T BE SNOOPING AROUND THE DOCTOR'S PAPERS--

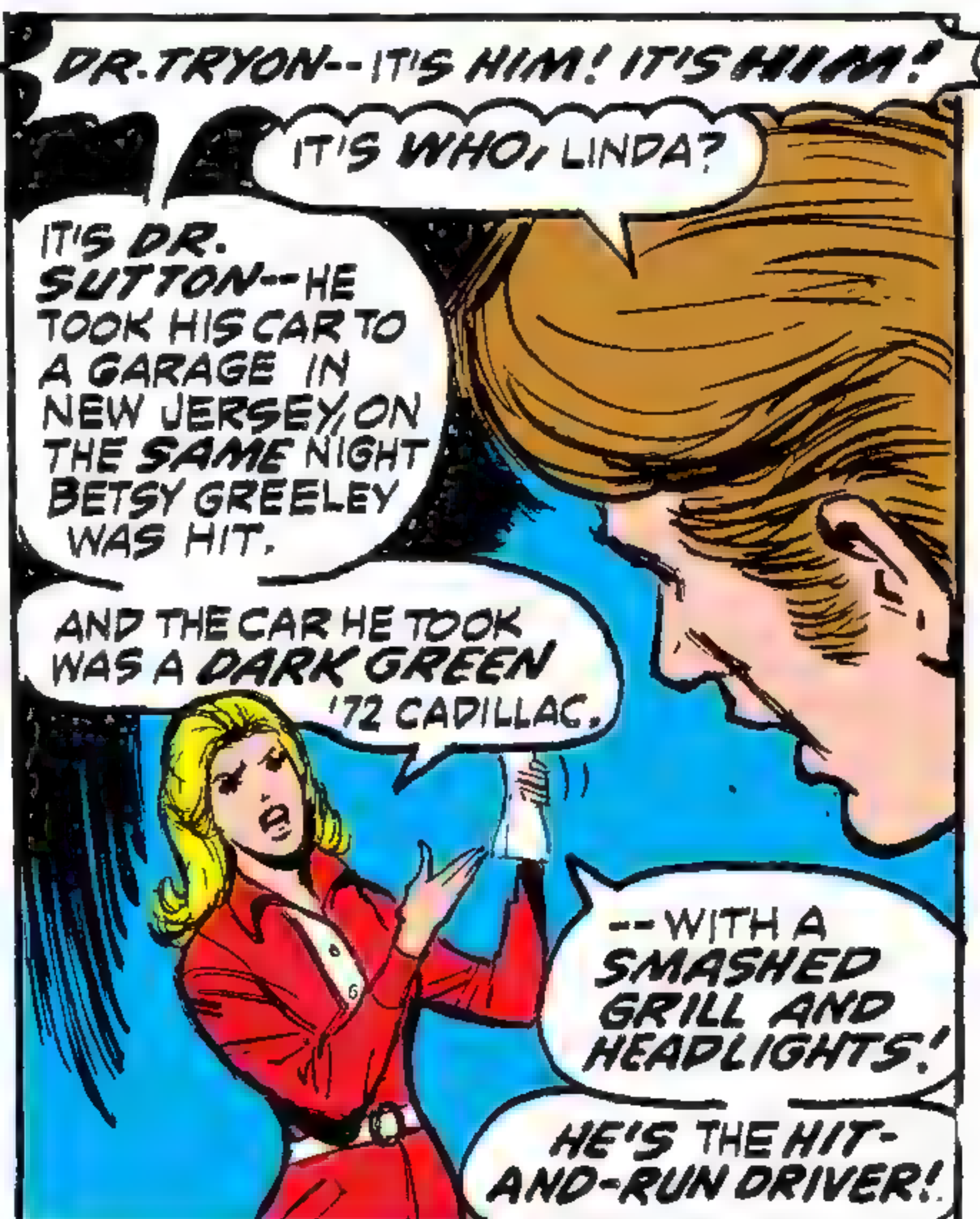
--BUT I ALMOST FEEL DRAWN TO THEM--

NOTHING MUCH THOUGH-- JUST SEVERAL AUTO REPAIR BILLS, AND--



REPAIR BILLS!?

OH NO-- IT CAN'T BE--!!



DR. TRYON-- IT'S HIM! IT'S HIM!

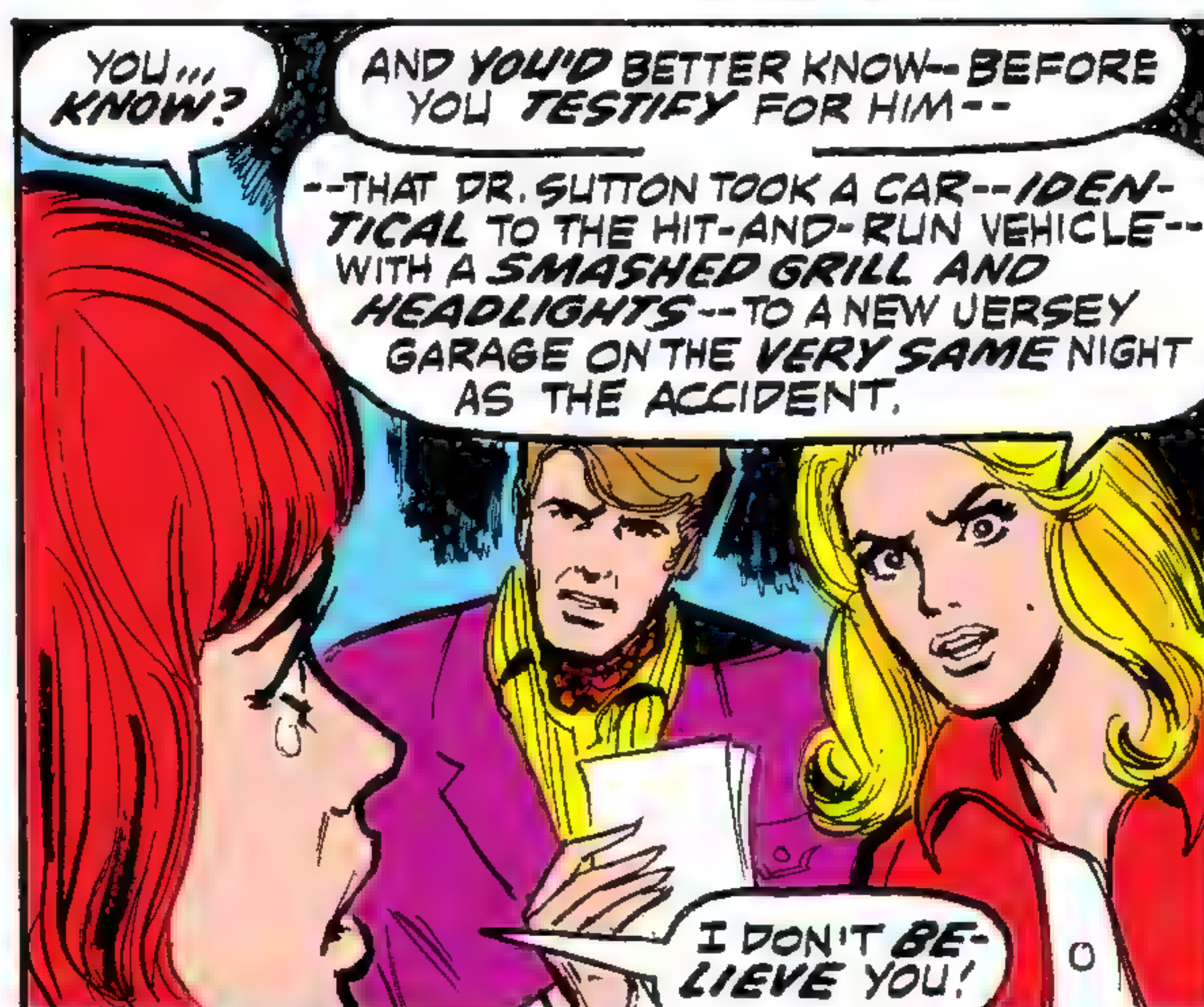
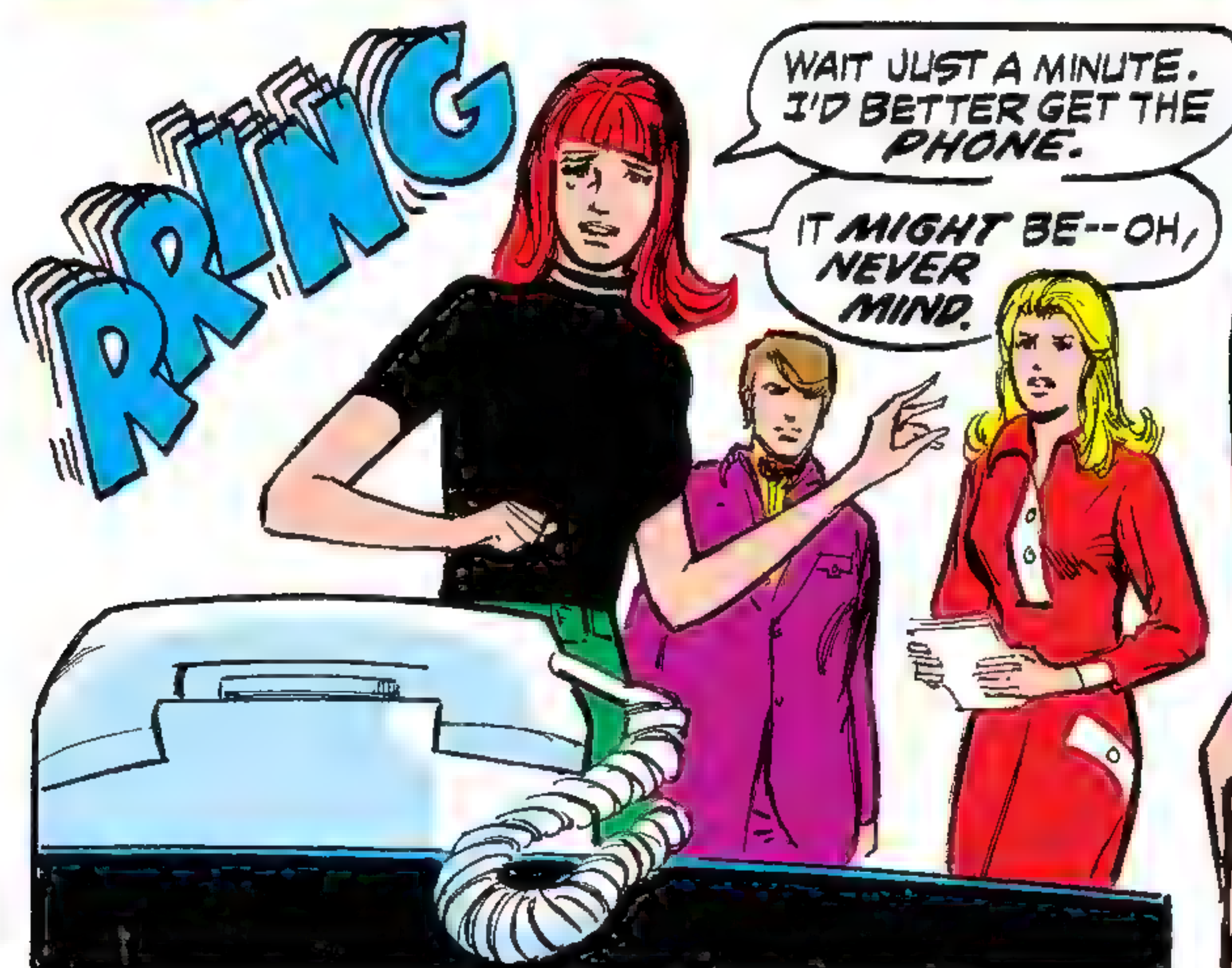
IT'S WHO, LINDA?

IT'S DR. SUTTON-- HE TOOK HIS CAR TO A GARAGE IN NEW JERSEY ON THE SAME NIGHT BETSY GREELEY WAS HIT.

AND THE CAR HE TOOK WAS A DARK GREEN '72 CADILLAC.

--WITH A SMASHED GRILL AND HEADLIGHTS!

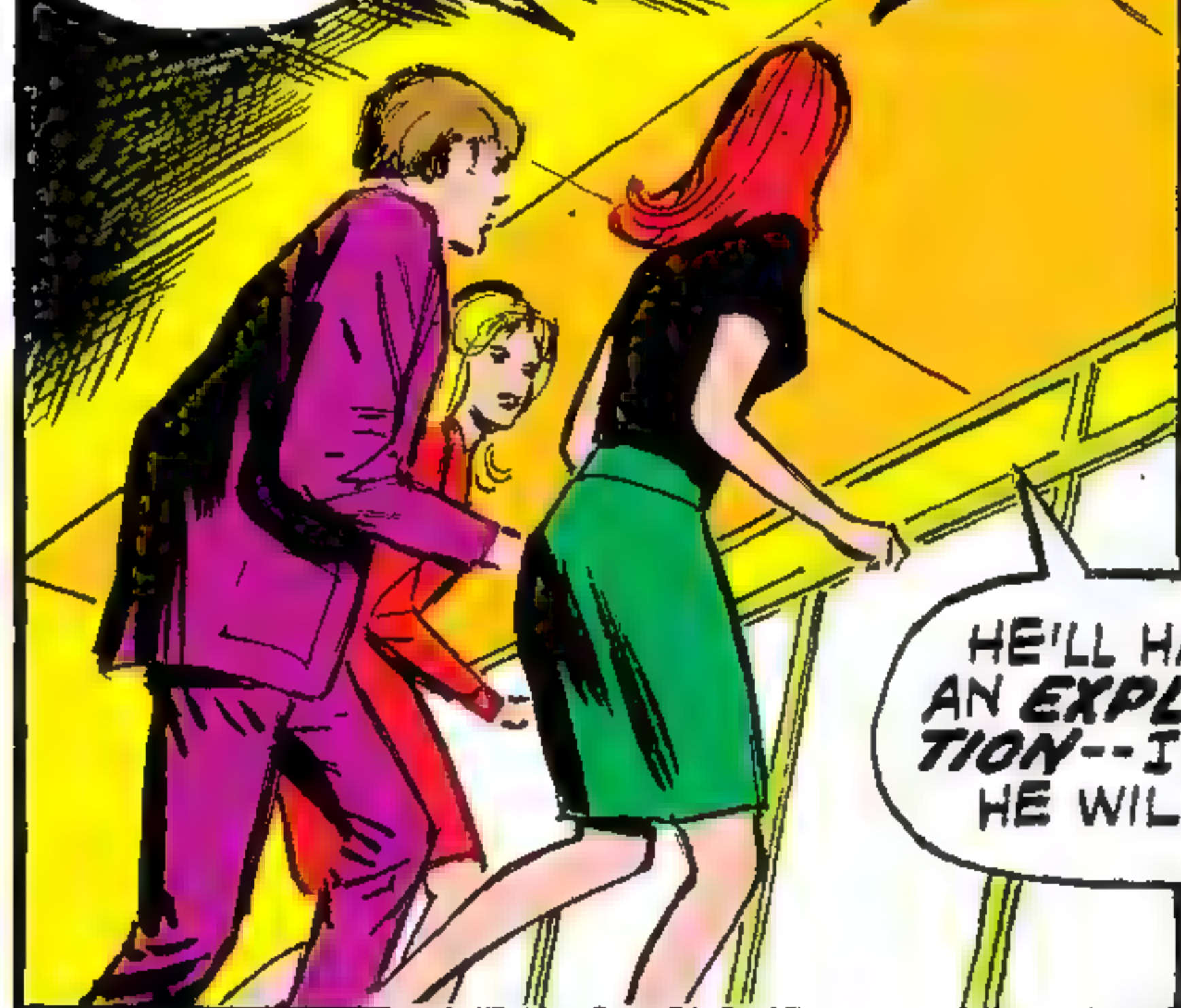
HE'S THE HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER!



BUT CHRIS MAY HAVE TO BELIEVE -- BECAUSE A HASTILY-CALLED INQUEST IS TO BE HELD THIS VERY NIGHT --

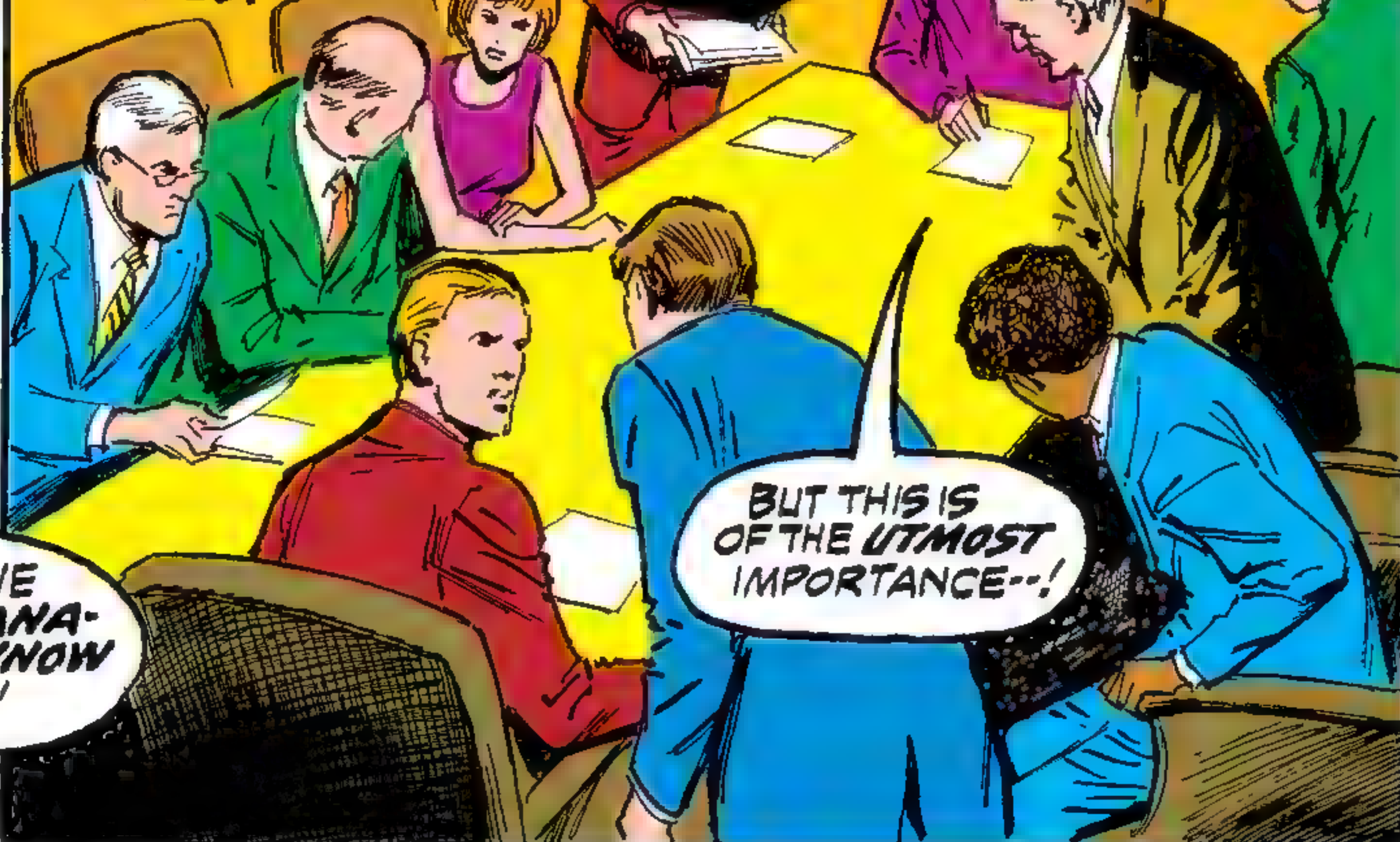
YOU MEAN-- YOU FOUND THOSE DRUGS IN BILL'S HOME?

HE TOLD ME-- HE SWORE TO ME-- THAT MEDICINE WAS FOR PATIENTS!



HE'LL HAVE AN EXPLANATION-- I KNOW HE WILL!

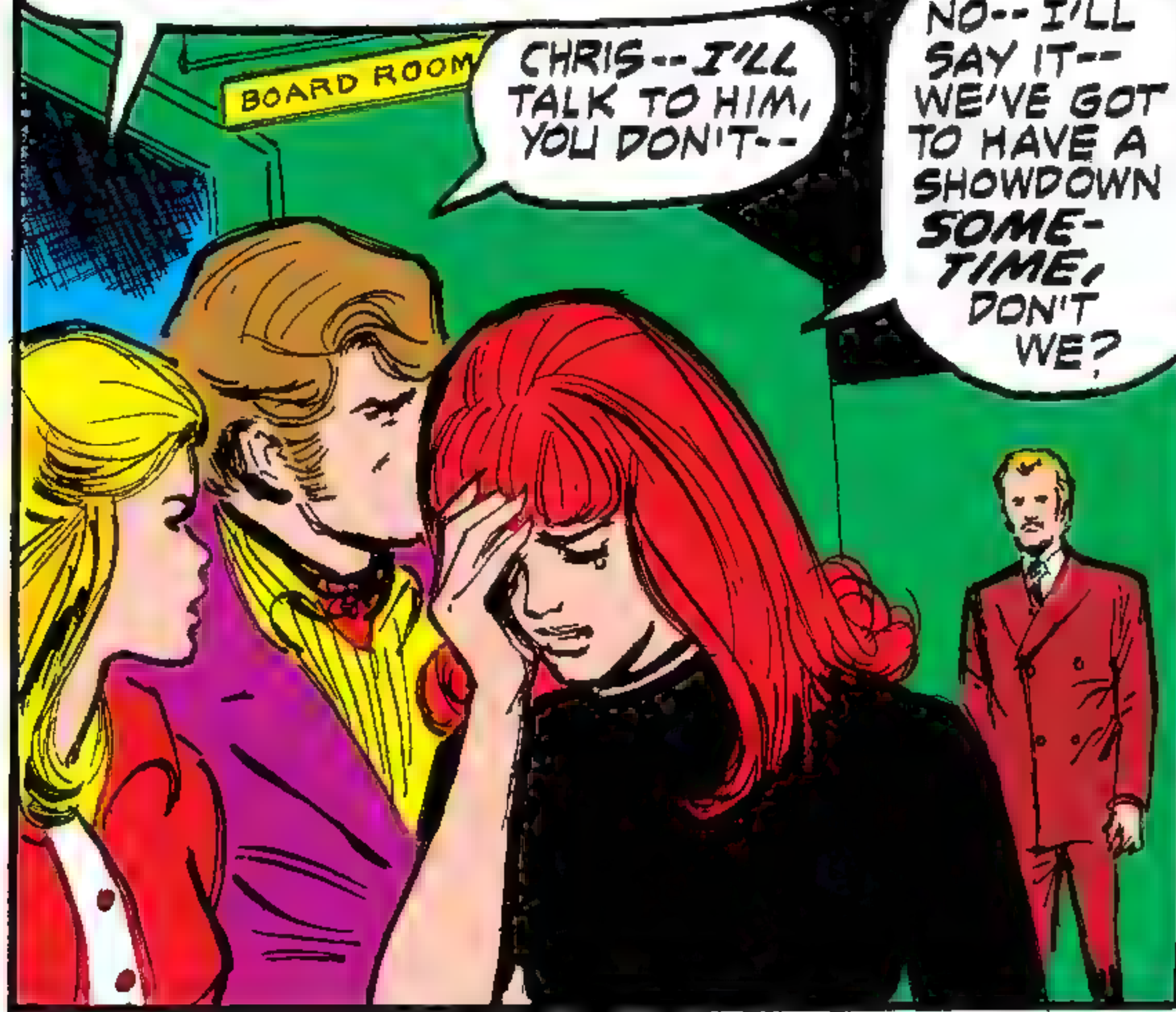
WITHIN, THE INQUEST CONVENES-- AS CORONER, BOARD OF TRUSTEES, AND CHIEF OF STAFF TAKE THEIR APPOINTED PLACES.



I'M SORRY TO HAVE CALLED YOU TOGETHER AT THIS LATE HOUR...

BUT THIS IS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE--!

UH OH-- THERE'S DR. SUTTON, AND HE'S COMING THIS WAY!

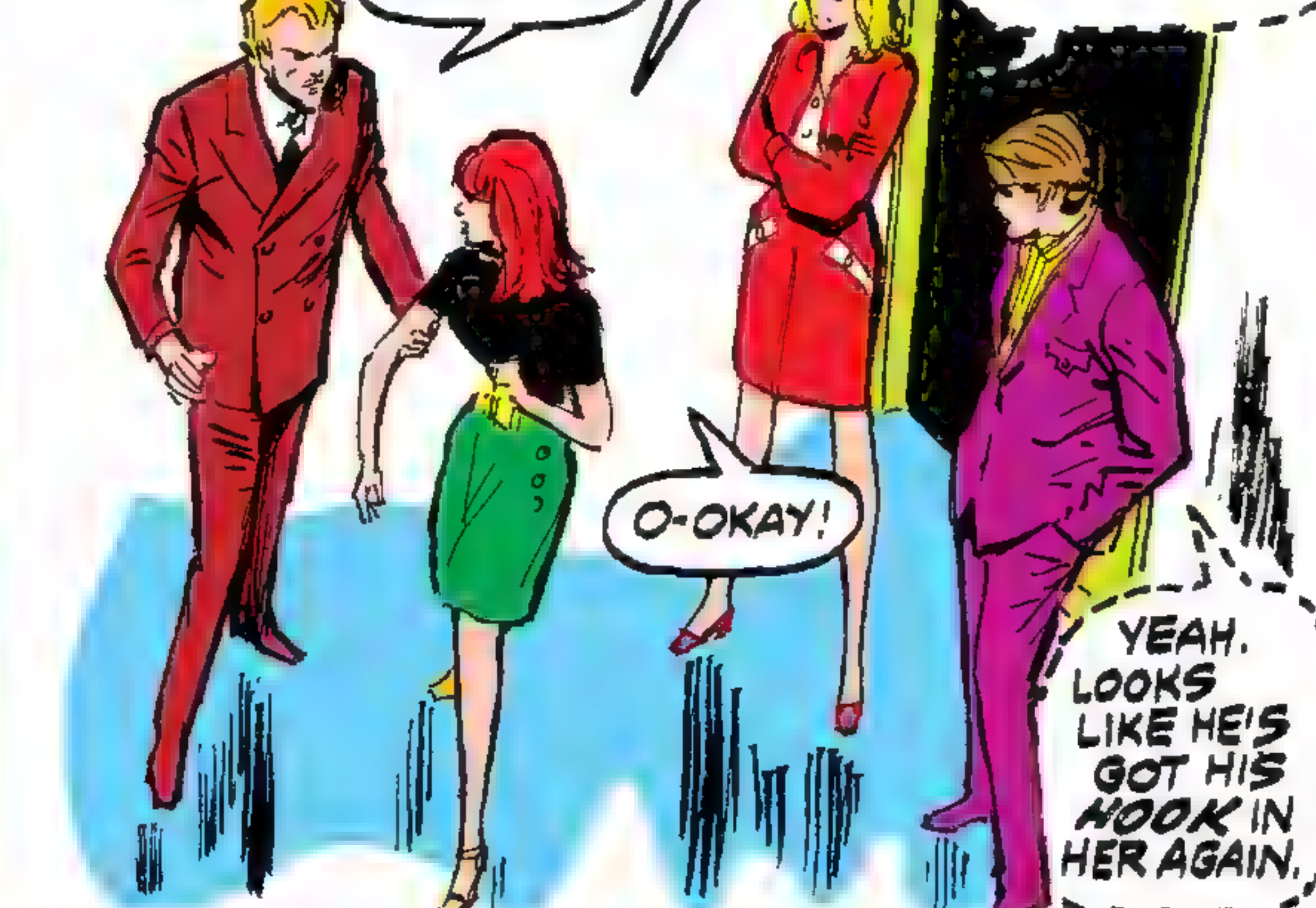


CHRIS-- I'LL TALK TO HIM, YOU DON'T--

NO-- I'LL SAY IT-- WE'VE GOT TO HAVE A SHOWDOWN SOME-TIME, DON'T WE?

CHRISTINE, MAY I SPEAK WITH YOU... PRIVATELY?

THESE ARE MY FRIENDS. YOU CAN SAY WHATEVER--



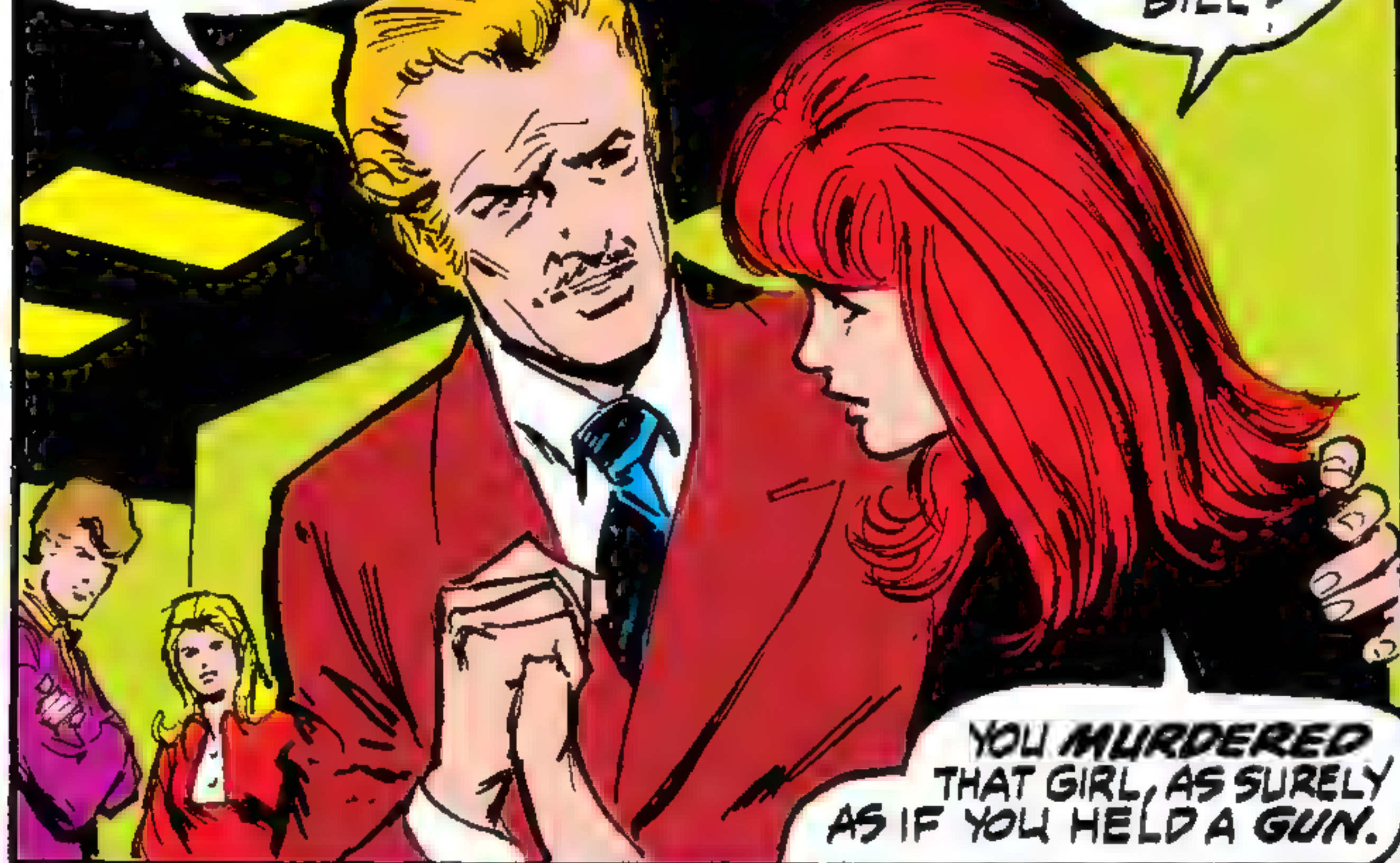
ALONE, CHRISTINE!

WELL, SCRATCH ONE SHOWDOWN.

O-O-KAY!

YEAH. LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT HIS HOOK IN HER AGAIN.

MY DEAR... IF THE INQUEST SHOULD ASK, YOU WON'T MENTION THOSE FEW DRINKS I HAD THE OTHER NIGHT... WILL YOU?



AND I GUESS I SHOULDN'T MENTION THE PILLS-- OR YOUR TREMBLING HANDS, EITHER!?

HOW CAN I COVER UP FOR YOU, BILL?

YOU MURDERED THAT GIRL, AS SURELY AS IF YOU HELD A GUN.

CHRISTINE DEAREST-- LISTEN TO ME.

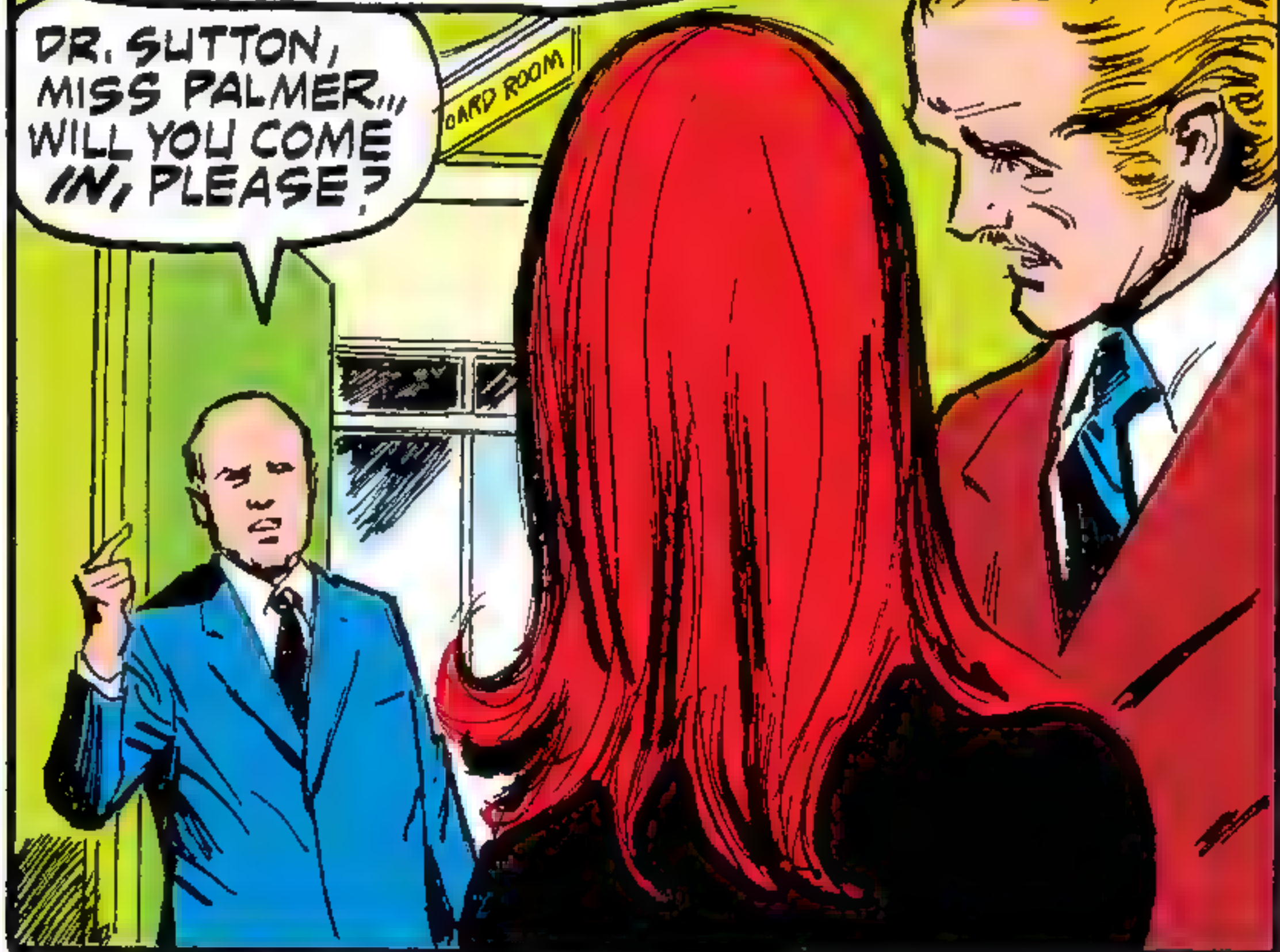


THERE WERE MANY PEOPLE-- THE RESIDENTS-- THE TECHNICIANS-- WHO COULD HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENED.

AND THAT'S ALL I ASK YOU TO SAY.

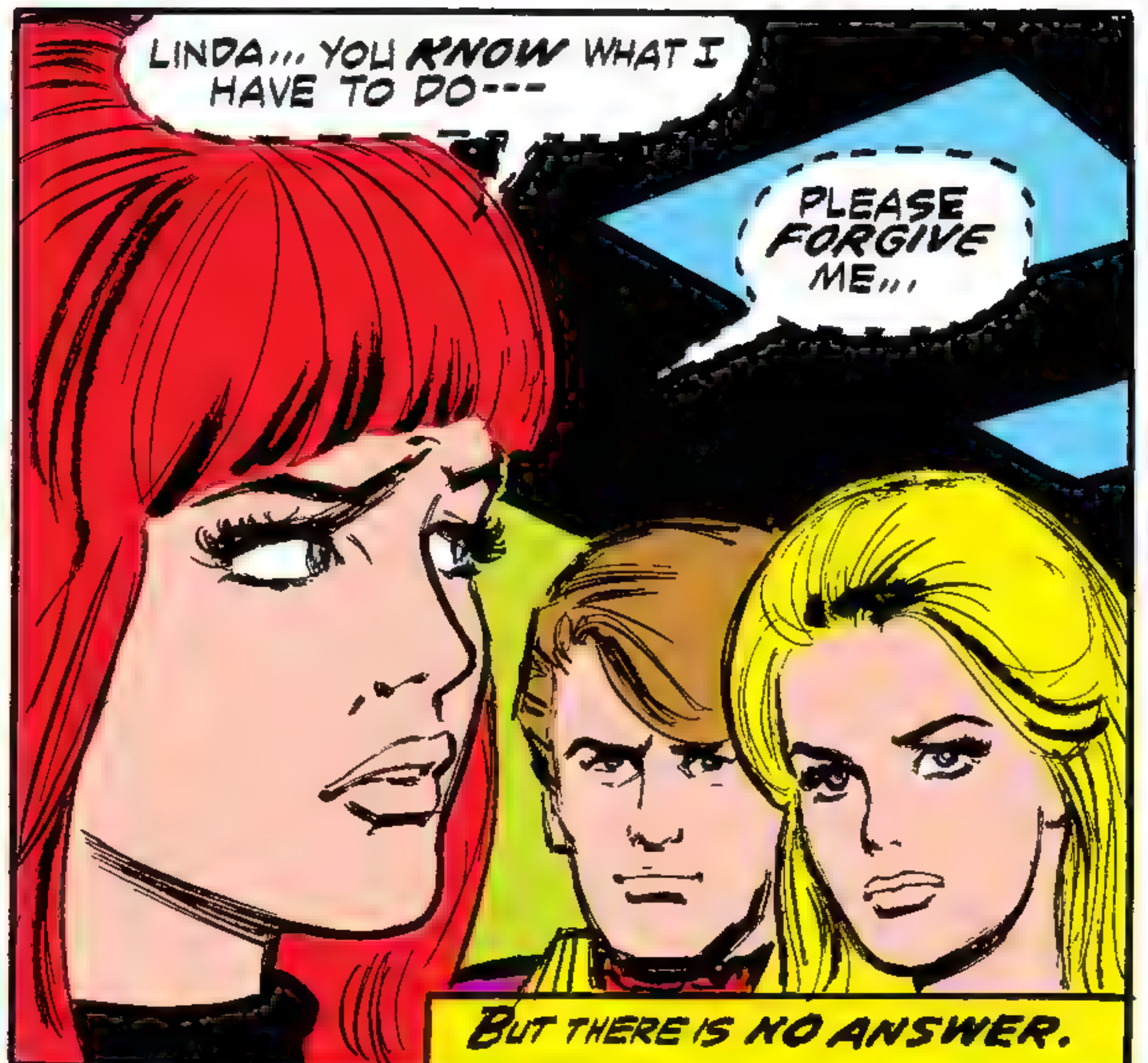
FOR WHAT WE *ARE* TO EACH OTHER, CHRISTINE--FOR WHAT WE *CAN* BE WHEN THIS IS OVER, I BEG YOU TO--

DR. SUTTON, MISS PALMER, WILL YOU COME IN, PLEASE?



LINDA... YOU *KNOW* WHAT I HAVE TO DO---

PLEASE FORGIVE ME...

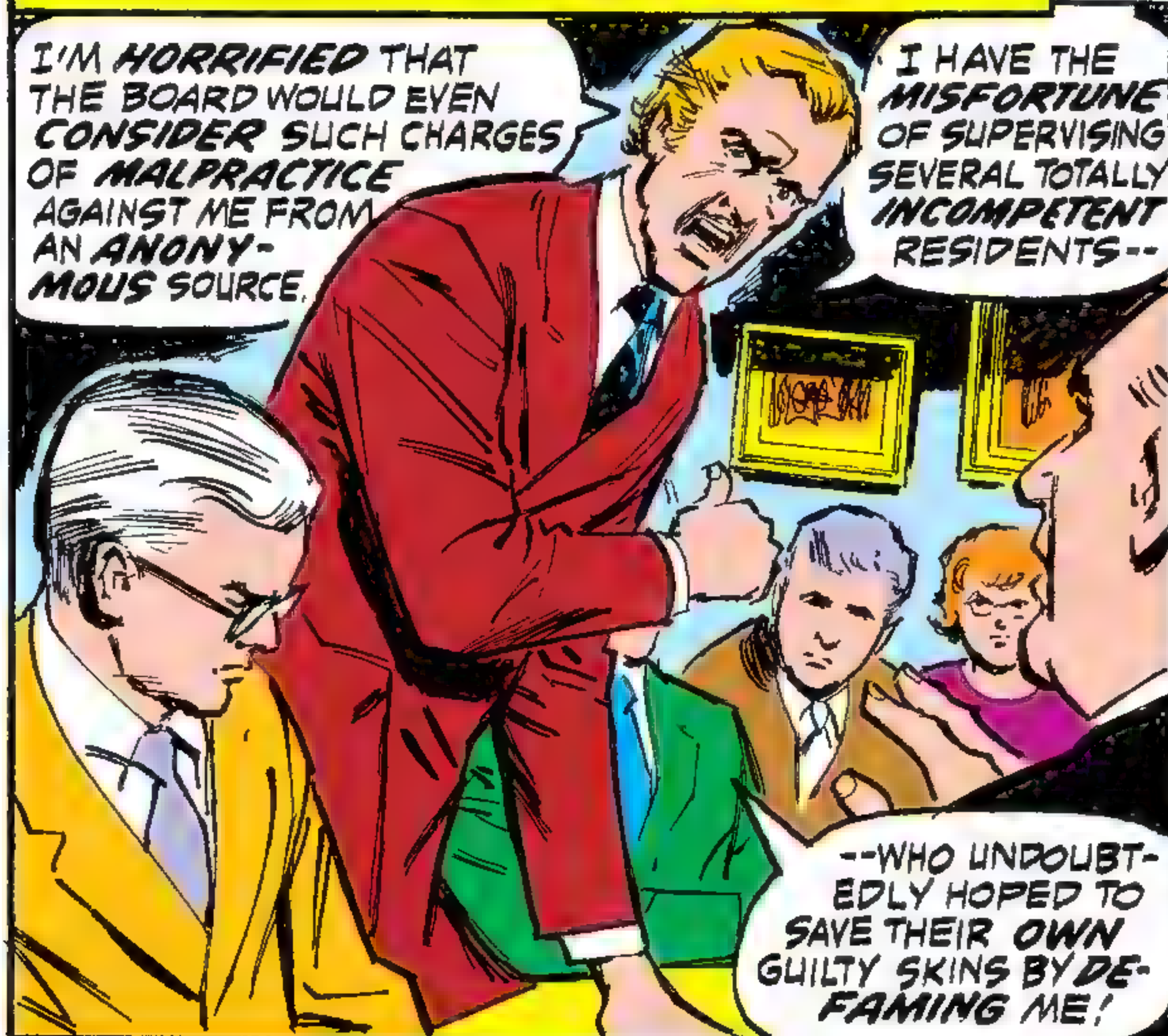


BUT THERE IS NO ANSWER.

INSIDE, THE EYES OF THE BOARD FALL FIRST UPON A RIGHTEOUSLY INDIGNANT DR. SUTTON...

I'M HORRIFIED THAT THE BOARD WOULD EVEN CONSIDER SUCH CHARGES OF MALPRACTICE AGAINST ME FROM AN ANONYMOUS SOURCE.

I HAVE THE MISFORTUNE OF SUPERVISING SEVERAL TOTALLY INCOMPETENT RESIDENTS--



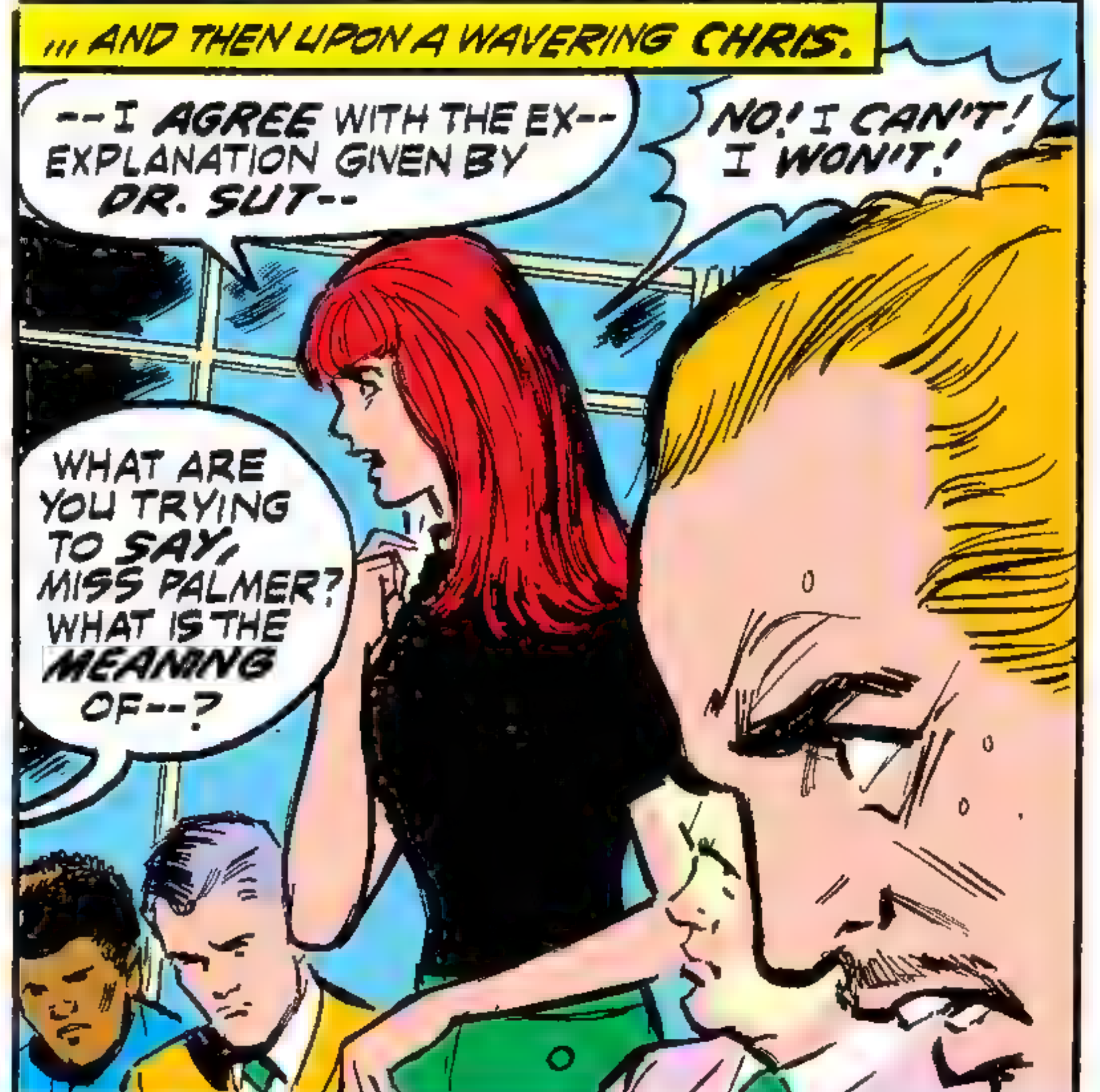
--WHO UNDOUBTEDLY HOPED TO SAVE THEIR OWN GUILTY SKINS BY DEFAMING ME!

... AND THEN UPON A WAVERING CHRIS.

--I AGREE WITH THE EXPLANATION GIVEN BY DR. SUT--

NO! I CAN'T! I WON'T!

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY, MISS PALMER? WHAT IS THE MEANING OF--?

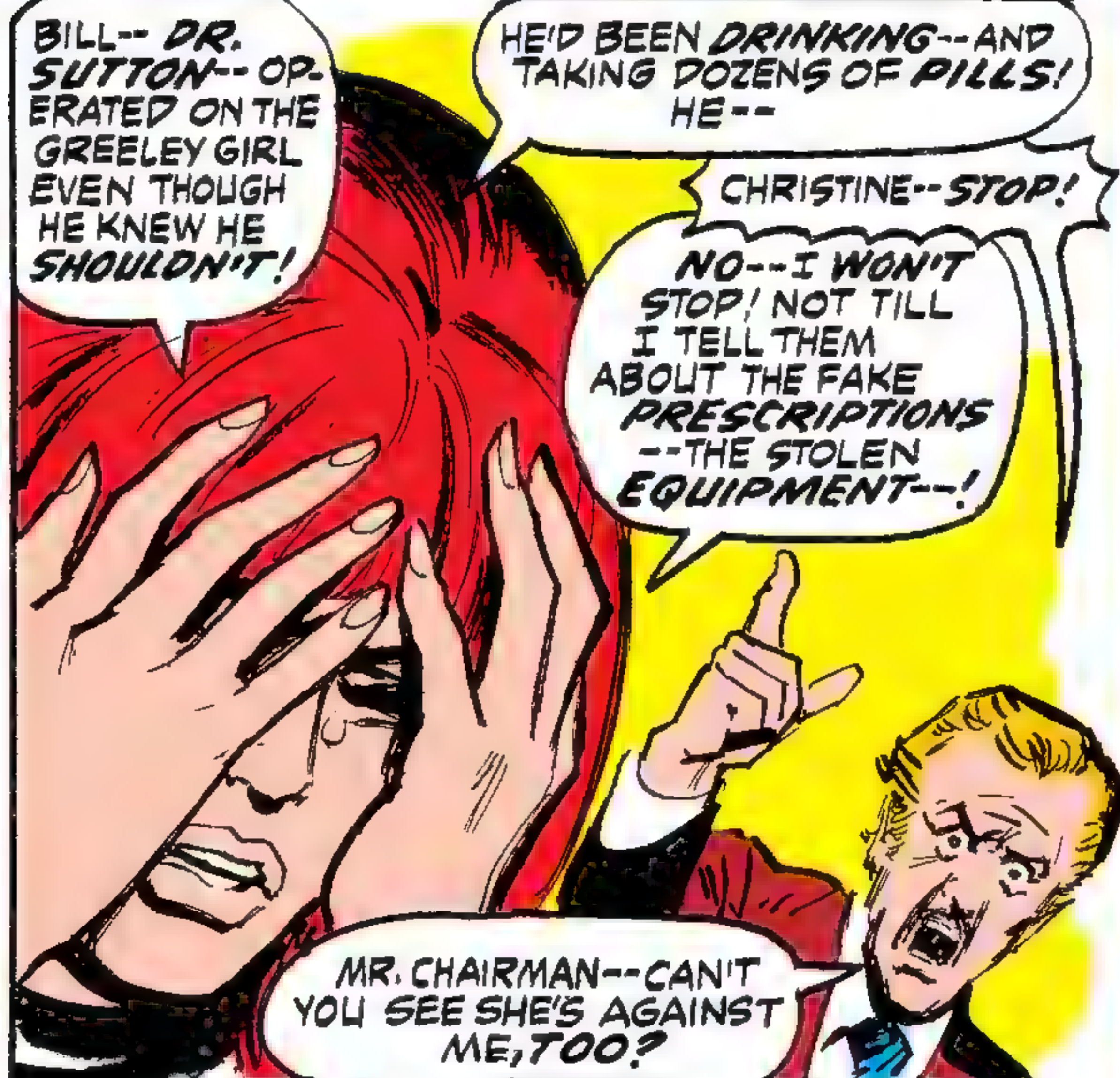


BILL-- DR. SUTTON-- OPERATED ON THE GREELEY GIRL EVEN THOUGH HE KNEW HE SHOULDN'T!

HE'D BEEN DRINKING--AND TAKING DOZENS OF PILLS! HE--

CHRISTINE--STOP!

NO--I WON'T STOP! NOT TILL I TELL THEM ABOUT THE FAKE PRESCRIPTIONS --THE STOLEN EQUIPMENT--!



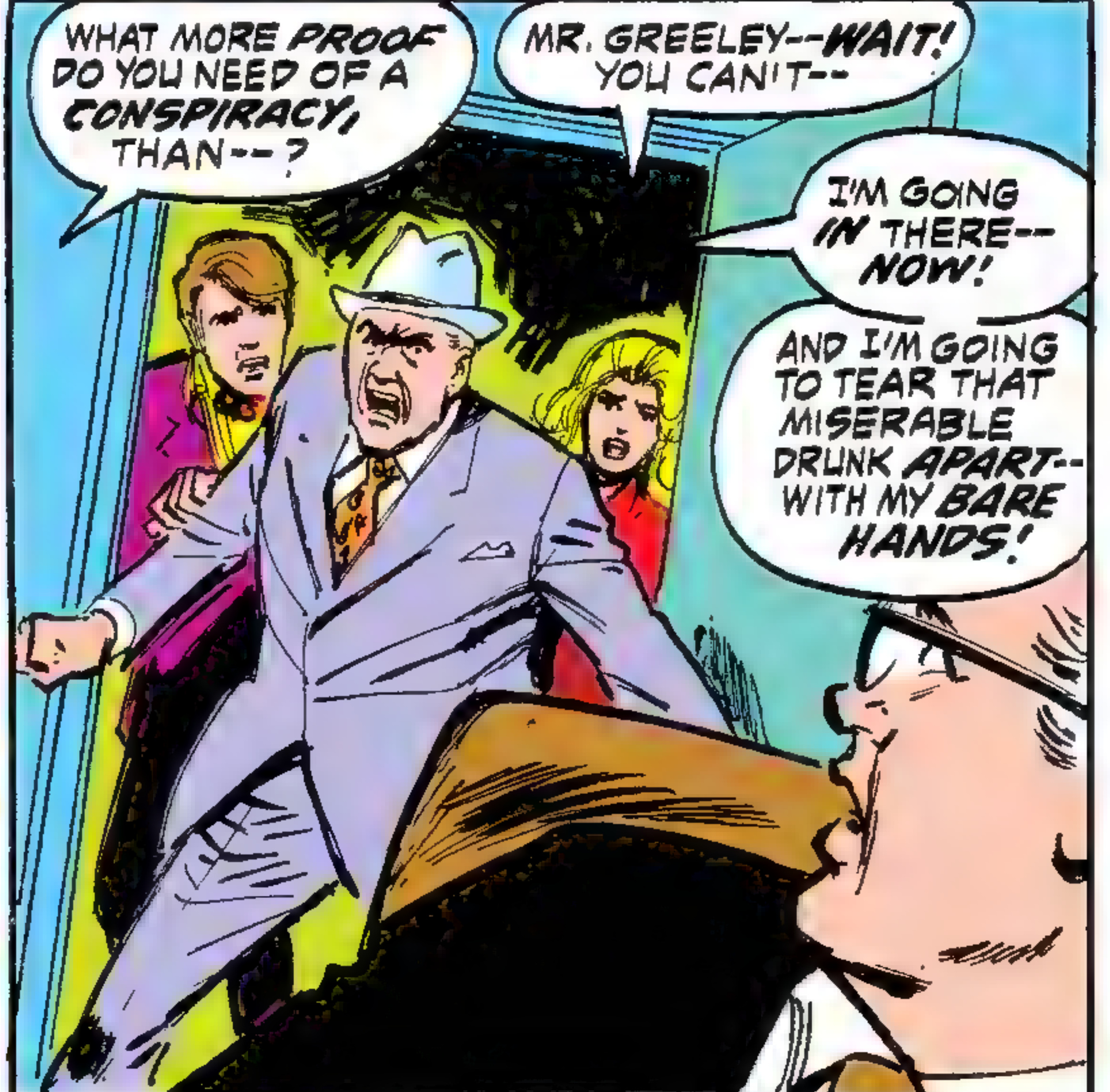
MR. CHAIRMAN--CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S AGAINST ME, TOO?

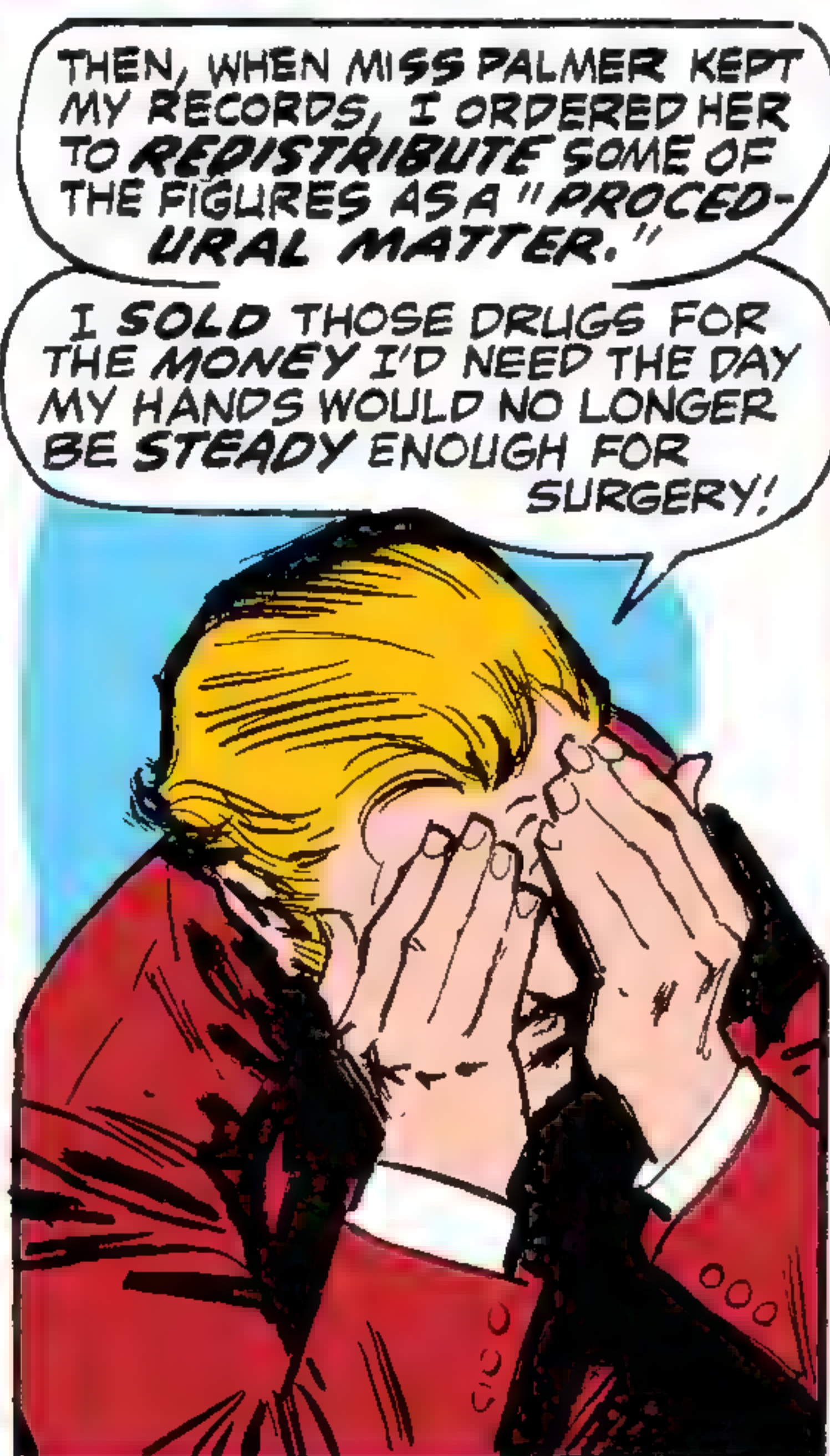
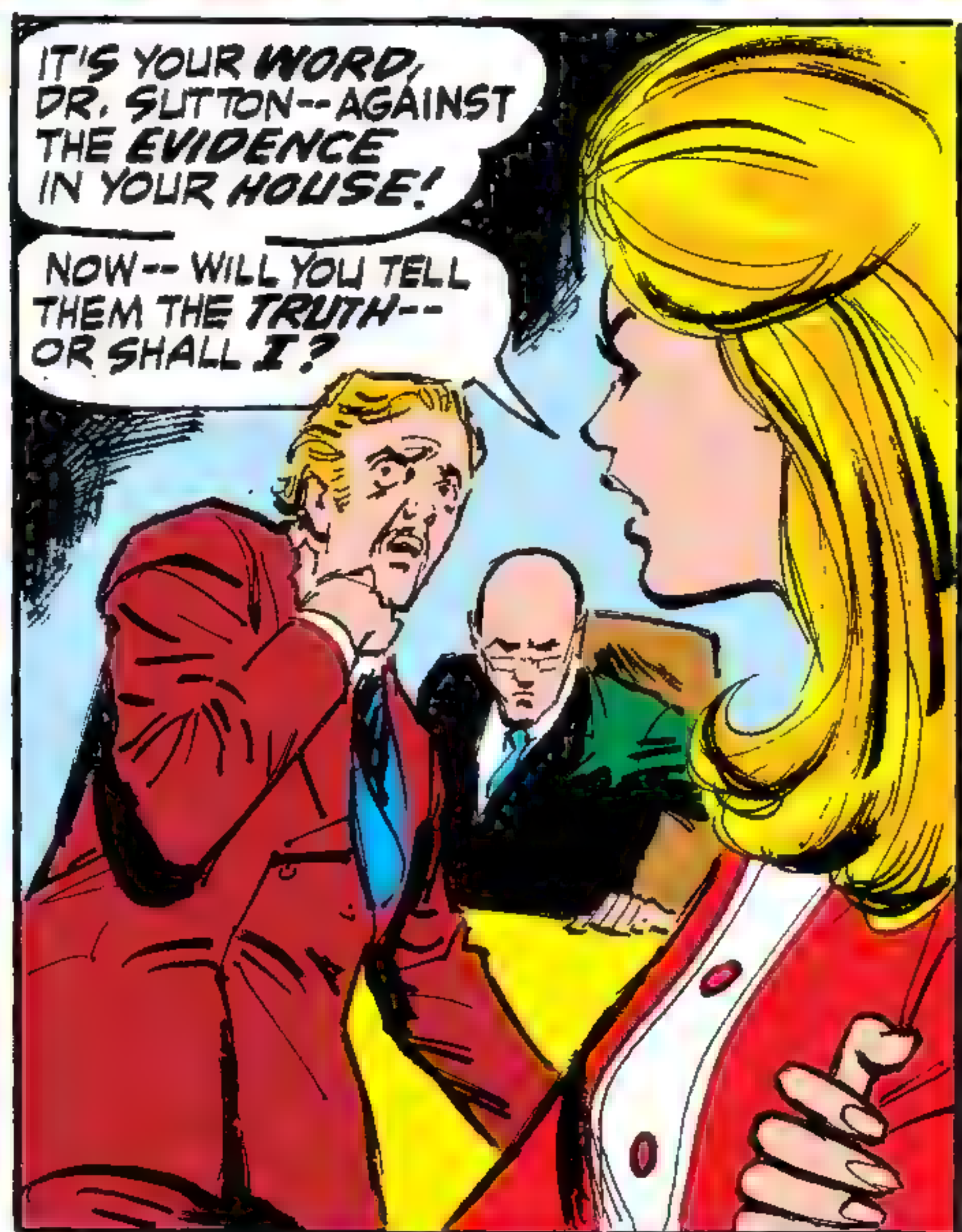
WHAT MORE PROOF DO YOU NEED OF A CONSPIRACY, THAN--?

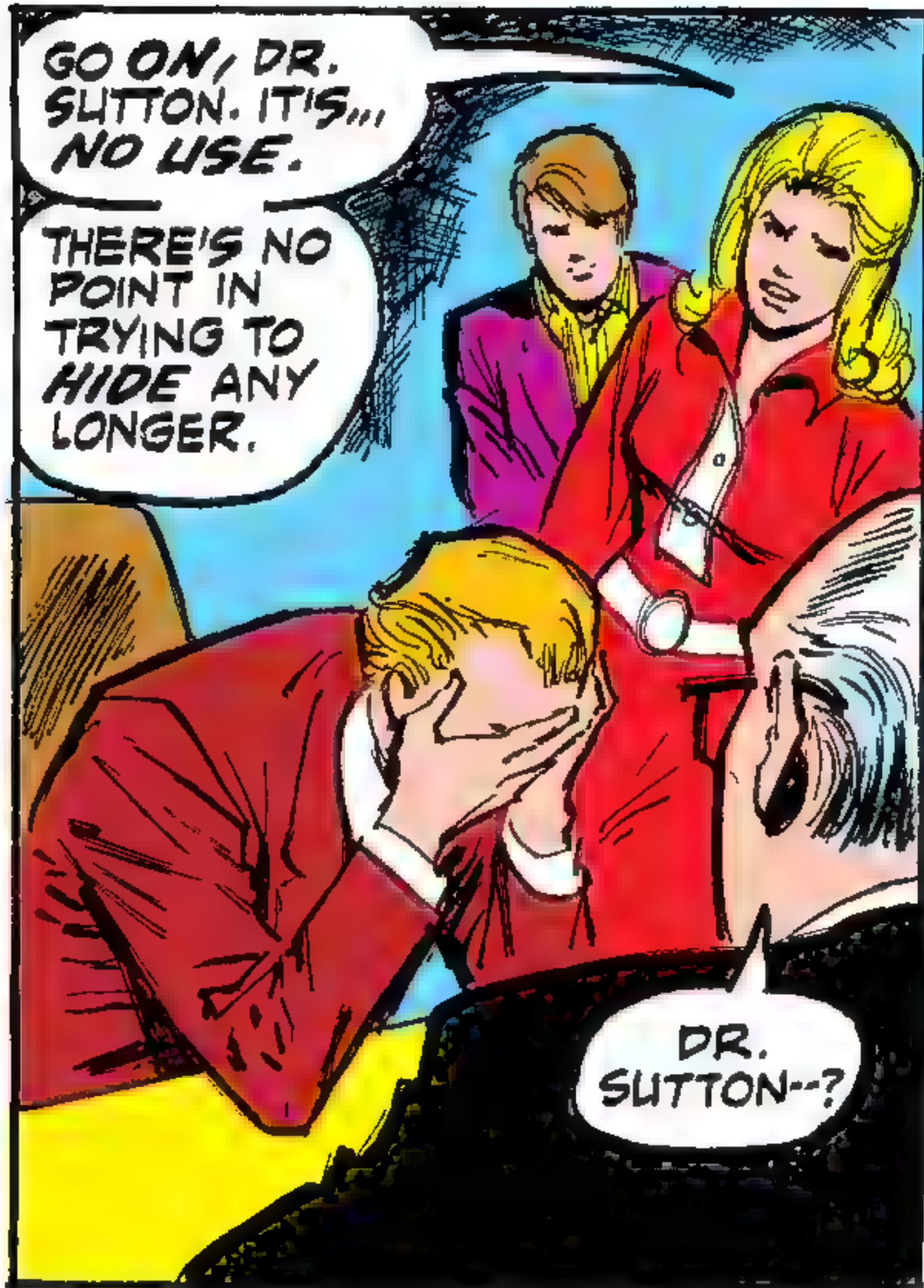
MR. GREELEY--WAIT! YOU CAN'T--

I'M GOING IN THERE--NOW!

AND I'M GOING TO TEAR THAT MISERABLE DRUNK APART--WITH MY BARE HANDS!



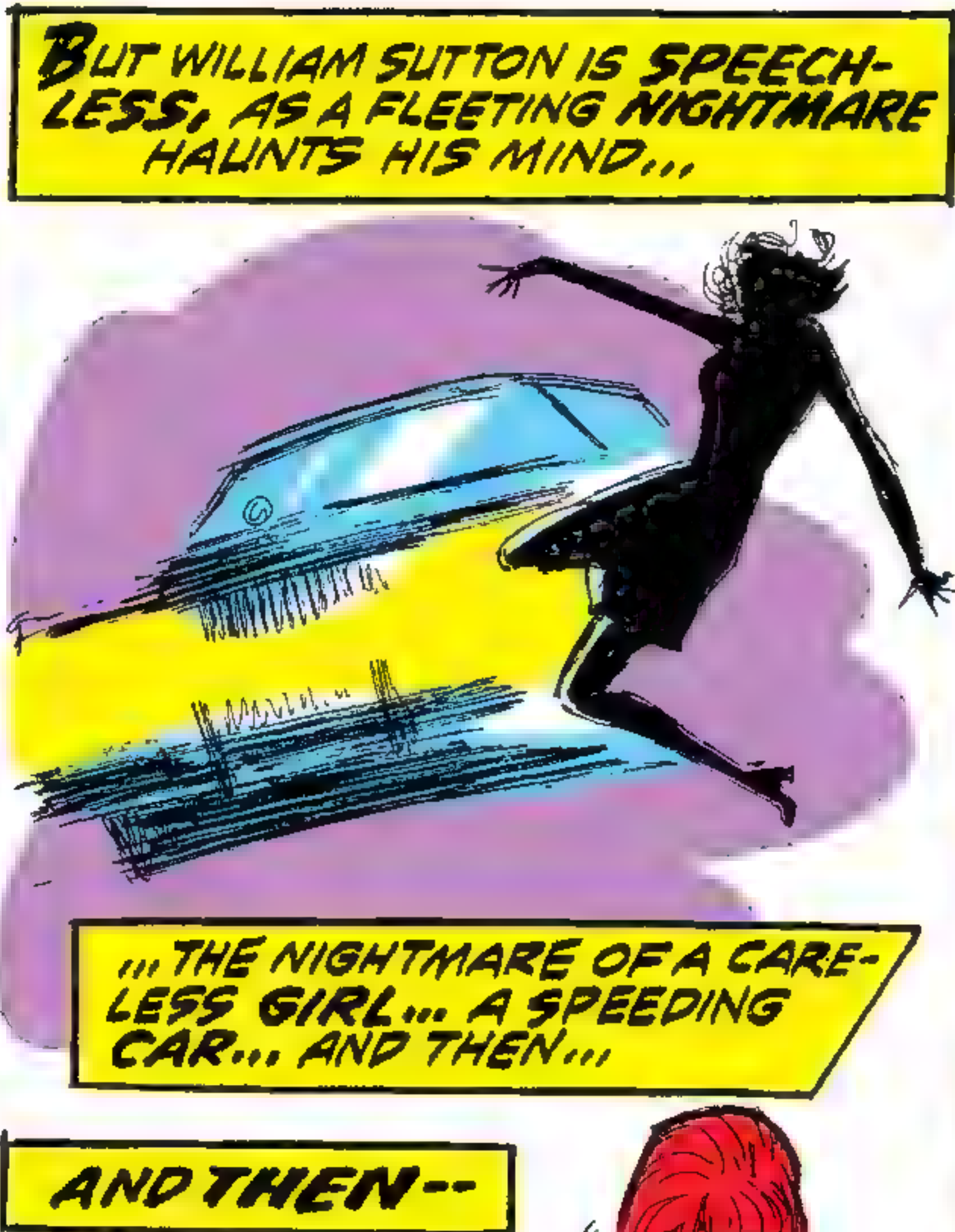




GO ON, DR. SUTTON. IT'S... NO USE.

THERE'S NO POINT IN TRYING TO HIDE ANY LONGER.

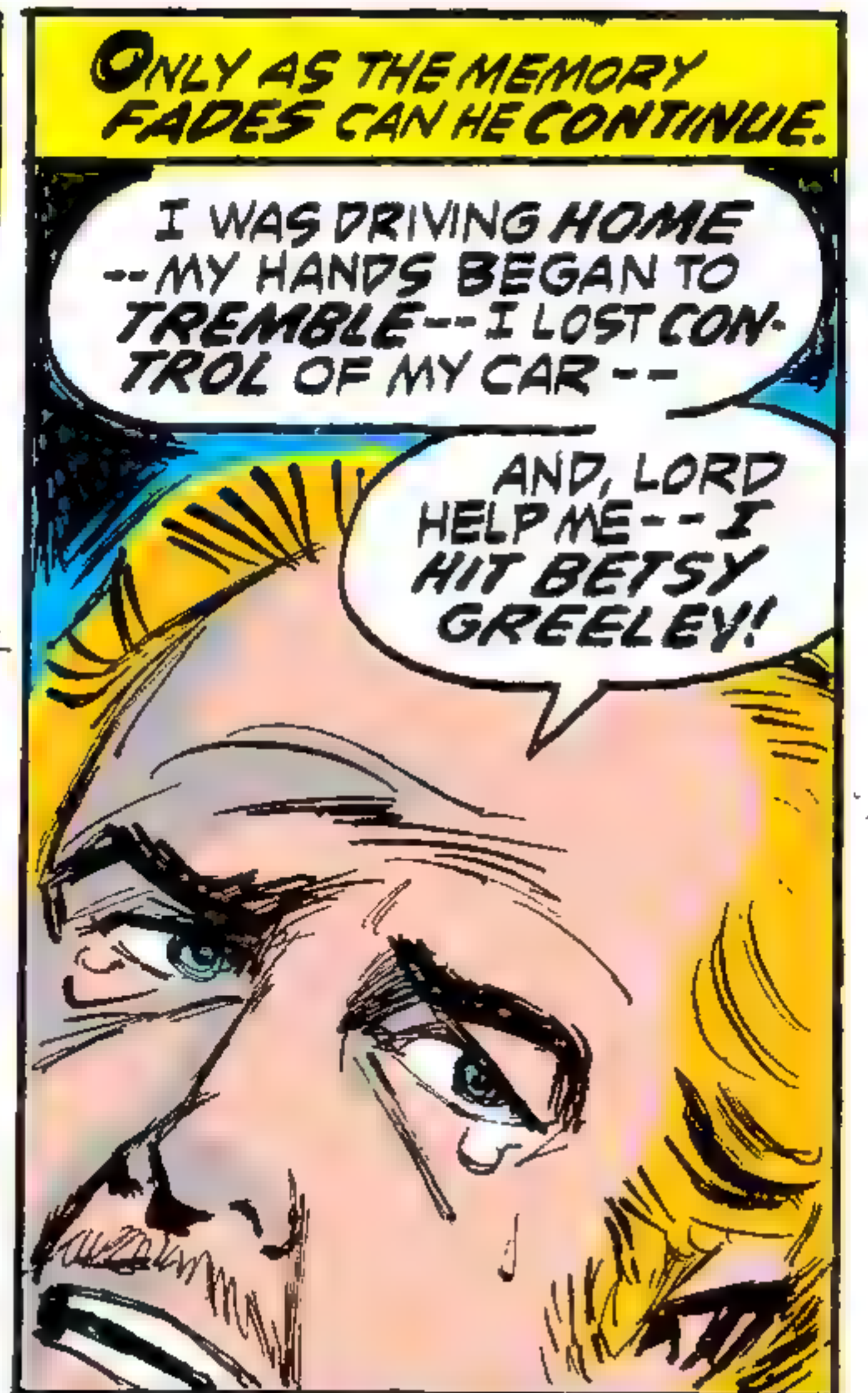
DR. SUTTON--?



BUT WILLIAM SUTTON IS SPEECHLESS, AS A FLEETING NIGHTMARE HAUNTS HIS MIND...

...THE NIGHTMARE OF A CARELESS GIRL... A SPEEDING CAR... AND THEN...

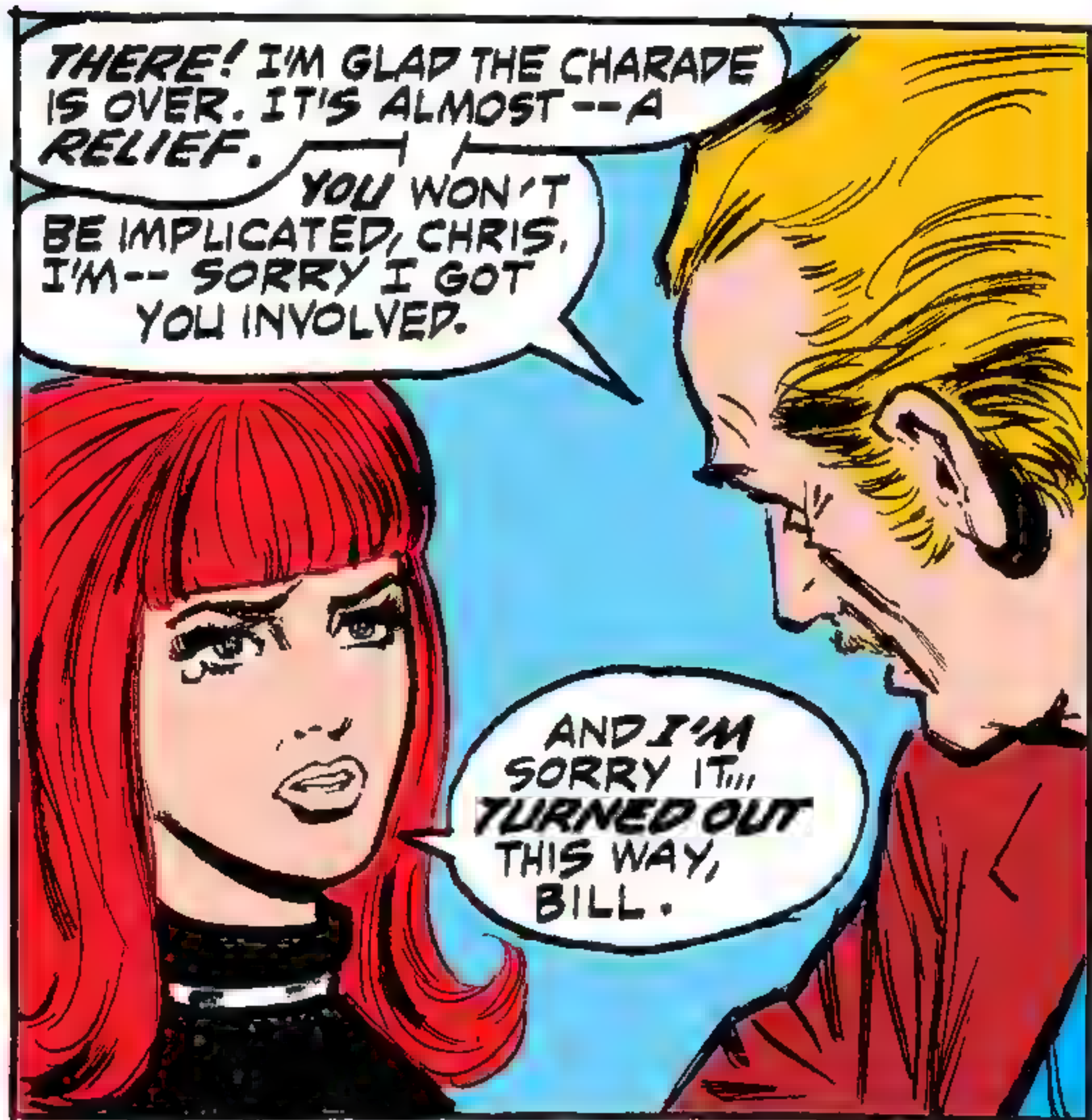
AND THEN--



ONLY AS THE MEMORY FADES CAN HE CONTINUE.

I WAS DRIVING HOME -- MY HANDS BEGAN TO TREMBLE -- I LOST CONTROL OF MY CAR --

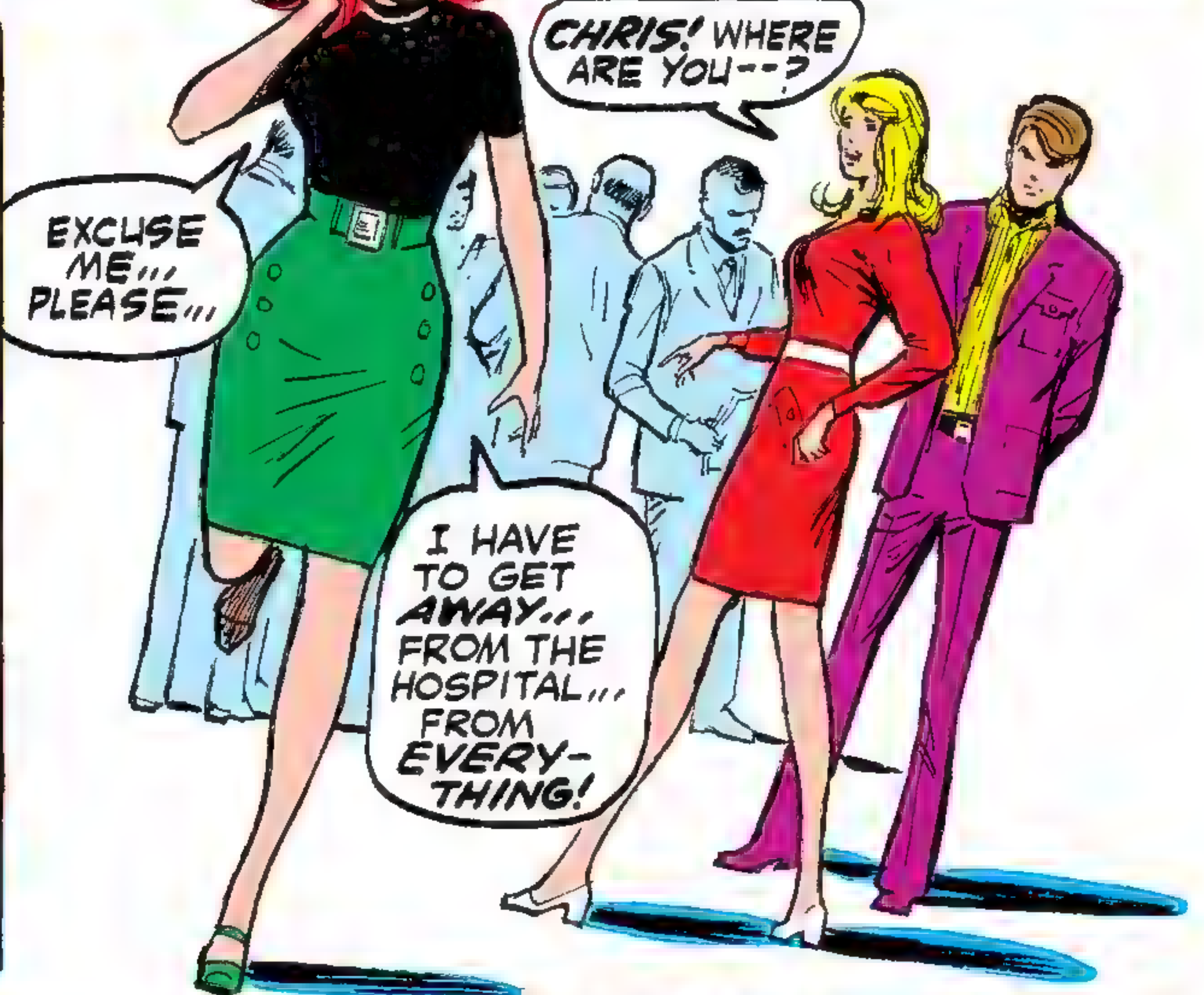
AND, LORD HELP ME -- I HIT BETSY GREELEY!



THERE! I'M GLAD THE CHARADE IS OVER. IT'S ALMOST -- A RELIEF.

YOU WON'T BE IMPLICATED, CHRIS. I'M -- SORRY I GOT YOU INVOLVED.

AND I'M SORRY IT... TURNED OUT THIS WAY, BILL.



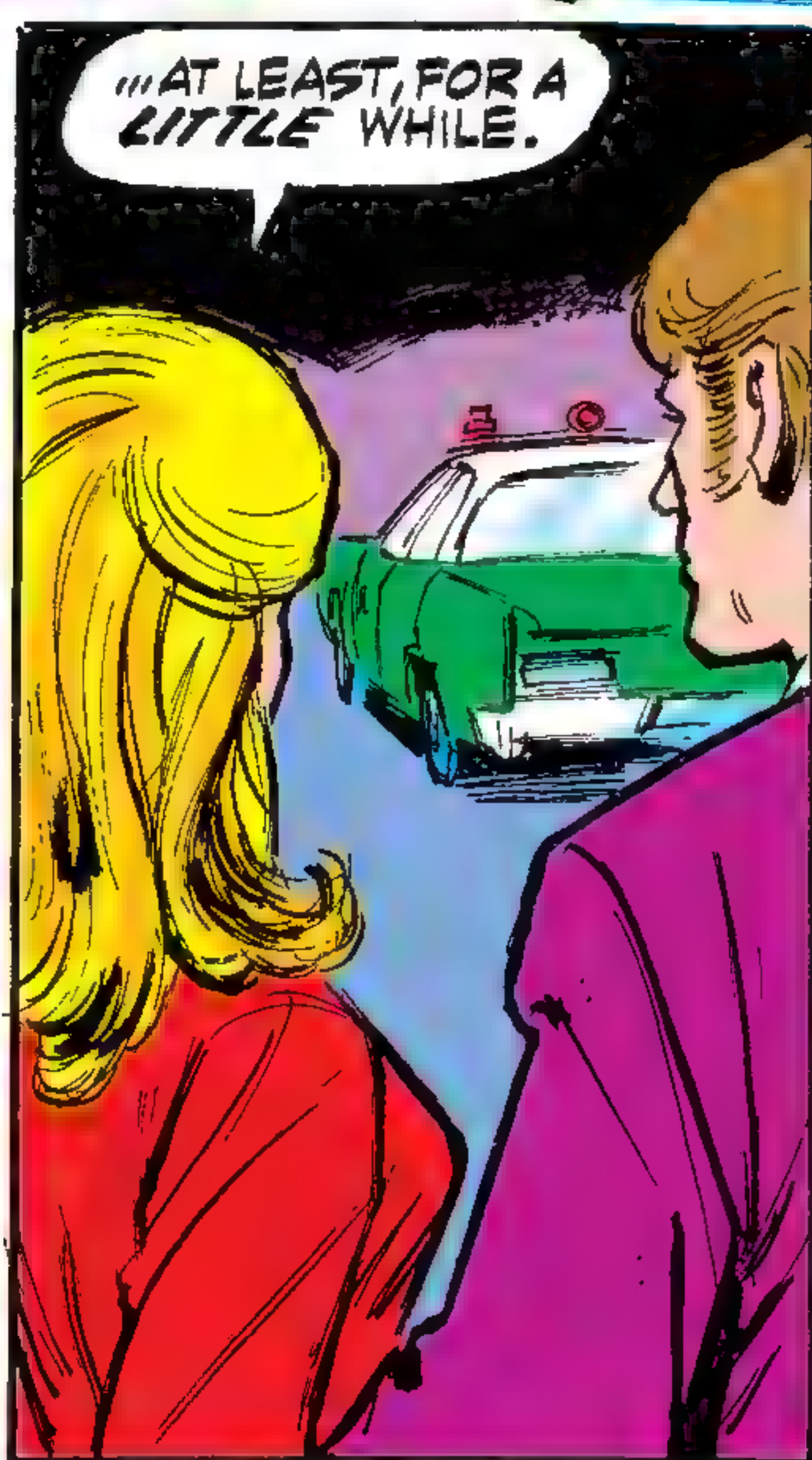
CHRIS! WHERE ARE YOU --?

EXCUSE ME... PLEASE...

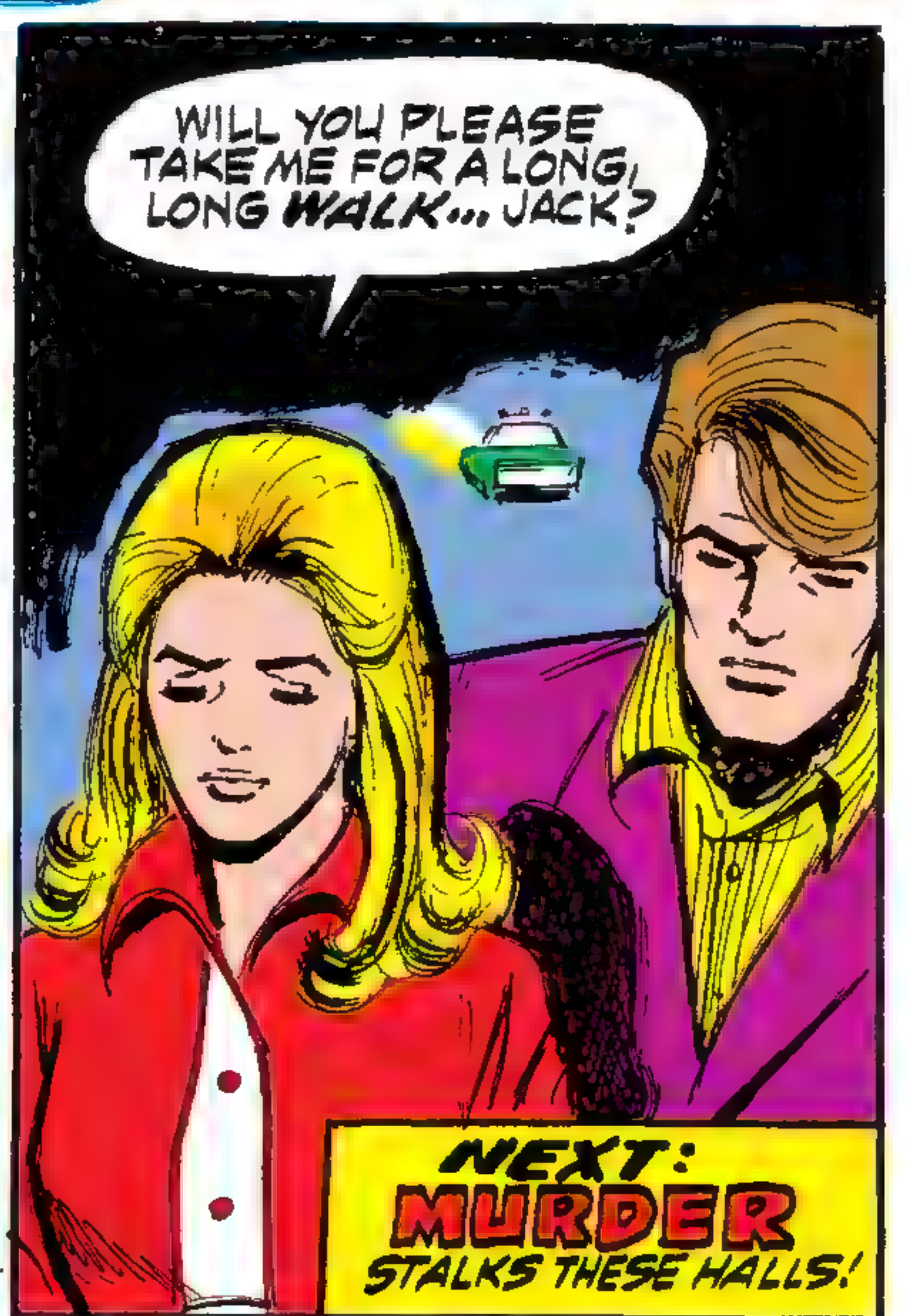
I HAVE TO GET AWAY... FROM THE HOSPITAL... FROM EVERYTHING!



DR. TRYON... I'M SURE CHRIS WANTS TO BE ALONE...



...AT LEAST, FOR A LITTLE WHILE.



WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE ME FOR A LONG, LONG WALK... JACK?

NEXT: MURDER STALKS THESE HALLS!

NIGHT
NURSE

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

20¢ 3
MAR
02159

ENTER THE WORLD OF *DANGER, DRAMA AND DEATH!*

NIGHT NURSE™



OUTTA
THE **WAY!**
THERE'S A
CONTRACT
OUT ON
THAT GUY!

No!
THIS MAN
IS MY
PATIENT!

TO KILL
HIM--YOU
HAVE TO
SHOOT **ME**
FIRST!!

HAVE IT
YOUR OWN
WAY,
SISTER!

**MURDER STALKS
WARD 8!**

Stan Lee PRESENTS: LINDA CARTER, **NIGHT NURSE!** TM

AS DAWN APPROACHES, THE NIGHT SHIFT GROWS QUIET. THE EARLIER STREAM OF EMERGENCIES SLOWS TO A TRICKLE--AND THEN FINALLY DRIES UP.

THIS IS THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM OF ANOTHER NEW DAY.

JUST ANOTHER HOUR 'TIL QUITTING TIME. NOTHING MUCH MORE TO--

GOOD LORD! TWO MEN--HURLING A THIRD MAN INTO THE WARD!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

AND--THE BIG ONE HAS A GUN INSIDE HIS COAT!

JUS' GIVIN' YA AN EARLY CHRISTMAS PRESENT, TOOTS!

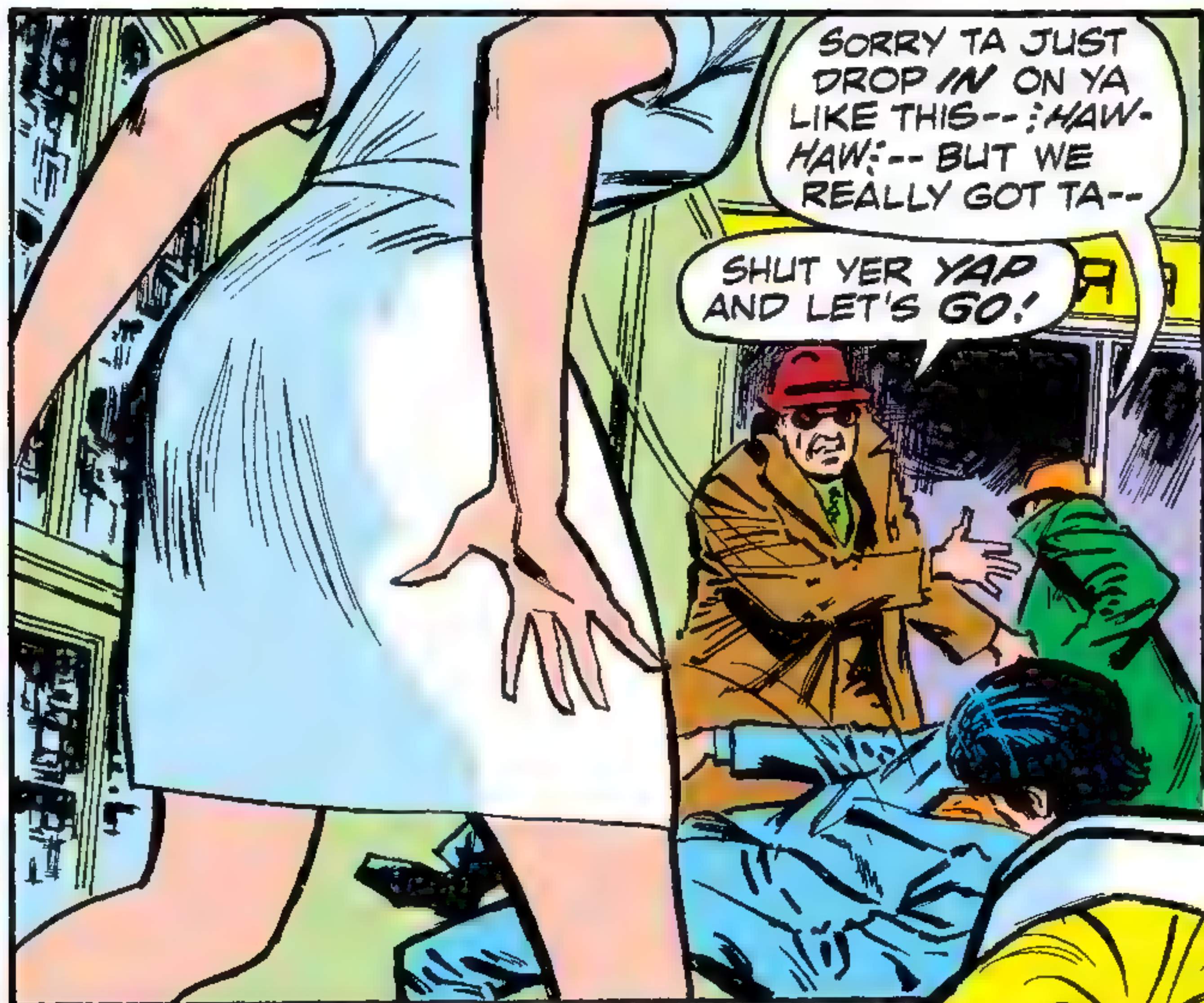
THIS BUM WANTS THIS NEIGHBORHOOD SO MUCH, HE CAN HAVE IT!

YEAH--FROM US TO YOU!

ONLY THING IS, HIS SHARE 'LL BE SIX FEET UNDER!

MURDER STALKS WARD 8!

JEAN THOMAS, WRITER & WINSLOW MORTIMER, ARTIST * J. COSTANZA, LETTERER * ROY THOMAS, EDITOR
G. ROUSSOS, COLORIST



SORRY TA JUST
DROP IN ON YA
LIKE THIS-- HAW-
HAW!-- BUT WE
REALLY GOT TA--

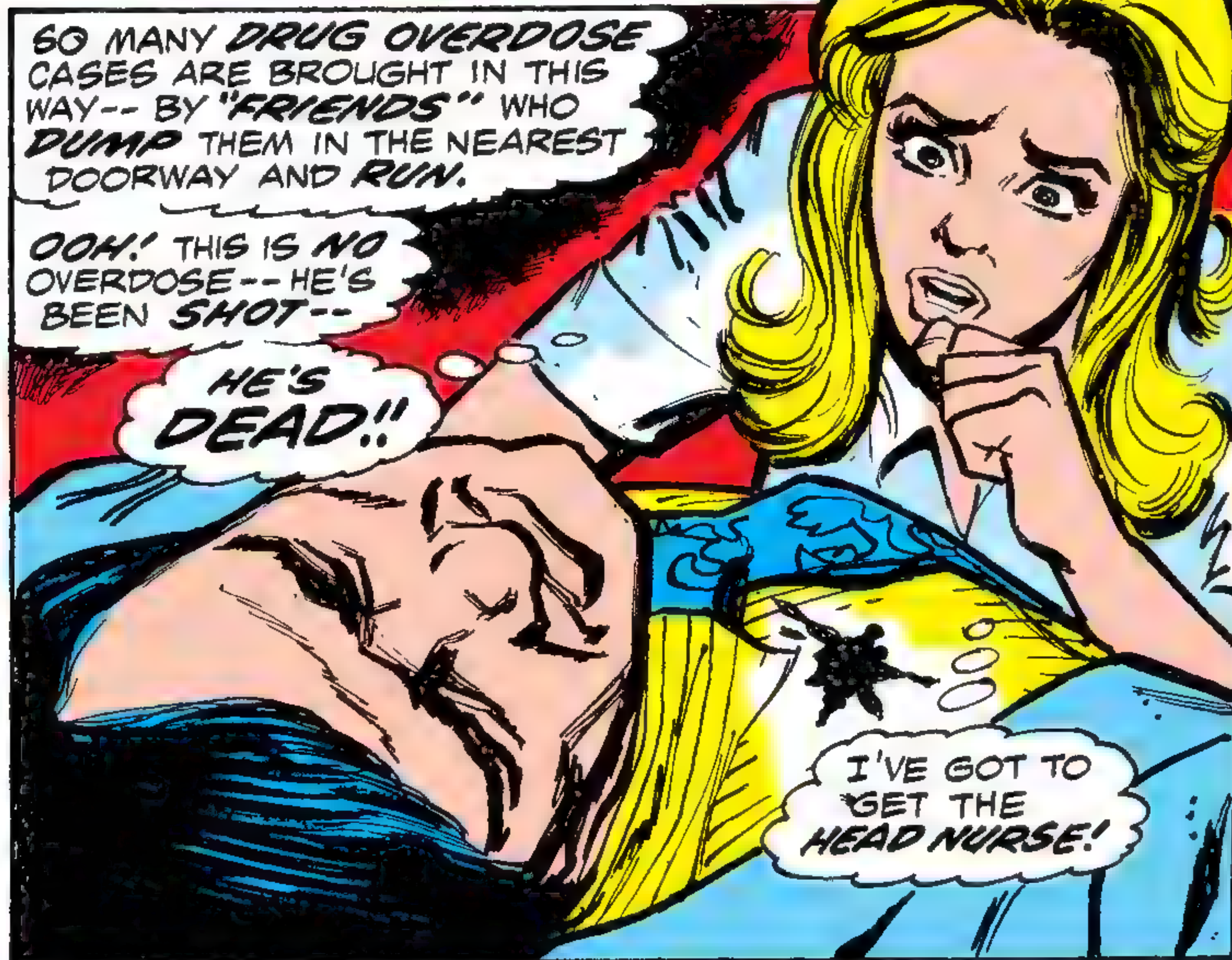
SHUT YER YAP
AND LET'S GO!



WAIT! WHERE
DID YOU FIND
THIS MAN?

CAN YOU
IDENTIFY--

IT'S NO USE! I
JUST HOPE THEY BROUGHT
HIM IN SOON ENOUGH!



SO MANY DRUG OVERDOSE
CASES ARE BROUGHT IN THIS
WAY-- BY "FRIENDS" WHO
DUMP THEM IN THE NEAREST
DOORWAY AND RUN.

OOH! THIS IS NO
OVERDOSE-- HE'S
BEEN SHOT--

HE'S
DEAD!!

I'VE GOT TO
GET THE
HEAD NURSE!



MRS. ROSE,
MRS. ROSE--
CALL THE
POLICE!

A MAN HAS
BEEN BROUGHT
IN DEAD FROM
A GUNSHOT
WOUND!

WHAT??

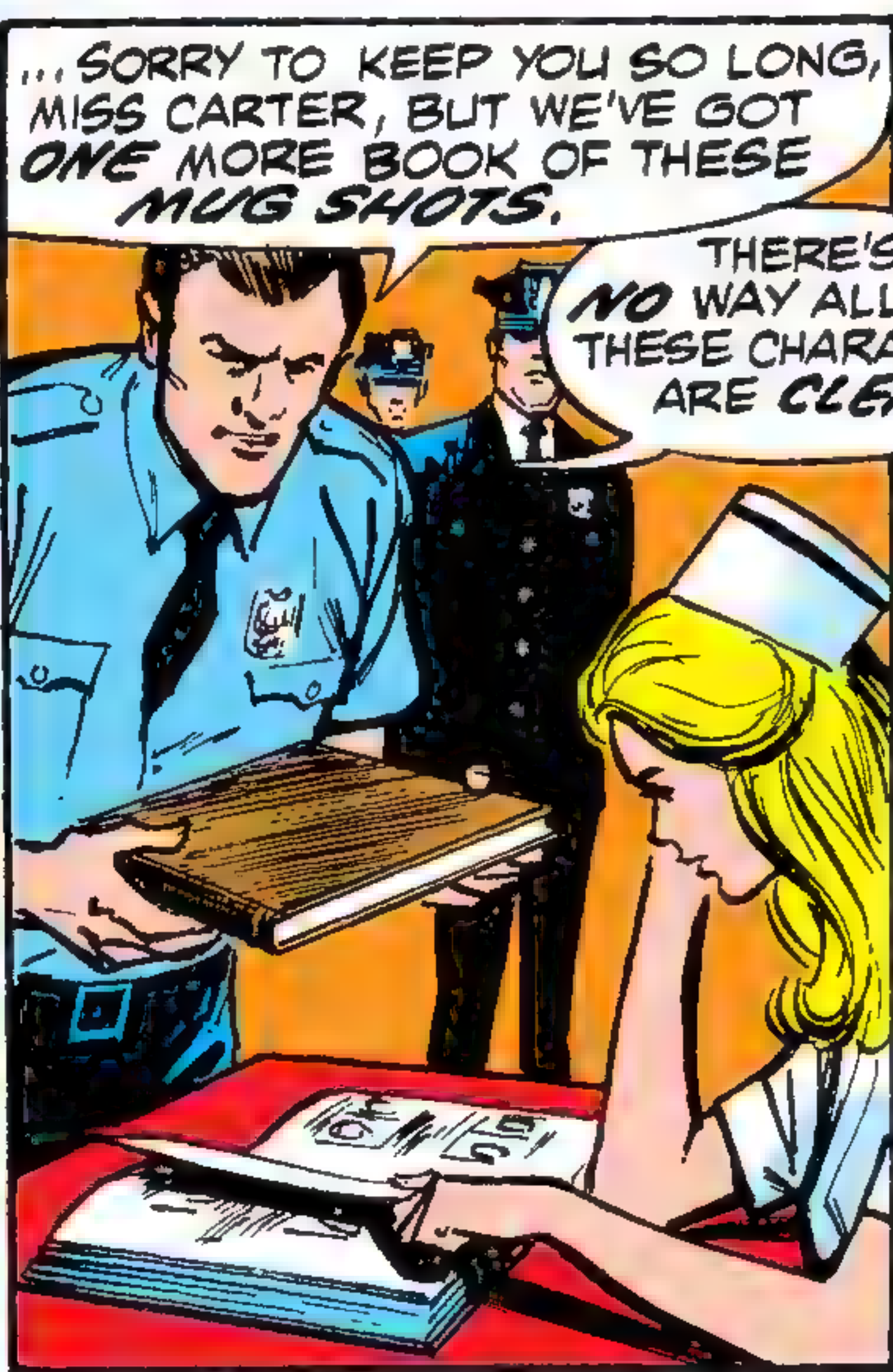
OPERATOR,
CANCEL MY FIRST
CALL-- AND GET
ME THE
POLICE!



D.O.A.--DEAD
ON ARRIVAL!

A
CHILLING
PRONOUNCE-
MENT THAT
TAKES THE
CASE OUT
OF THE
HANDS OF
THE
HOSPITAL--

-- AND PUTS IT INTO
THE LONG ARMS
OF THE LAW.



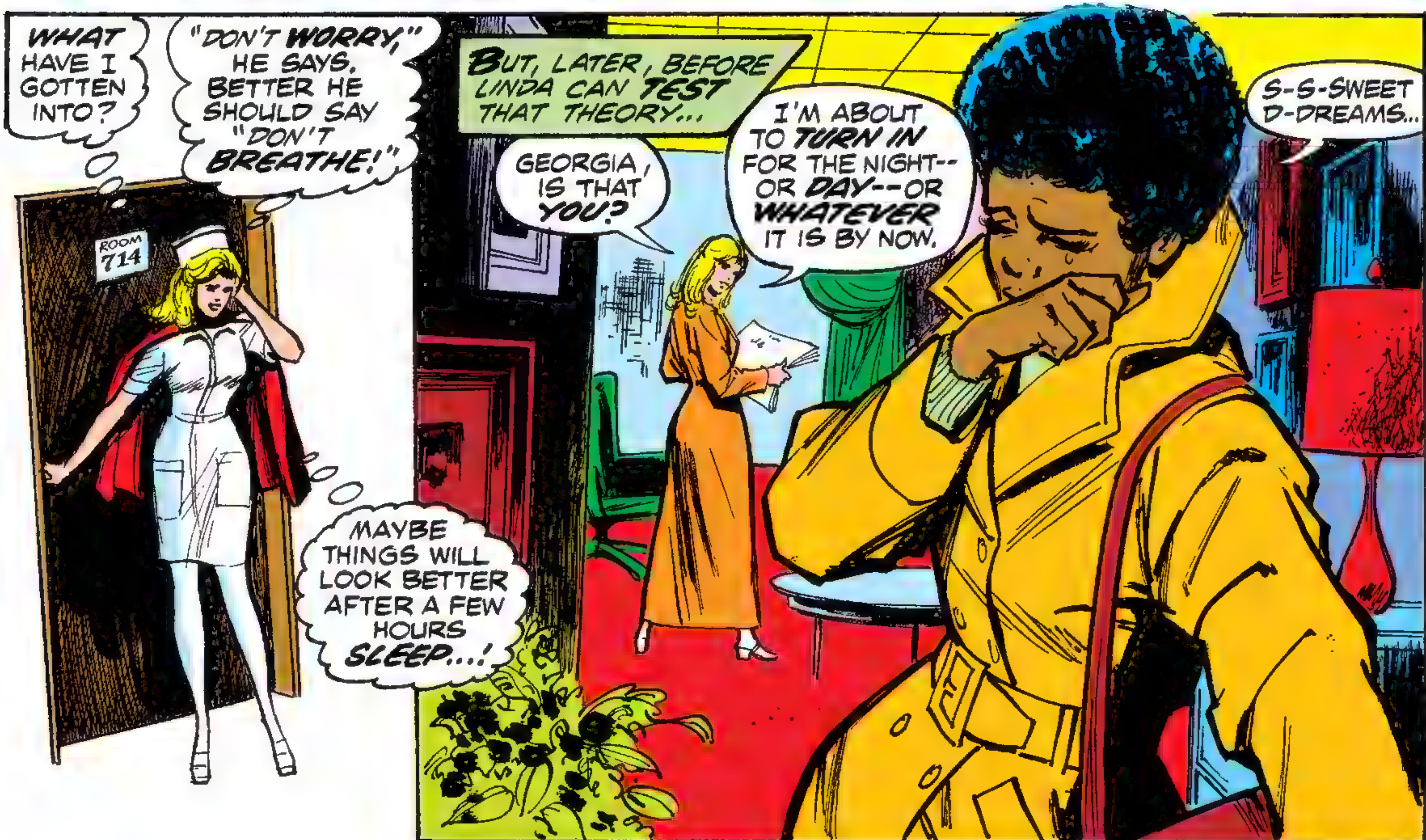
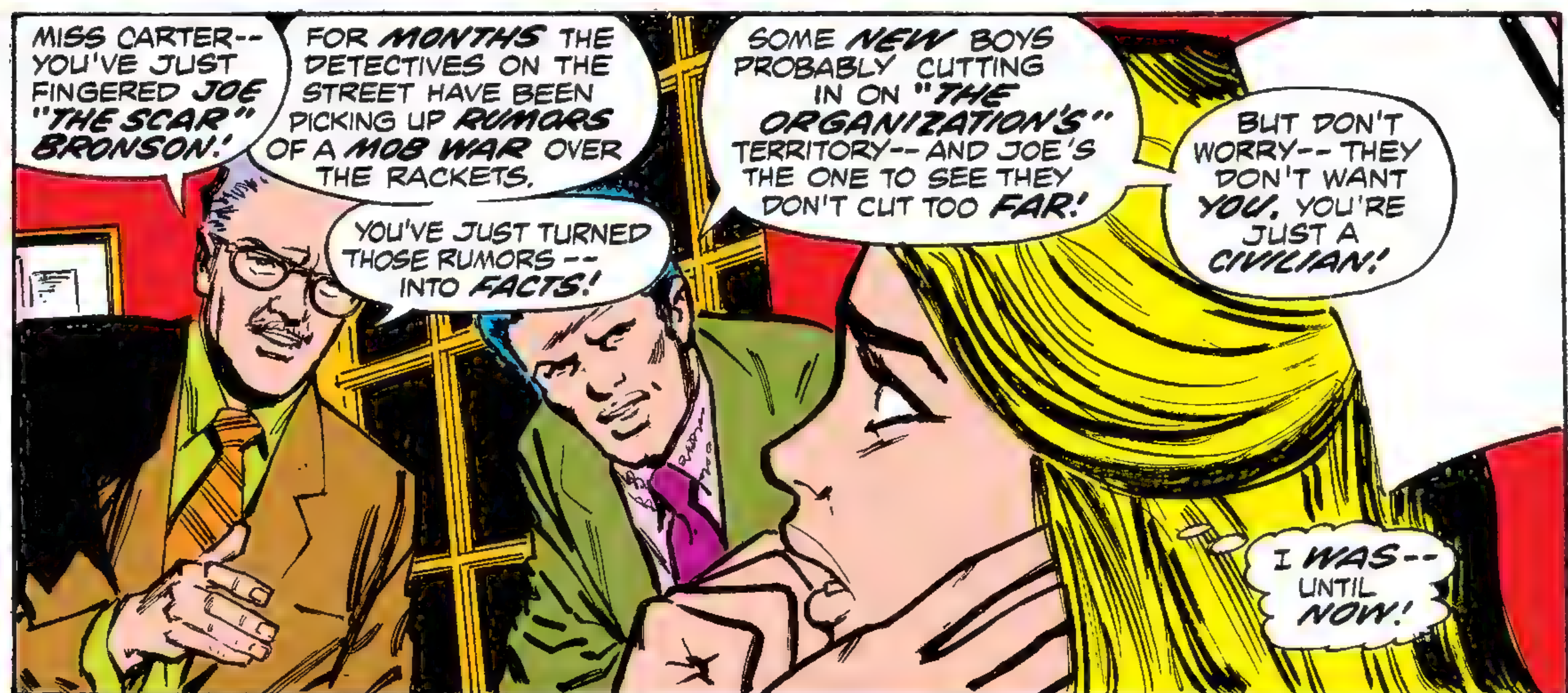
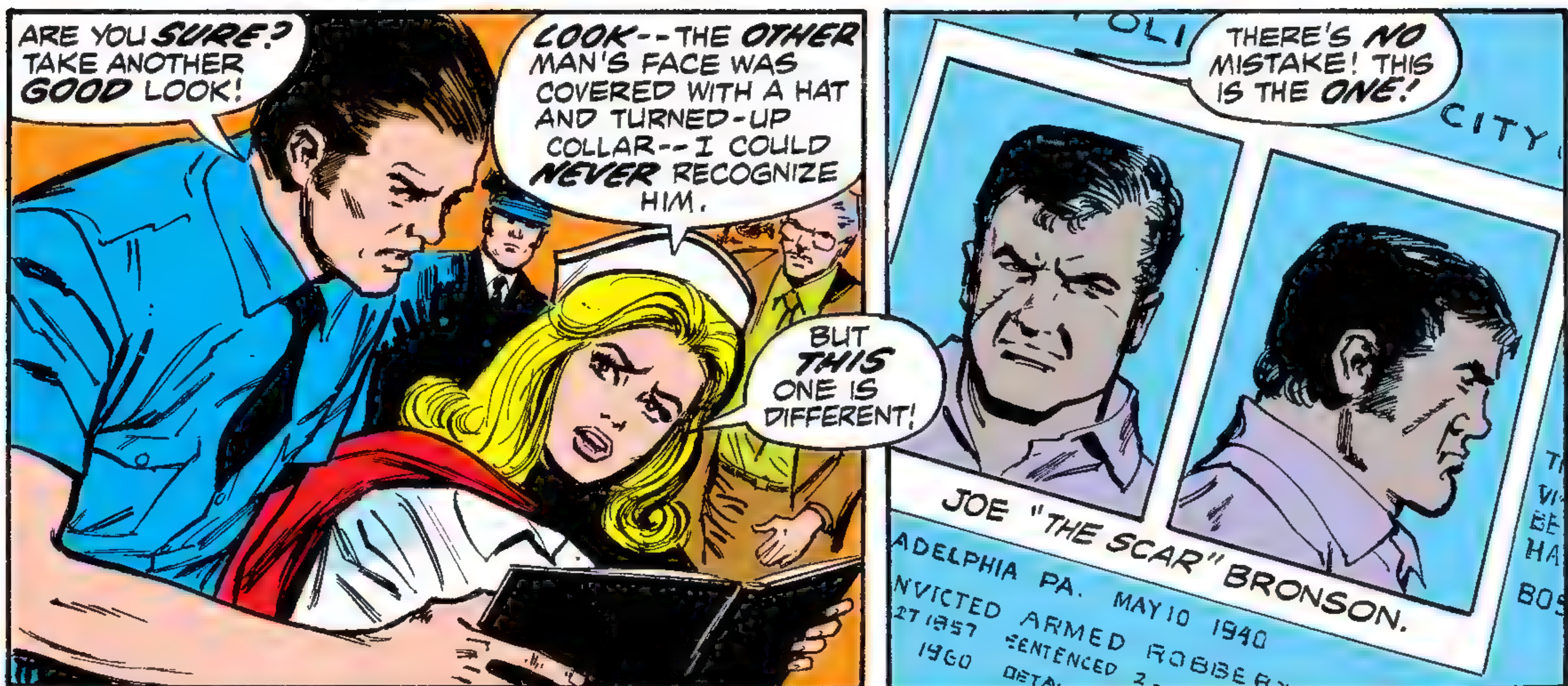
... SORRY TO KEEP YOU SO LONG,
MISS CARTER, BUT WE'VE GOT
ONE MORE BOOK OF THESE
MUG SHOTS.

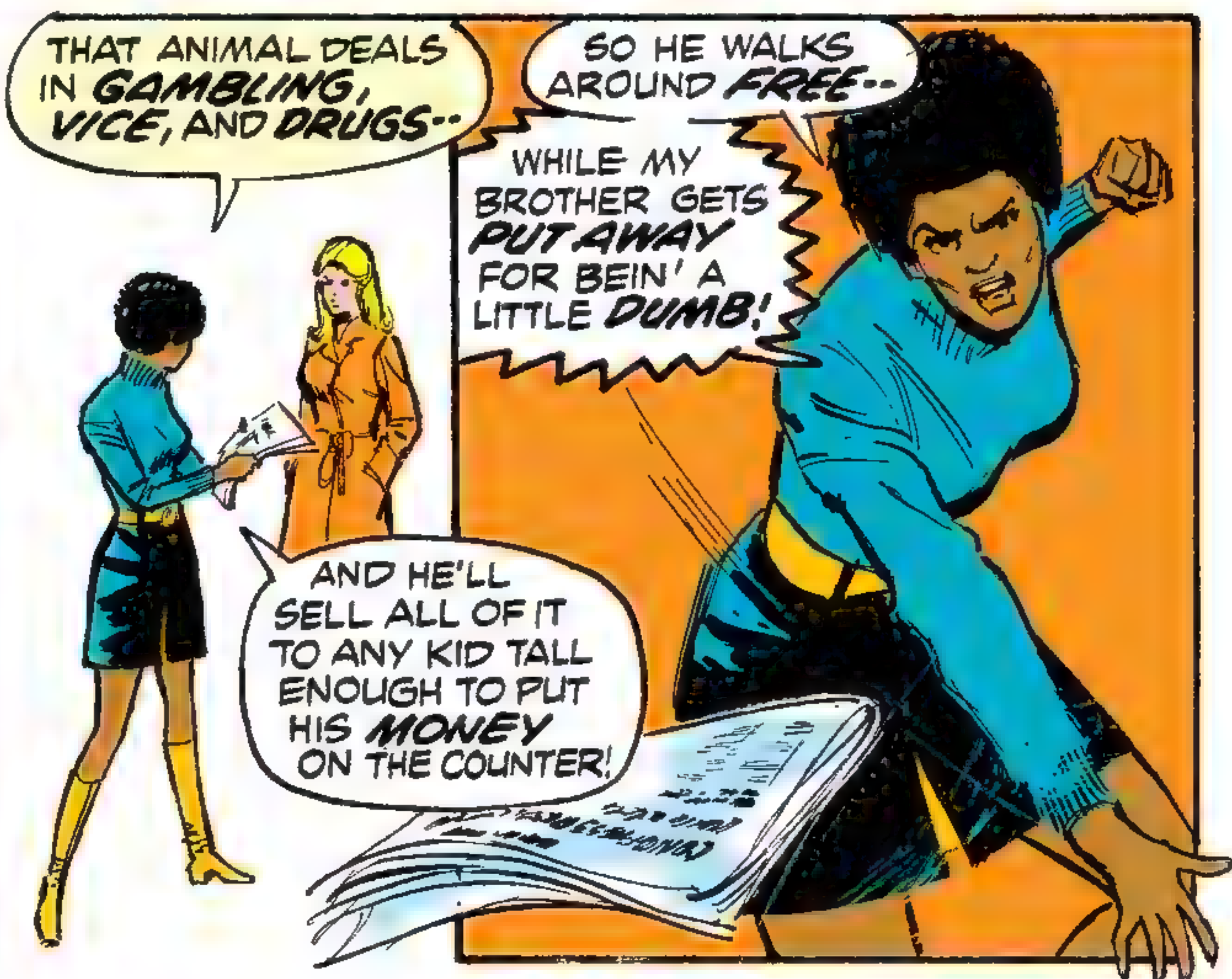
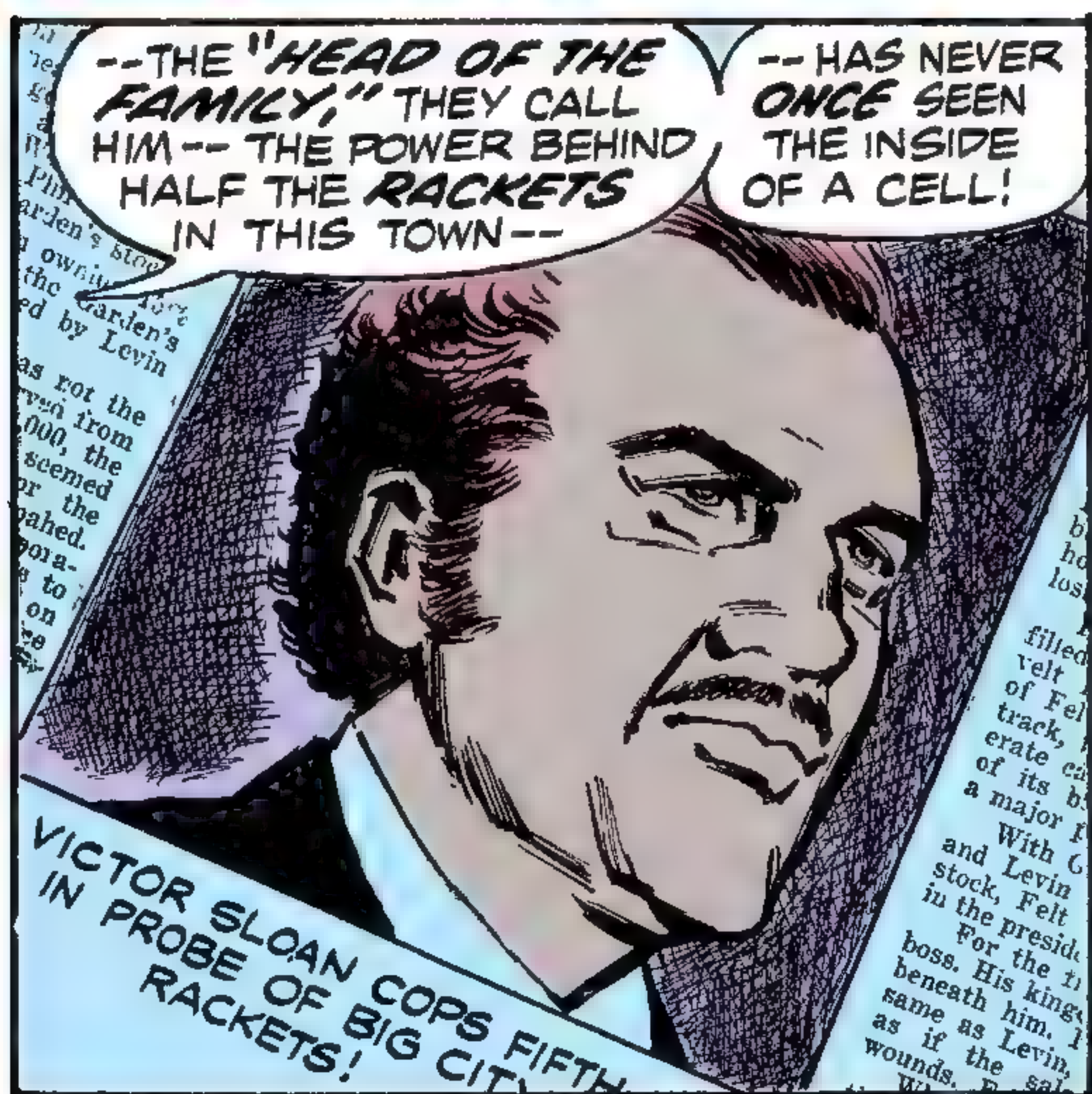
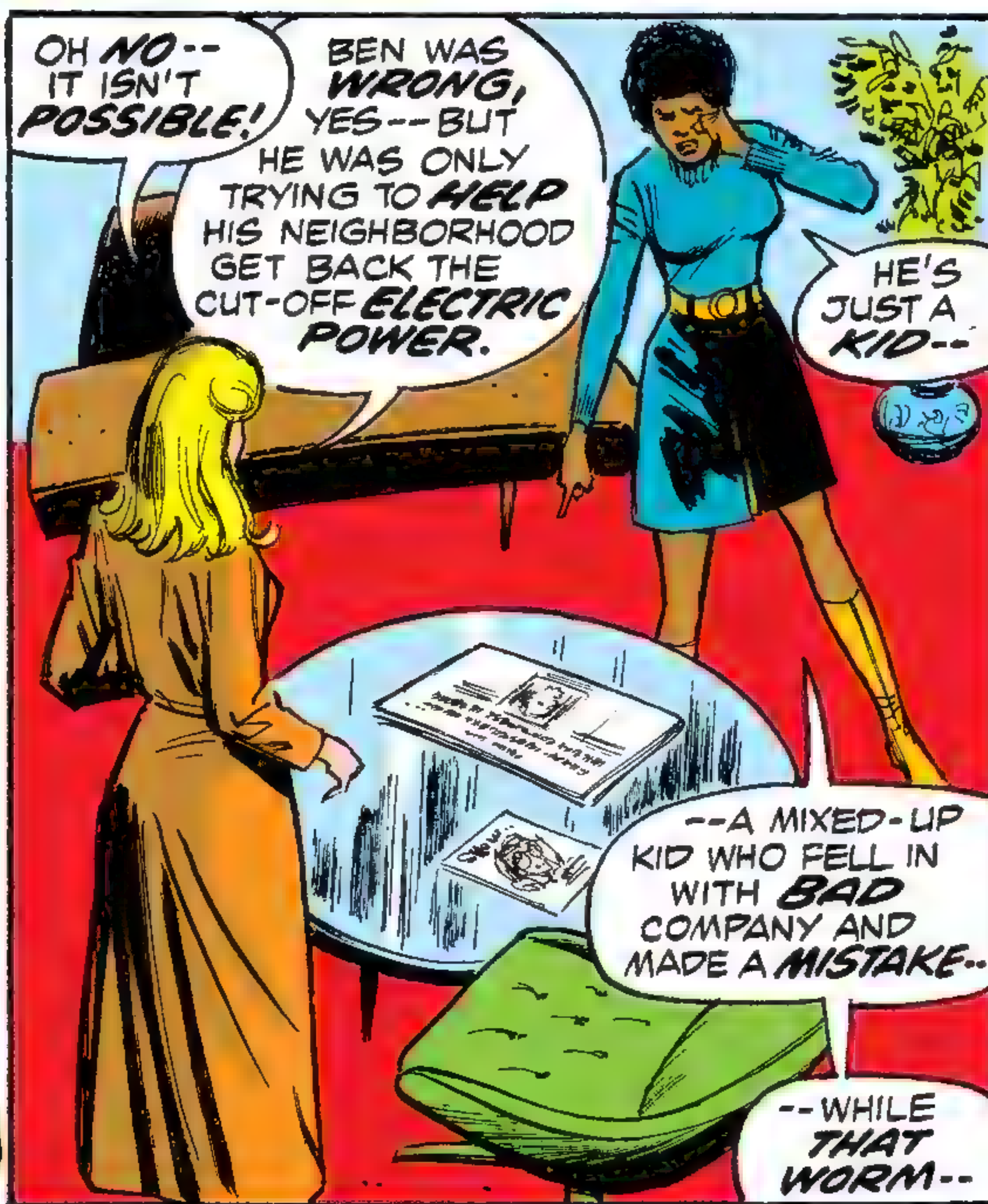
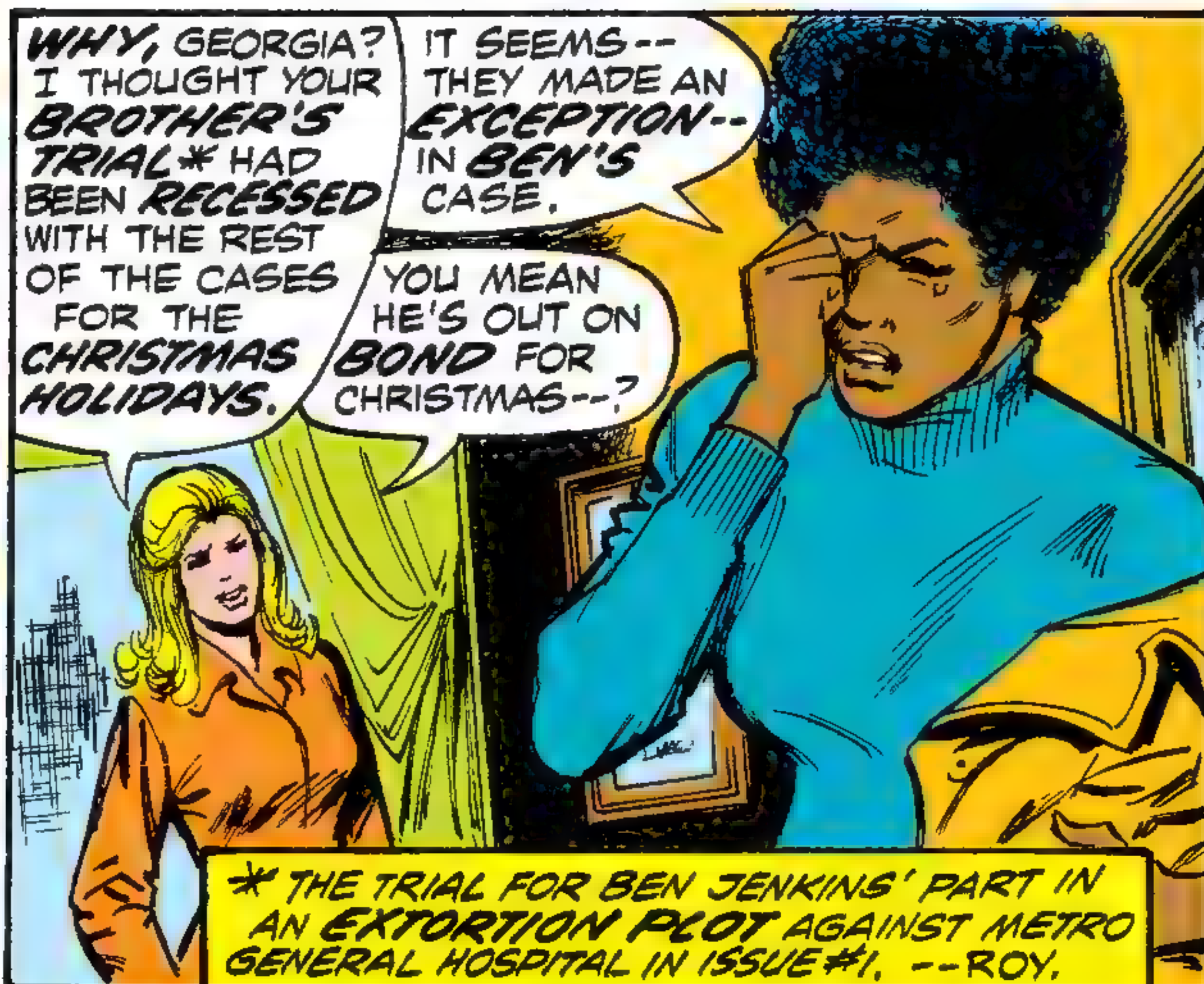
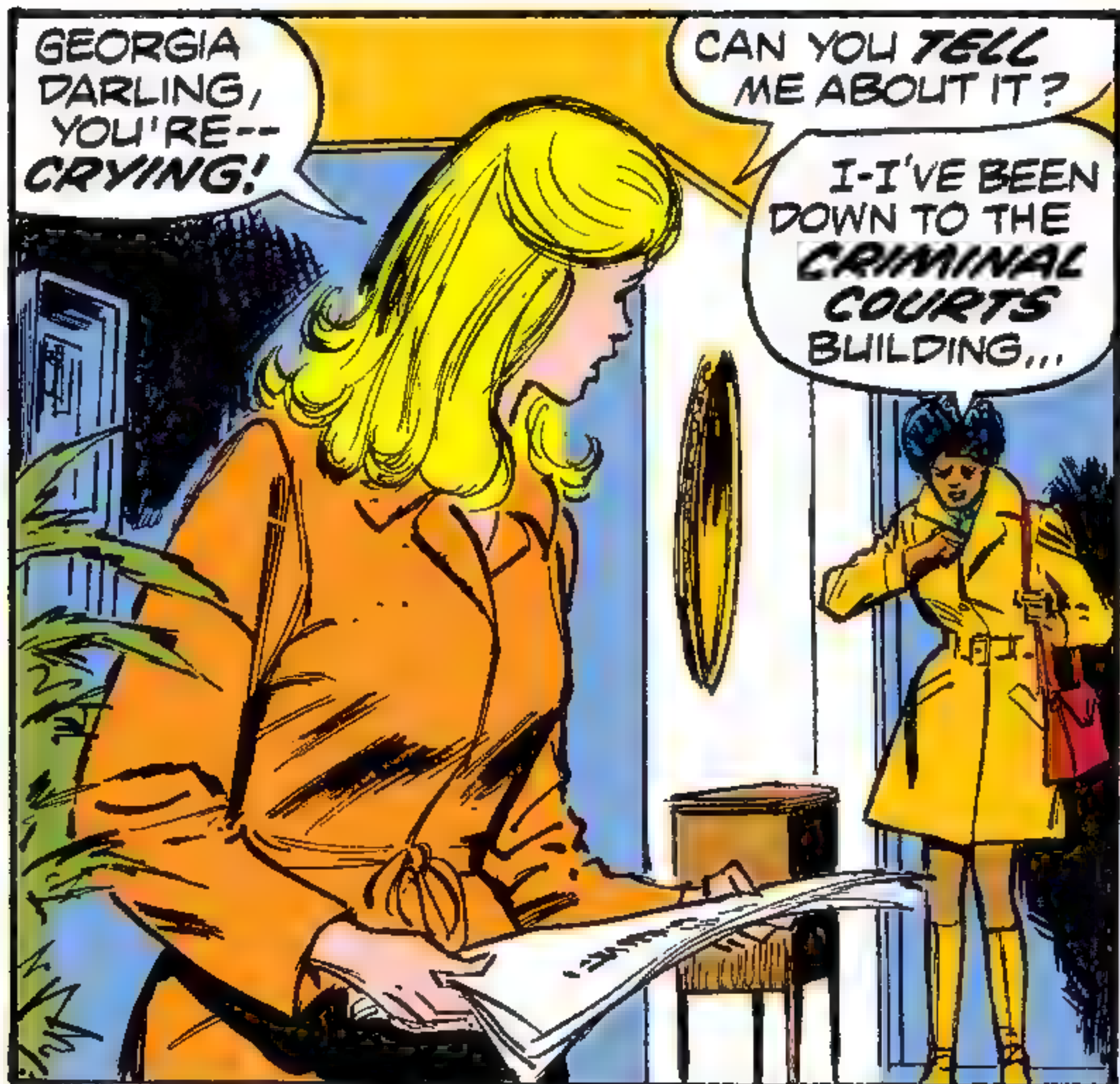
THERE'S
NO WAY ALL OF
THESE CHARACTERS
ARE CLEAN!



MAYBE NOT, BUT I'M
SO TIRED, AND I
DON'T--

THIS IS THE
BIG MAN
WITH THE
GUN!





THAT MAY BE THE **LAW**-- BUT IT SURE AS SHOOTIN' ISN'T-- **JUSTICE!**

I KNOW, GEORGIA, I **KNOW!**

BUT NOW YOU NEED **REST**-- YOU MUST GET YOUR **STRENGTH** BACK.

O-O-KAY, LINDA, YOU'RE **RIGHT.**

I GOT TO BE **STRONG**-- FOR **MAMA**-- FOR MY LITTLE **BROTHERS** AND **SISTERS**--

...I WISH I COULD **DO MORE**--!

IF ONLY **CHRIS** WERE HERE, SHE COULD CHEER UP **GEORGIA**-- CHEER UP ALL OF US-- IN THAT FUNNY, **SARCASTIC WAY** SHE HAS.

BUT **WHERE** IS **CHRIS**?

-- AND TO FACE THE **LONG ROAD** THAT'S AHEAD FOR US ALL.

WHERE COULD OUR **REDHEADED ROOMIE** HAVE **GONE**?

FEVERISHLY, LINDA TRIES TO SEARCH THE PAST FOR CLUES, HOPING THE TERRIBLE EVENTS BEFORE CHRIS' DISAPPEARANCE WILL YIELD UP THEIR SECRETS...

THERE WAS THE NIGHT WEEKS BEFORE, WHEN A **SPEEDING CAR** AND A **CARELESS GIRL** BROUGHT **CHRIS** AND **LINDA** TOGETHER WITH **DR. WILLIAM SUTTON**...

-- AND THE **MYSTERY** THAT ENDED WITH THE **RENOWNED SURGEON'S** **TERRIBLE REVELATION** OF **GUILT!**

THEN THERE WAS THE **YOUNG RESIDENT, DR. JACK TRYON**--

-- WHO HAD THE **PAINFUL TASK** OF FINDING THE **EVIDENCE** AGAINST HIS **SUPERIOR**-- AND THE **MAN CHRIS PALMER LOVED.**

BUT YET, **NONE** OF THIS EXPLAINED WHY **CHRIS** HADN'T RETURNED-- OR WHY HER **FATHER** INQUIRED DAILY, **URGENTLY**--

-- AFTER **THREE LONG, SAD YEARS** OF **SILENCE** BETWEEN THEM.

* **LAST ISSUE**-- ROY.

BUT EVEN THE MOST HAUNTING OF QUESTIONS MUST BE PUT ASIDE, AT LEAST FOR THE MOMENT...

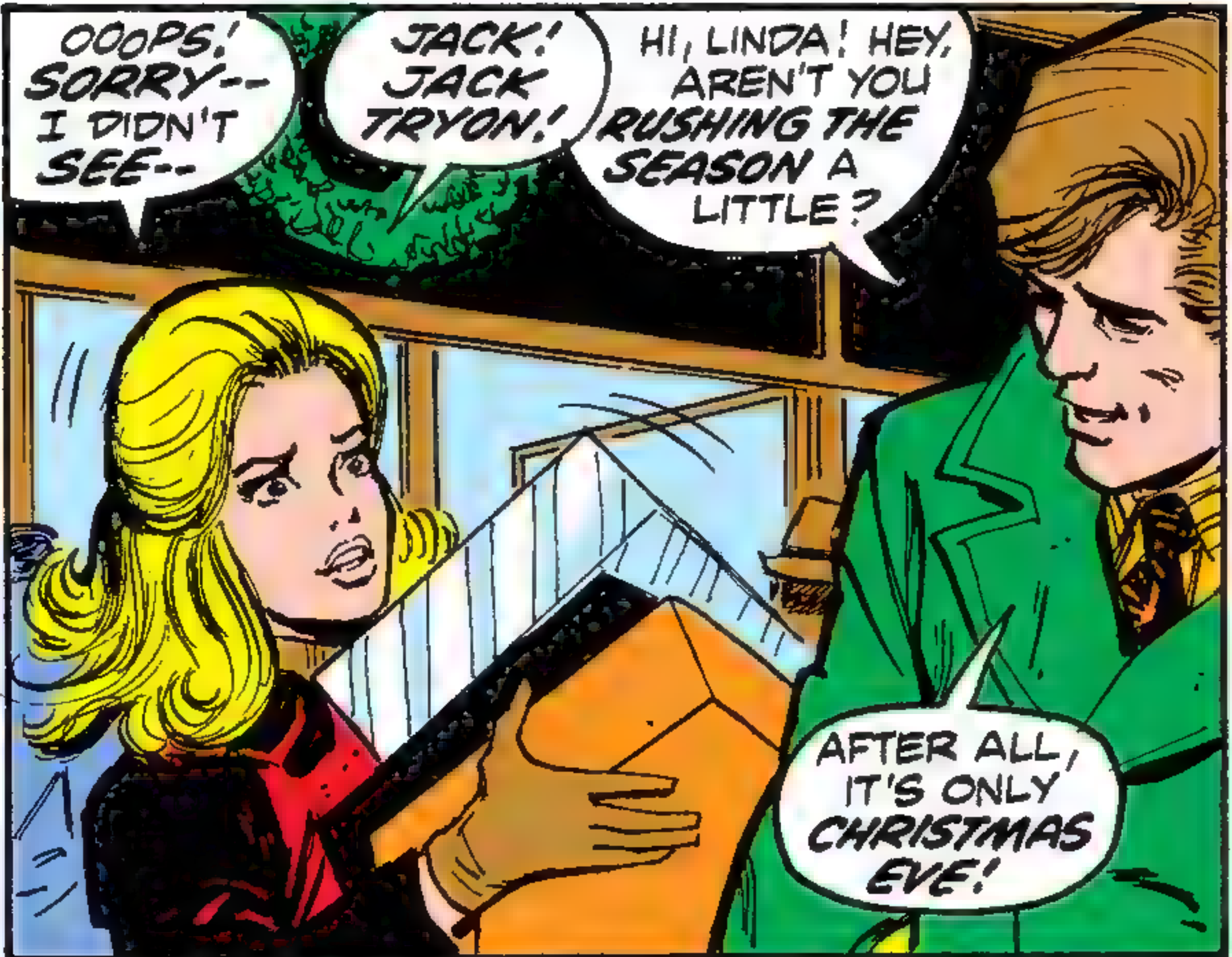


...WHEN THE JINGLE OF SILVER BELLS FILLS THE CITY WITH THE SOUND OF CHRISTMAS!

OOOPS! SORRY-- I DIDN'T SEE--

JACK! JACK TRYON!

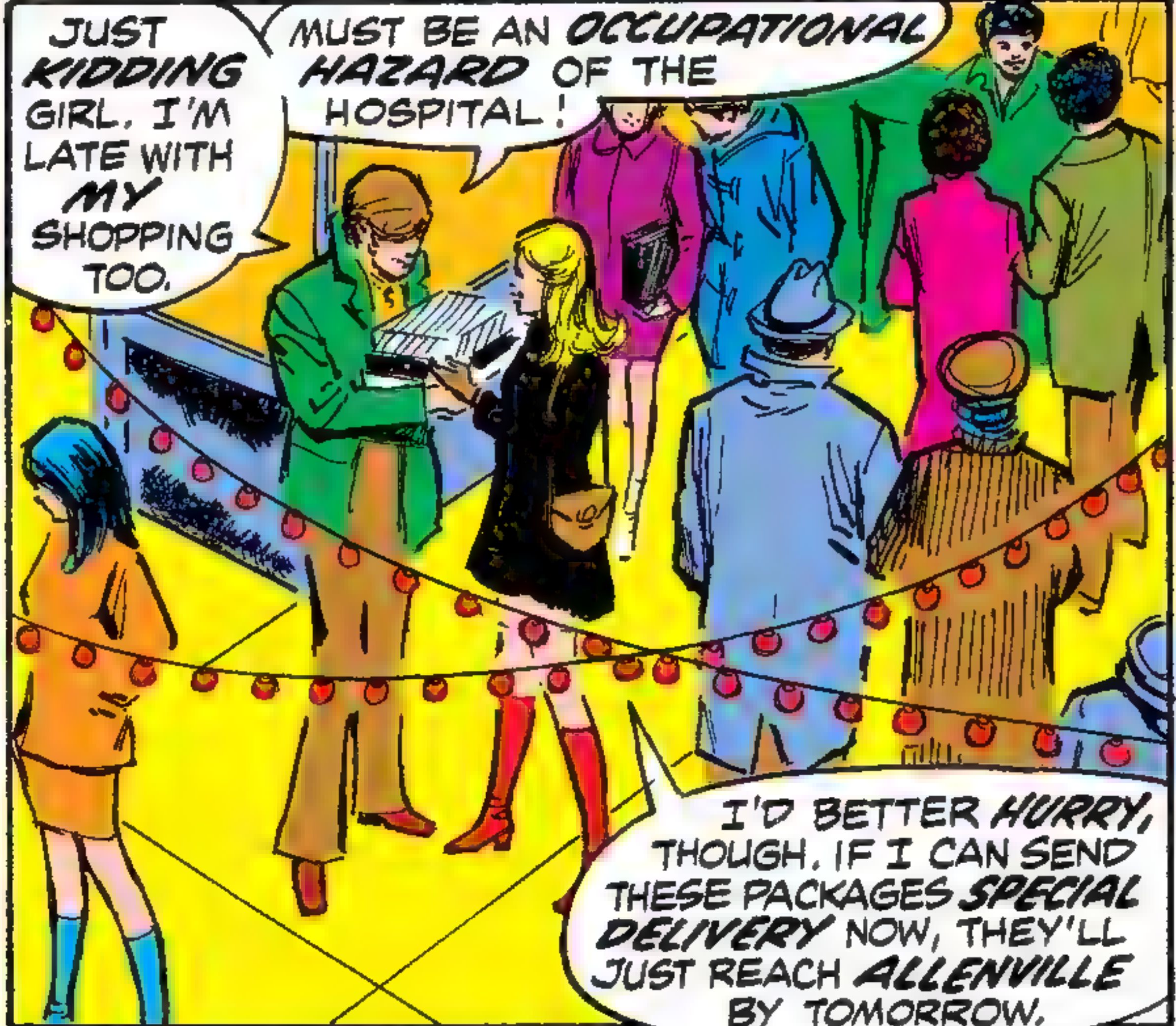
HI, LINDA! HEY, AREN'T YOU RUSHING THE SEASON A LITTLE?



AFTER ALL, IT'S ONLY CHRISTMAS EVE!

JUST KIDDING GIRL. I'M LATE WITH MY SHOPPING TOO.

MUST BE AN OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD OF THE HOSPITAL!



I'D BETTER HURRY, THOUGH. IF I CAN SEND THESE PACKAGES SPECIAL DELIVERY NOW, THEY'LL JUST REACH ALLENVILLE BY TOMORROW.

TO THE POST OFFICE WE GO THEN.

HAVE A CHESTNUT. I'D OFFER YOU A CHRISTMAS PUDDING, BUT...

BUT ON A RESIDENT'S SALARY YOU CAN'T AFFORD IT.



PLEASE, I'VE HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE.

YOU KNOW IT. MY SUPERVISOR SAYS I'M COW NURSE ON THE TOTEM POLE, SO--

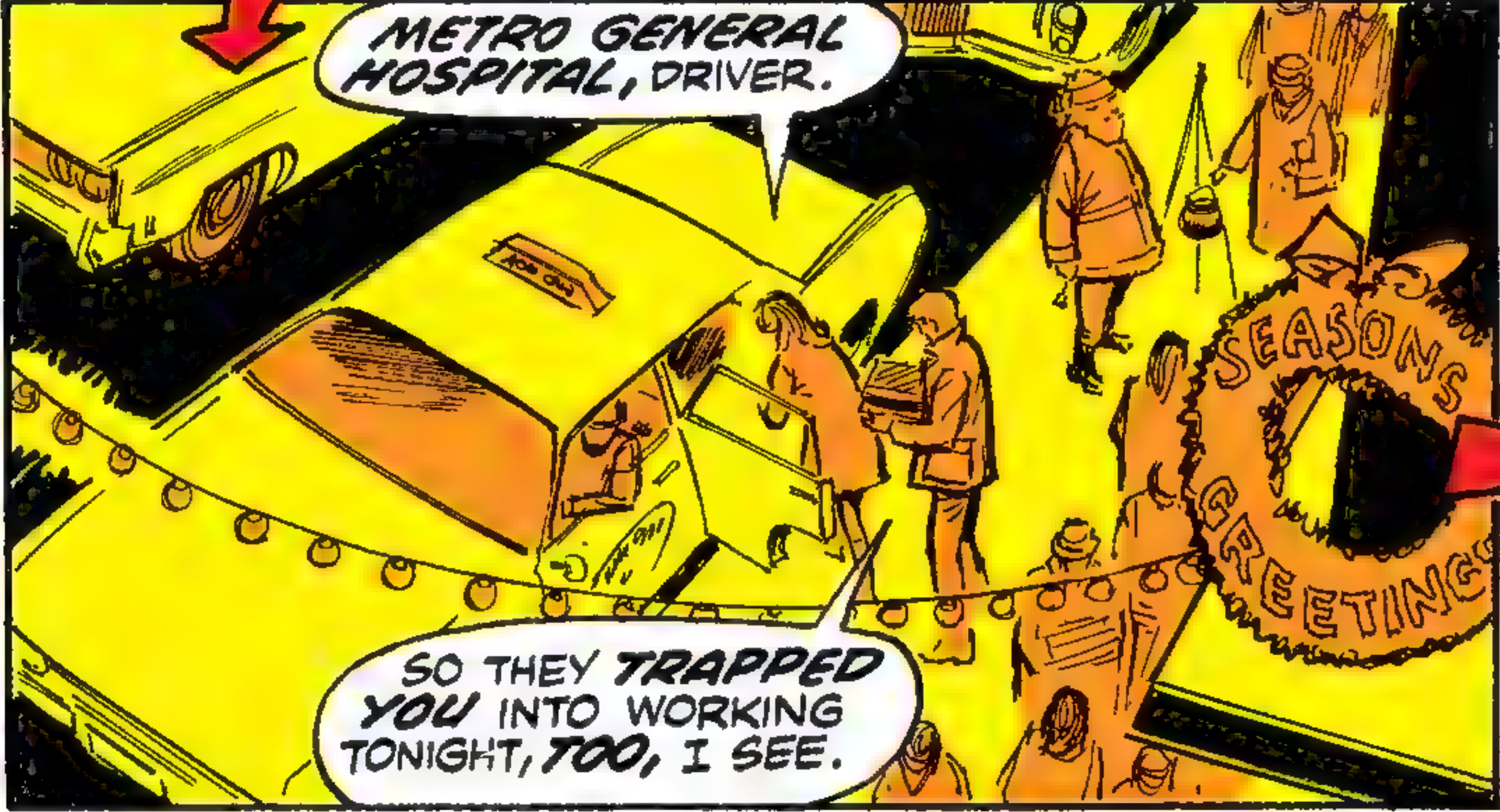
SAME THING HAPPENED TO ME IN THE RESIDENTS' PECKING ORDER.

I'LL HAVE GRAY HAIR BEFORE I EVER SEE SANTA COME DOWN MY OWN CHIMNEY AGAIN.

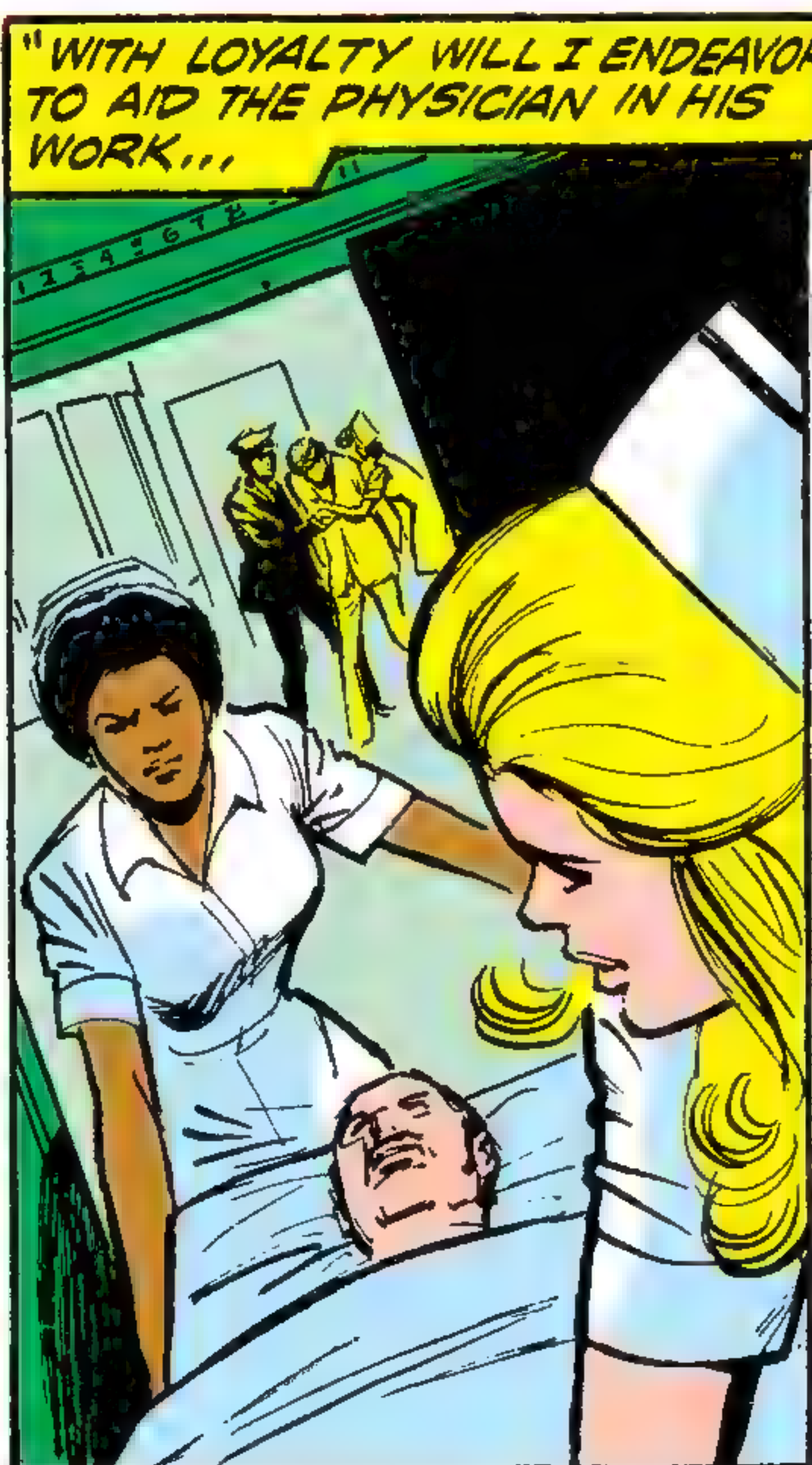
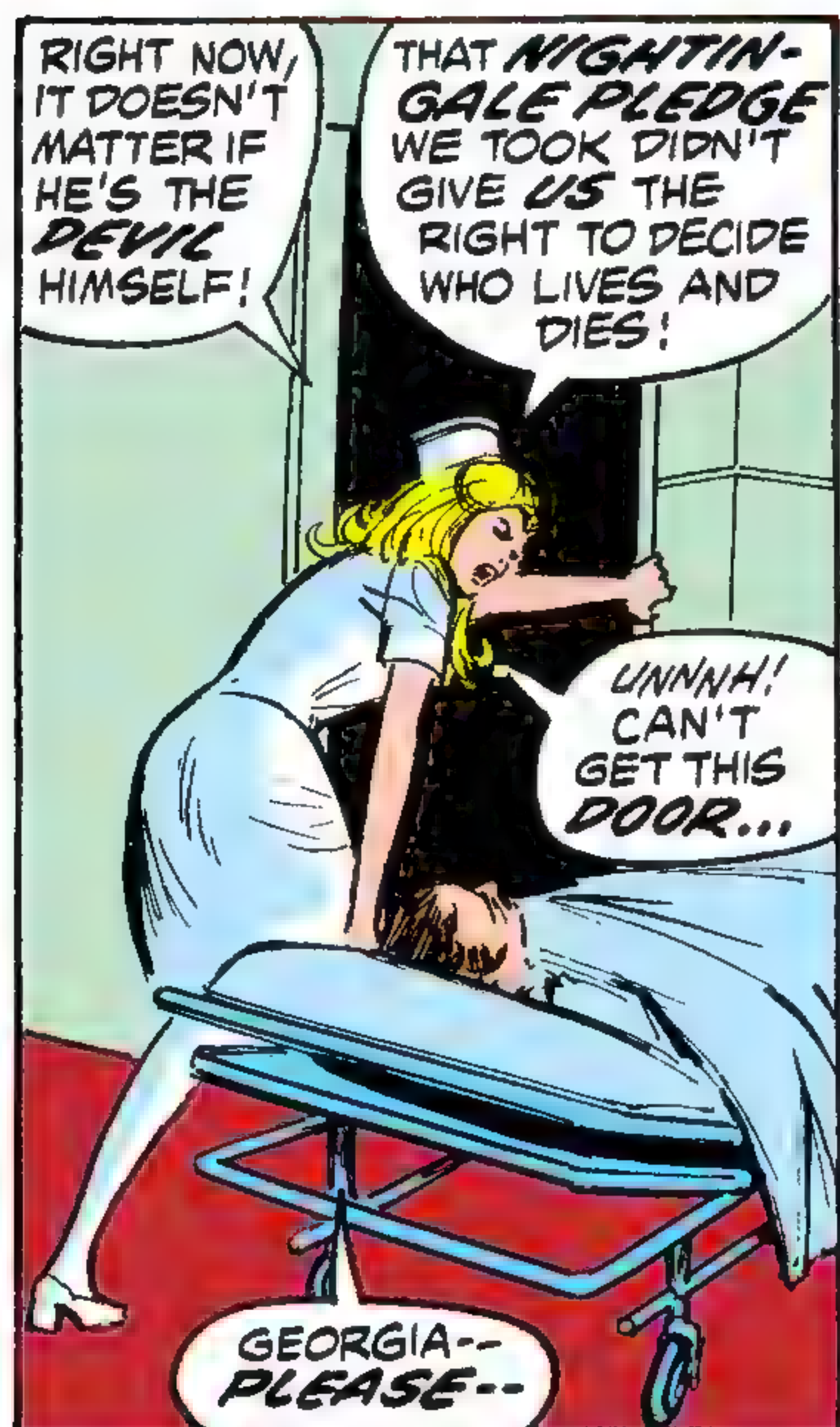
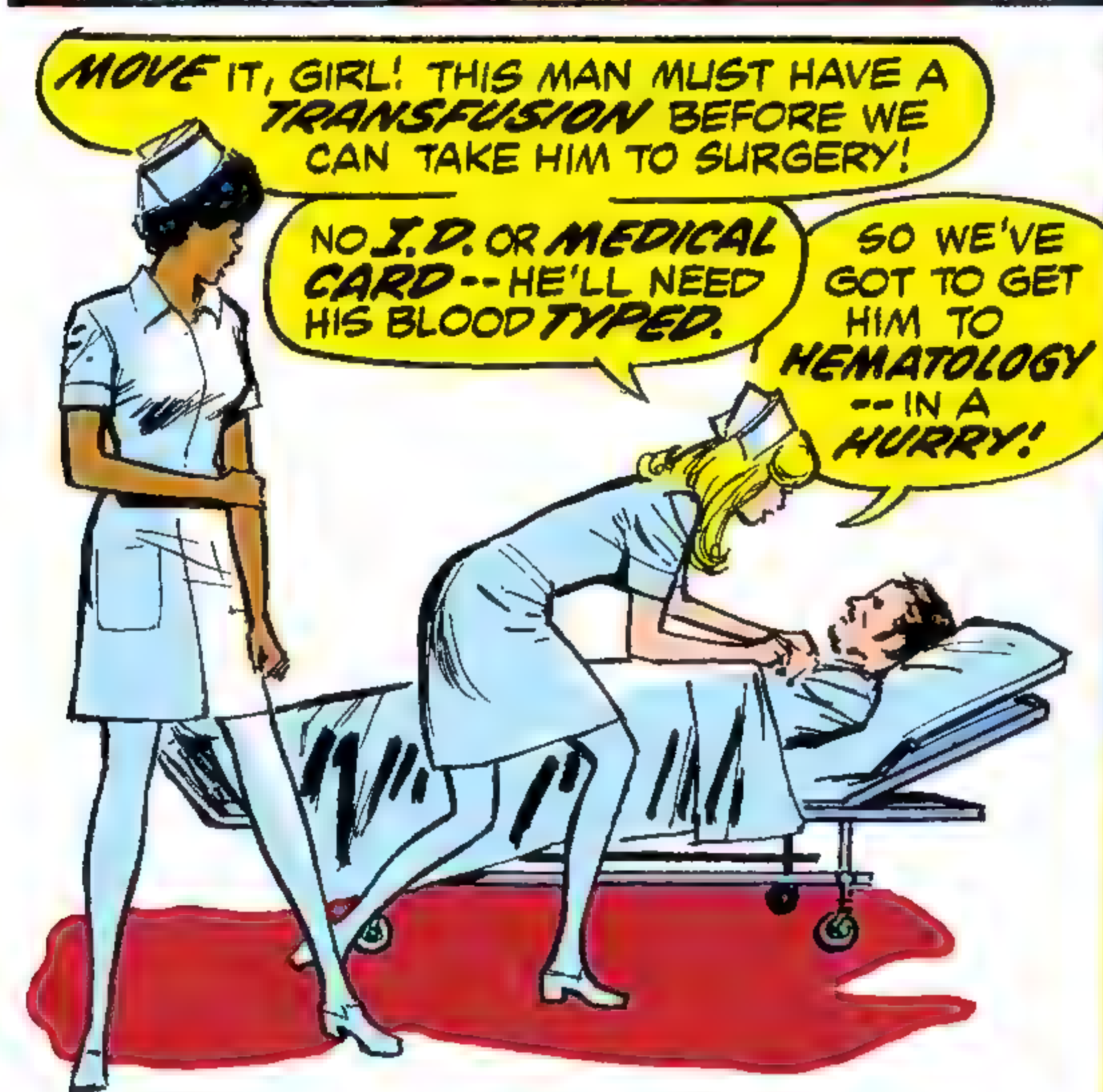
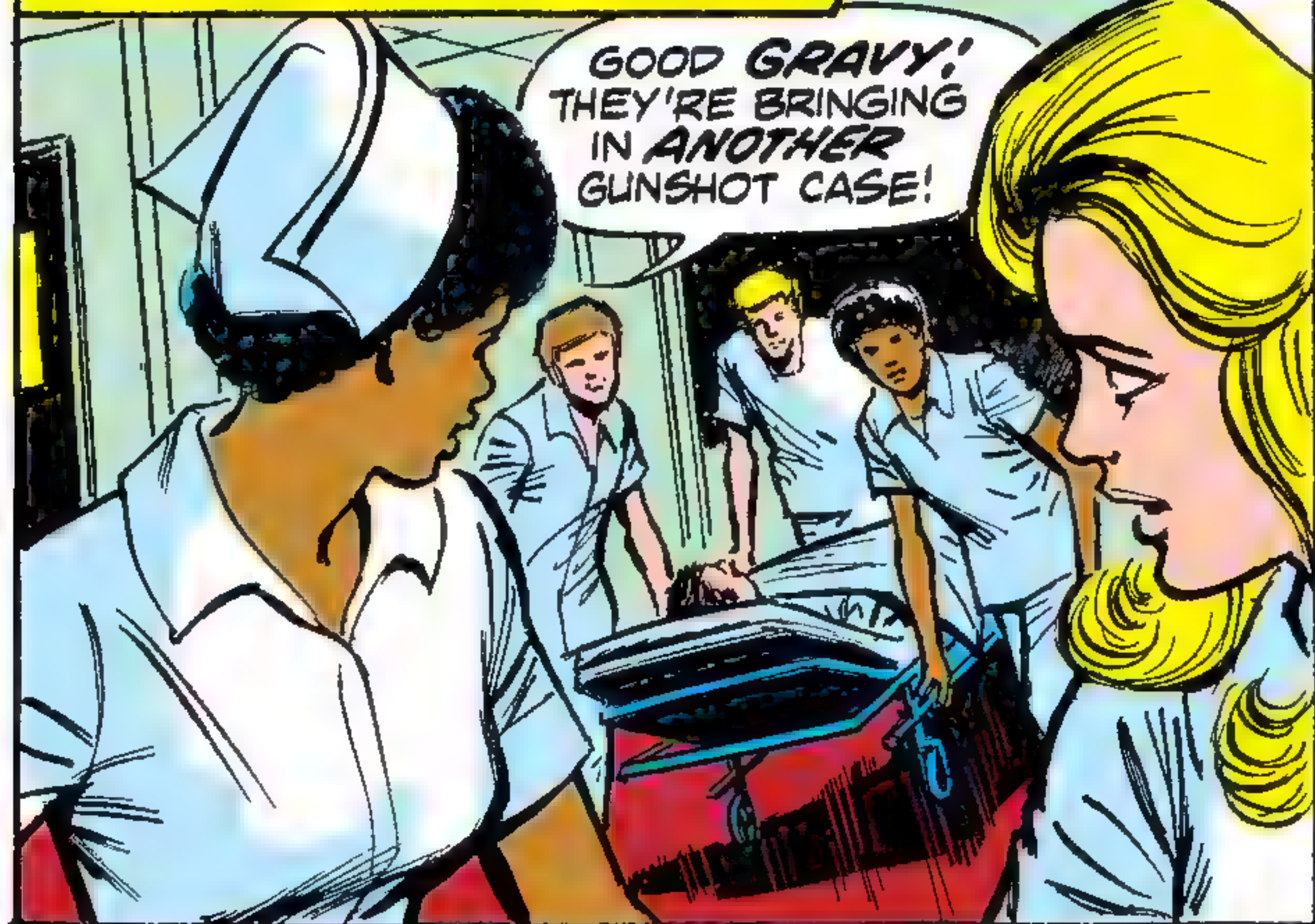


METRO GENERAL HOSPITAL, DRIVER.

SO THEY TRAPPED YOU INTO WORKING TONIGHT, TOO, I SEE.



ELEVEN O'CLOCK ROLLS AROUND ALL TOO **EARLY** FOR THOSE ON THIS NIGHT'S SHIFT. AND NO **SOONER** DO THEY GO ON DUTY, WHEN...





THAT'S THE FIRST AND LAST TIME, BABY!

EVEN IF IT MEANS LOSING MY JOB, I'LL NEVER DO *ANYTHING* FOR ONE OF THOSE ANIMALS AGAIN!

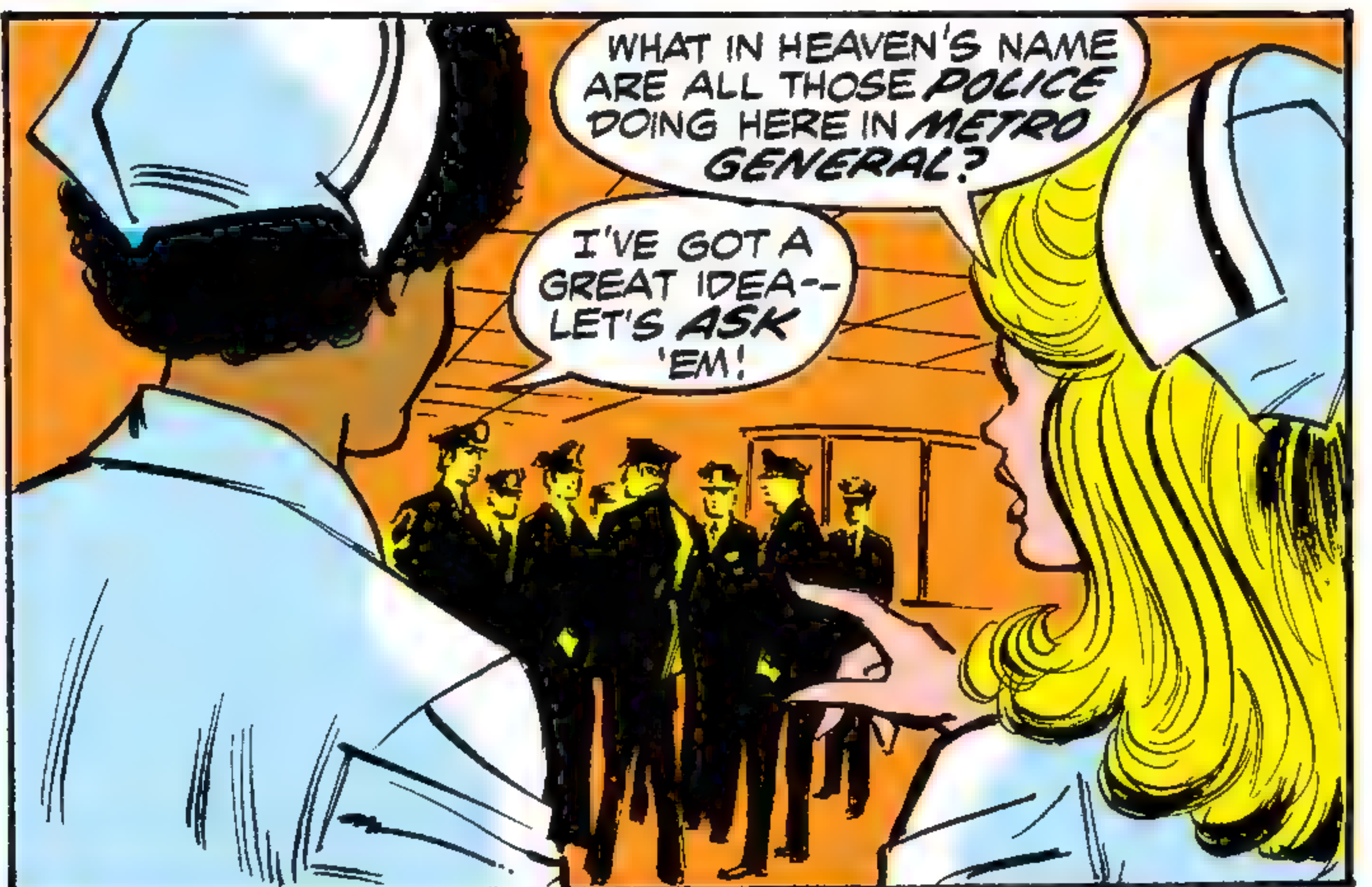
GEORGIA--LOOK!



PARDON ME, OFFICER, BUT...

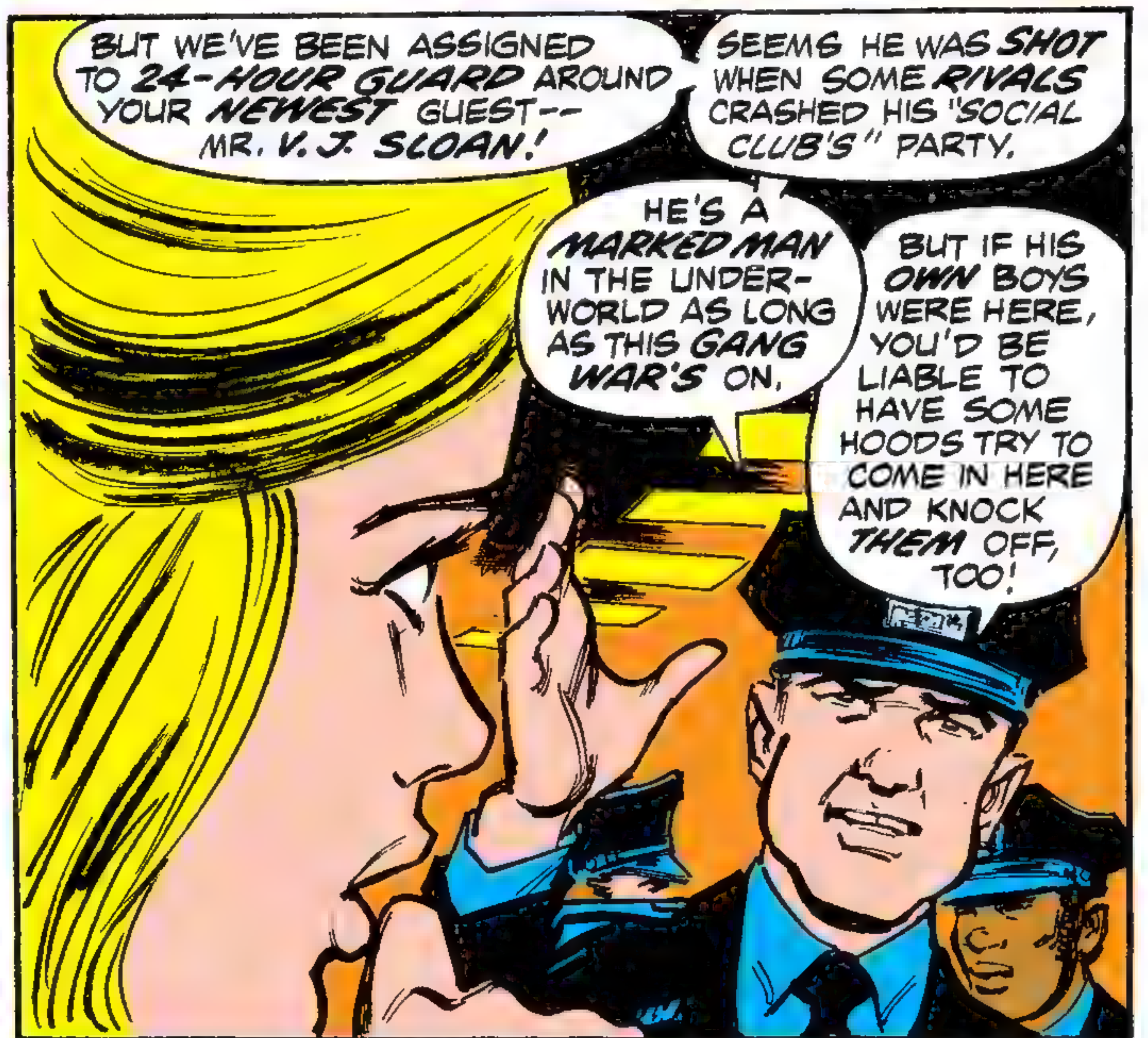
WELL, IF IT'S NOT THE LITTLE LADY FROM BEHIND THE *MUG BOOKS*!

HOPE MY BOYS AND I AREN'T GETTING UNDERFOOT--



WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME ARE ALL THOSE *POLICE* DOING HERE IN *METRO GENERAL*?

I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA--LET'S ASK 'EM!



BUT WE'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO 24-HOUR GUARD AROUND YOUR *NEWEST* GUEST--MR. V. J. SLOAN!

SEEMS HE WAS *SHOT* WHEN SOME *RIVALS* CRASHED HIS "SOCIAL CLUB'S" PARTY.

HE'S A *MARKED MAN* IN THE UNDERWORLD AS LONG AS THIS *GANG WAR'S* ON.

BUT IF HIS *OWN BOYS* WERE HERE, YOU'D BE LIABLE TO HAVE SOME HOODS TRY TO COME IN HERE AND KNOCK *THEM* OFF, TOO!

FINALLY, THE HOSPITAL ADJUSTS TO THE PRESENCE OF THE POLICE, AND THE NURSES PROCEED TO THEIR MORE ROUTINE TASKS...

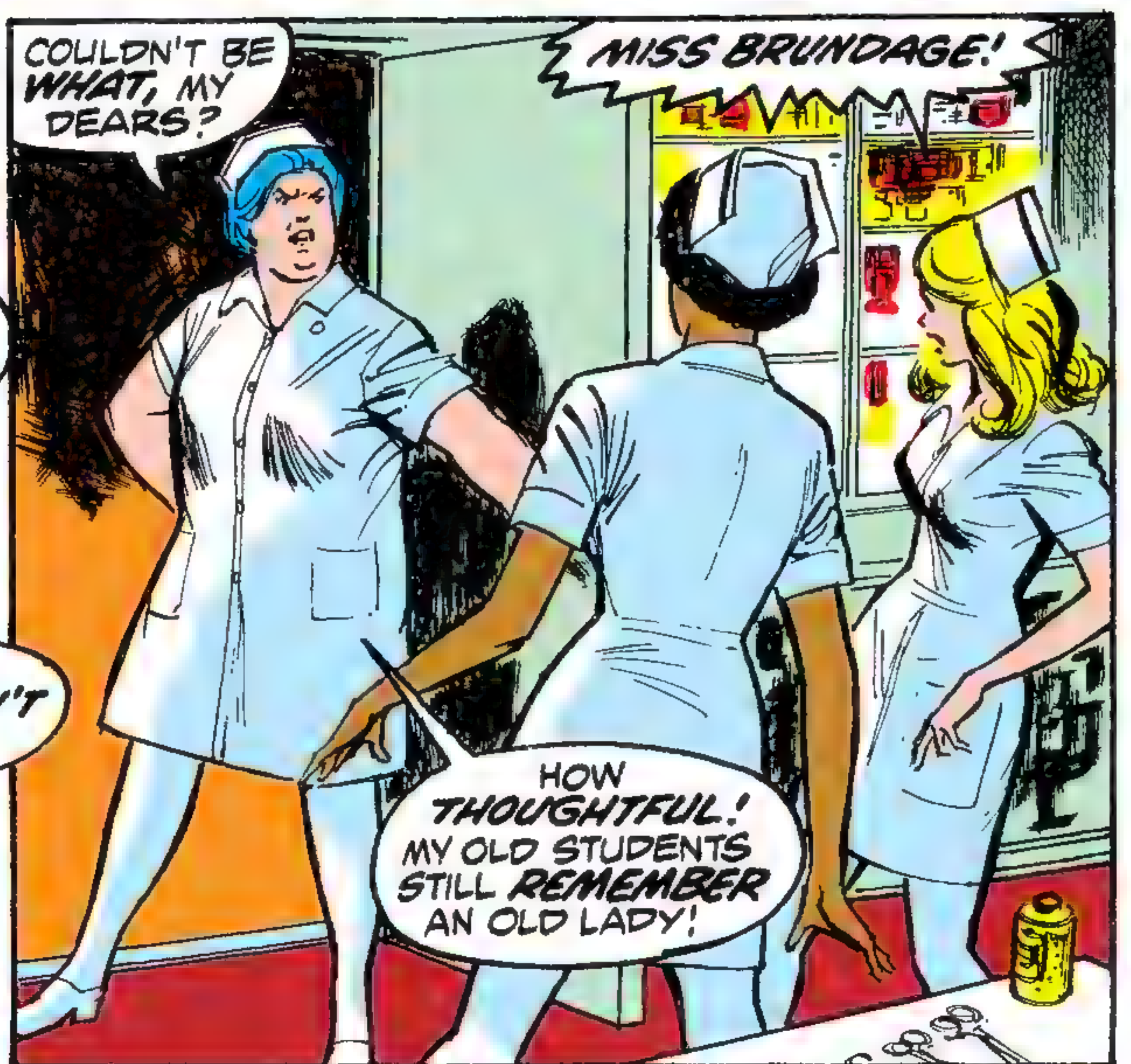


THEN...

SSSH! WHAT'S THAT?

I'VE HEARD THOSE SIZE 10 FEET BEFORE!

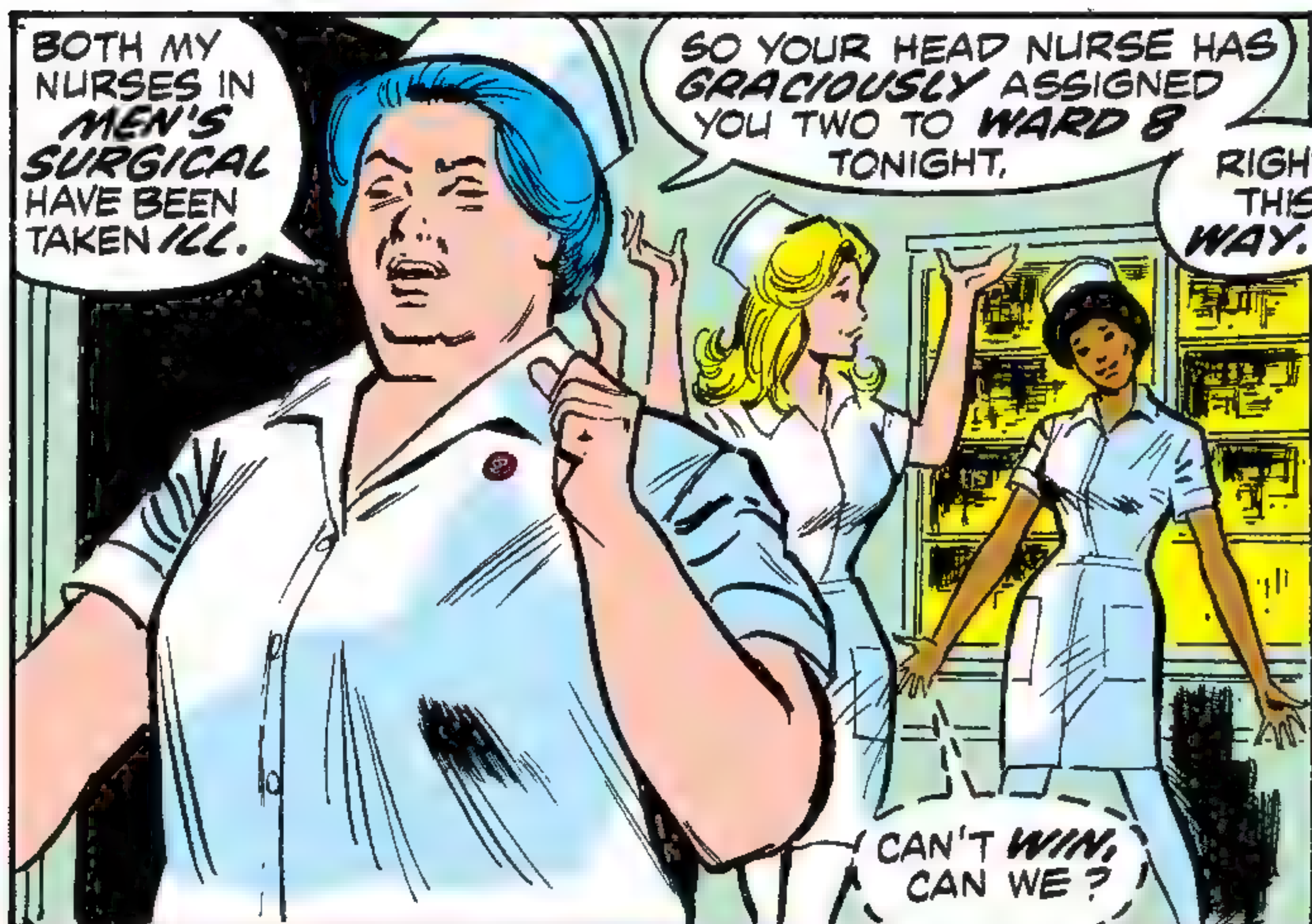
IT COULDN'T BE...



COULDN'T BE WHAT, MY DEARS?

MISS BRUNDAGE!

HOW *THOUGHTFUL*! MY OLD STUDENTS STILL REMEMBER AN OLD LADY!



BOTH MY NURSES IN **MEN'S SURGICAL** HAVE BEEN TAKEN **ILL**.

SO YOUR HEAD NURSE HAS **GRACIOUSLY** ASSIGNED YOU TWO TO **WARD 8** TONIGHT.

RIGHT THIS WAY.

CAN'T WIN, CAN WE?



SOME TIME LATER, WHILE POURING OVER PATIENTS' CHARTS, GEORGIA IS SUDDENLY **SNAPPED** OUT OF HER DEEP THOUGHT --

-- INTO A **BLAST OF NOISE**.

MUSIC? NOW WHERE COULD IT --?

BETTER CHECK THIS OUT.



NEVER DID CLAIM I WAS MUCH OF A **DETECTIVE**!

I **BLOODHOUNDED** MYSELF RIGHT INTO THE **CAFETERIA**.

MERRY XMAS



HI, GEORGIA!

ON YOUR **COFFEE BREAK**?

COME SEE WHAT A **BASH** THE SENIOR STUDENTS FIXED UP FOR US POOR, LONELY **NIGHT OWLS**!



DR. TRYON, I SEE DANCING TO THE TUNE OF A TRANSISTOR RADIO ISN'T **YOUR BAG**, EITHER.

AFRAID **NOT**, MISS JENKINS.



HEY NOW -- YOU DIDN'T HAPPEN TO BRING **LINDA** -- **MISS CARTER** -- ALONG, DID YOU?

SORRY, DOC. THAT "LADY WITH THE LAMP" IS MAKING THREE O'CLOCK ROUNDS!



AND A LITTLE **CRICKET** TELLS ME I SHOULD JOIN HER.

BY **JIMINY**, I THINK HE JUST GAVE ME THE **SAME MESSAGE**.

C'MON, I'LL WALK YOU TO THE **ELEVATOR**.



WHERE HAVE YOU *BEEN*? I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL--

I JUST FOLLOWED MY *EARS*, AND WOUND UP AT THE *SENIORS'* PARTY.

COUNT IT AS MY *BREAK*.

LISTEN, I'M ONLY WORRIED BECAUSE I RETURNED FROM MY ROUNDS-- AND COULDN'T FIND *MISS BRUNDAGE*.



IF SHE'S NOT IN THE *CAFETERIA*--

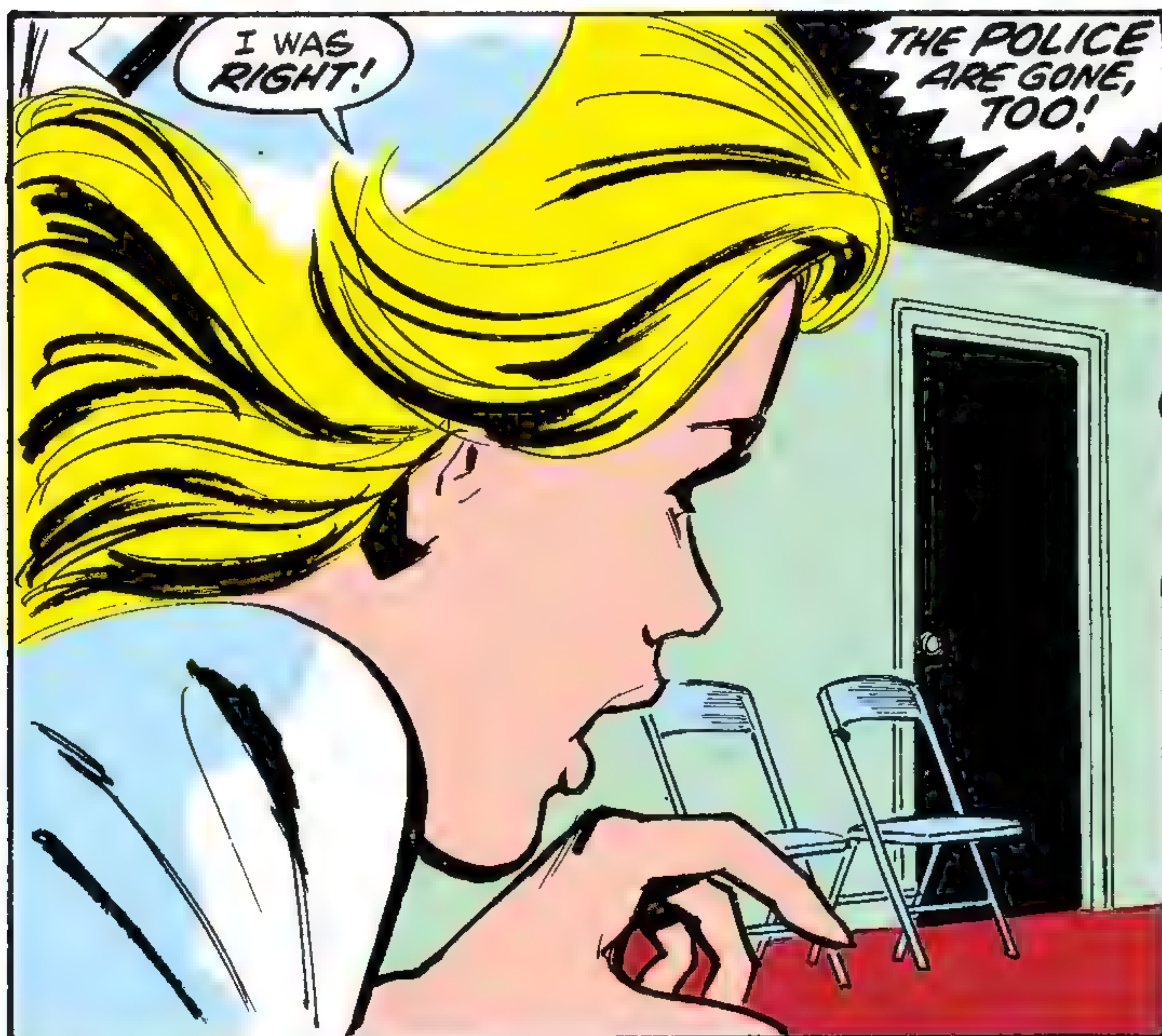
--WHICH I CAN *GUARANTEE*-- SHE *ISN'T*!



-- THEN *WHERE* IS SHE?

WAIT RIGHT THERE, *GEORGIA*-- I'LL BE BACK IN A *SEC*!

I'VE GOT A *HUNCH*--



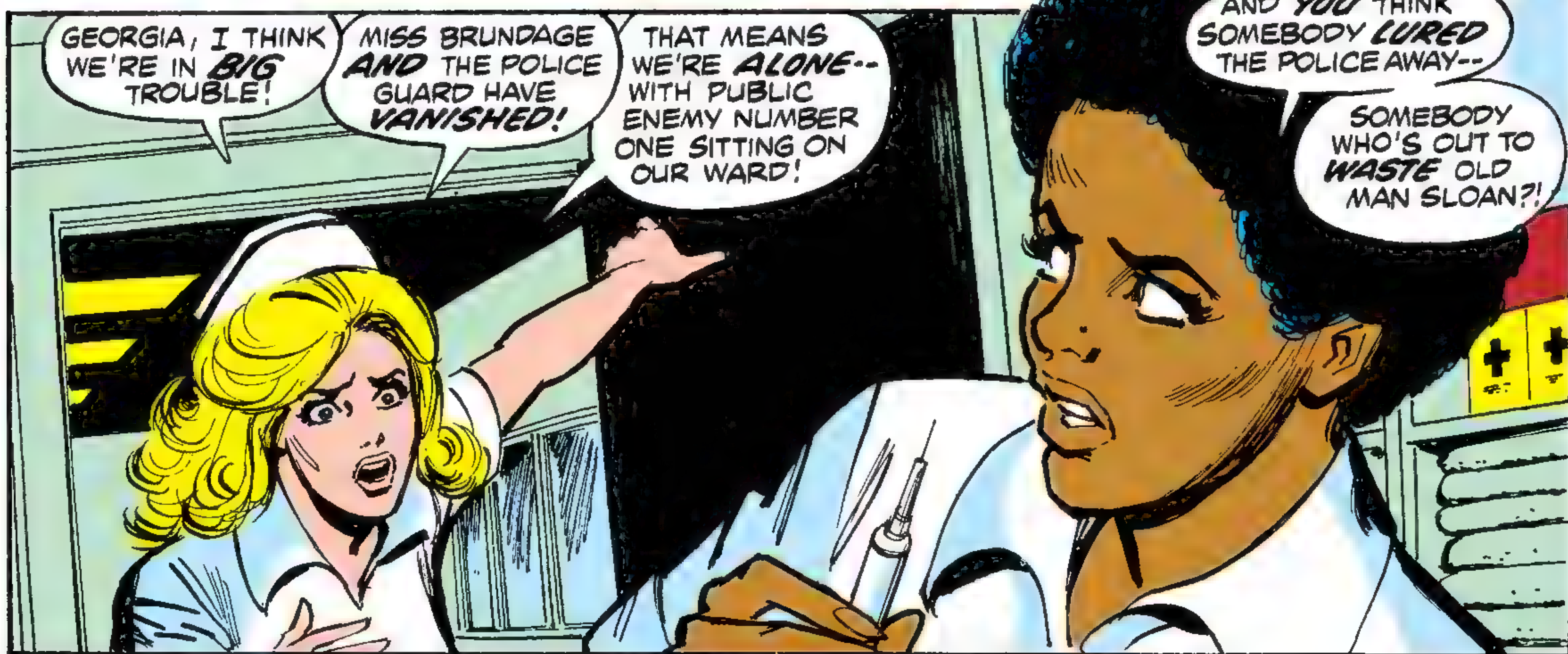
I WAS *RIGHT*!

THE *POLICE* ARE GONE, TOO!



KEEP IT *COOL*, *LINDA*. CAN'T *WAKE* THE *PATIENTS*!

BUT, IF IT'S WHAT I *FEAR*--!



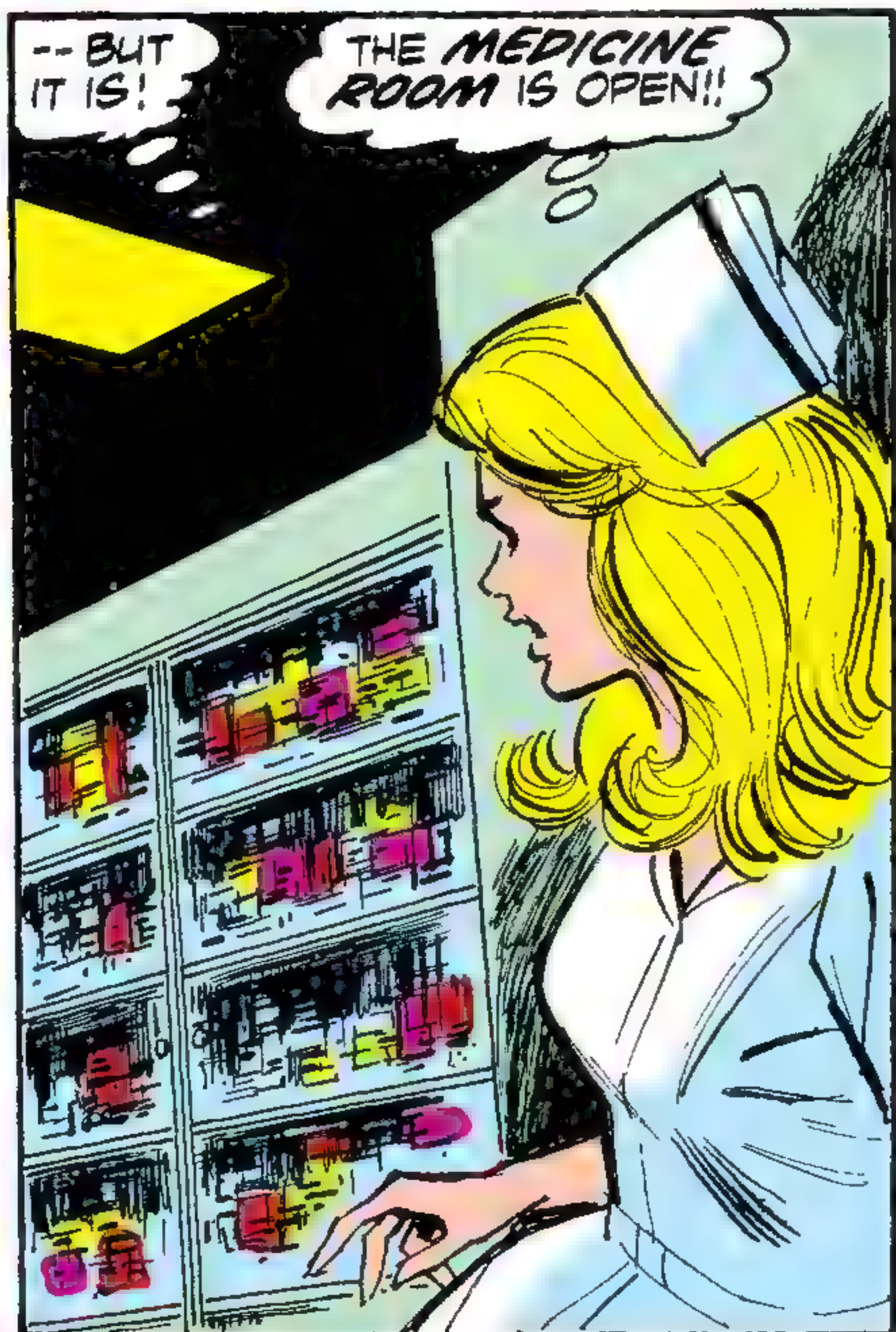
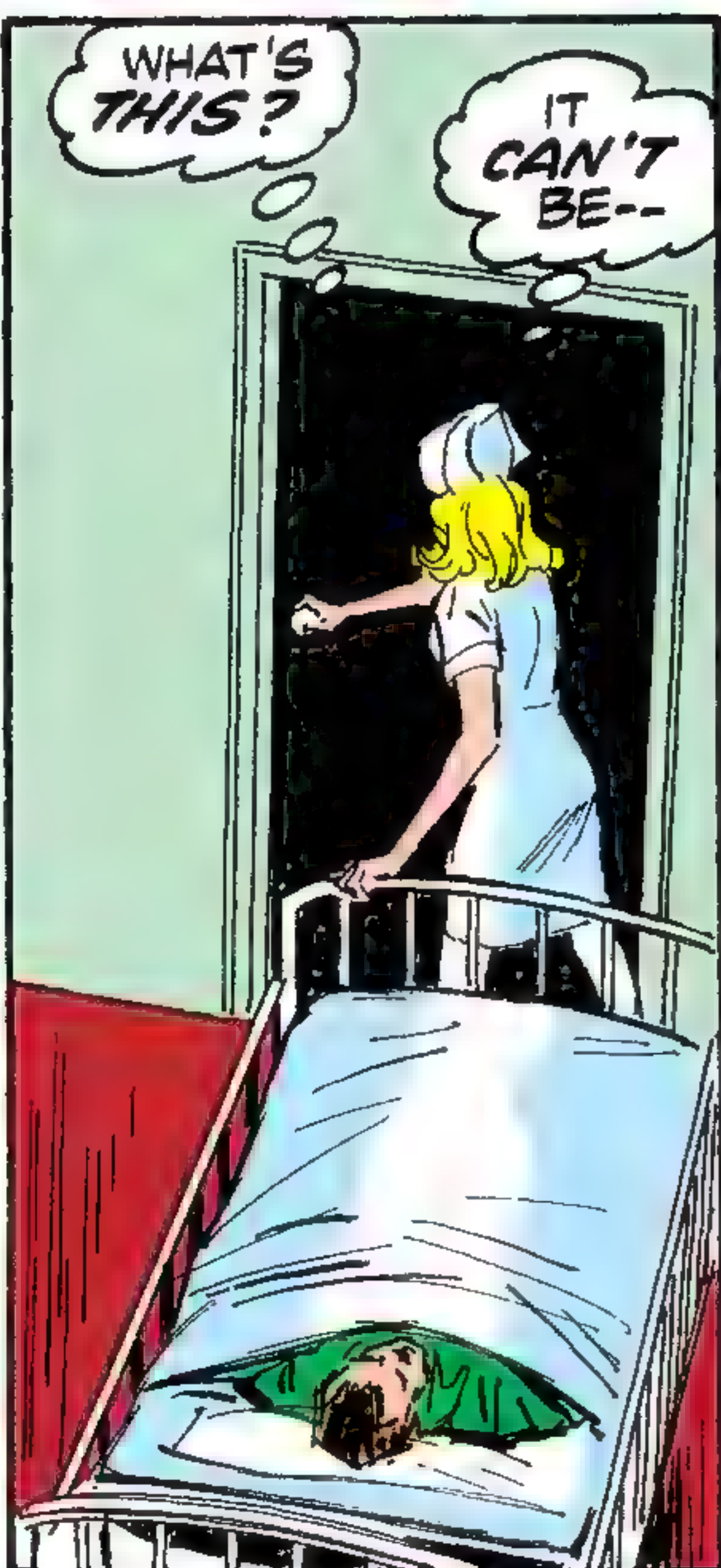
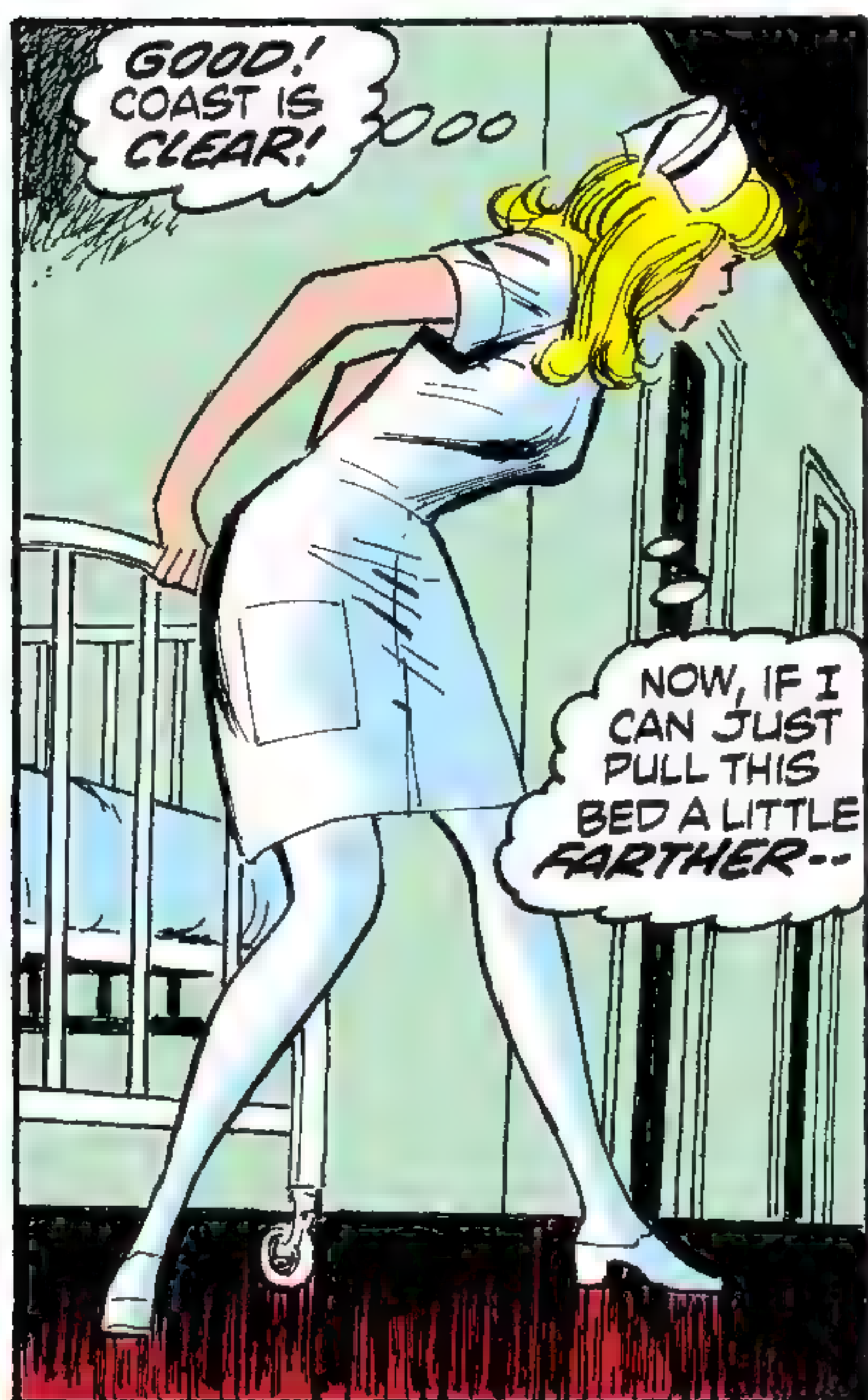
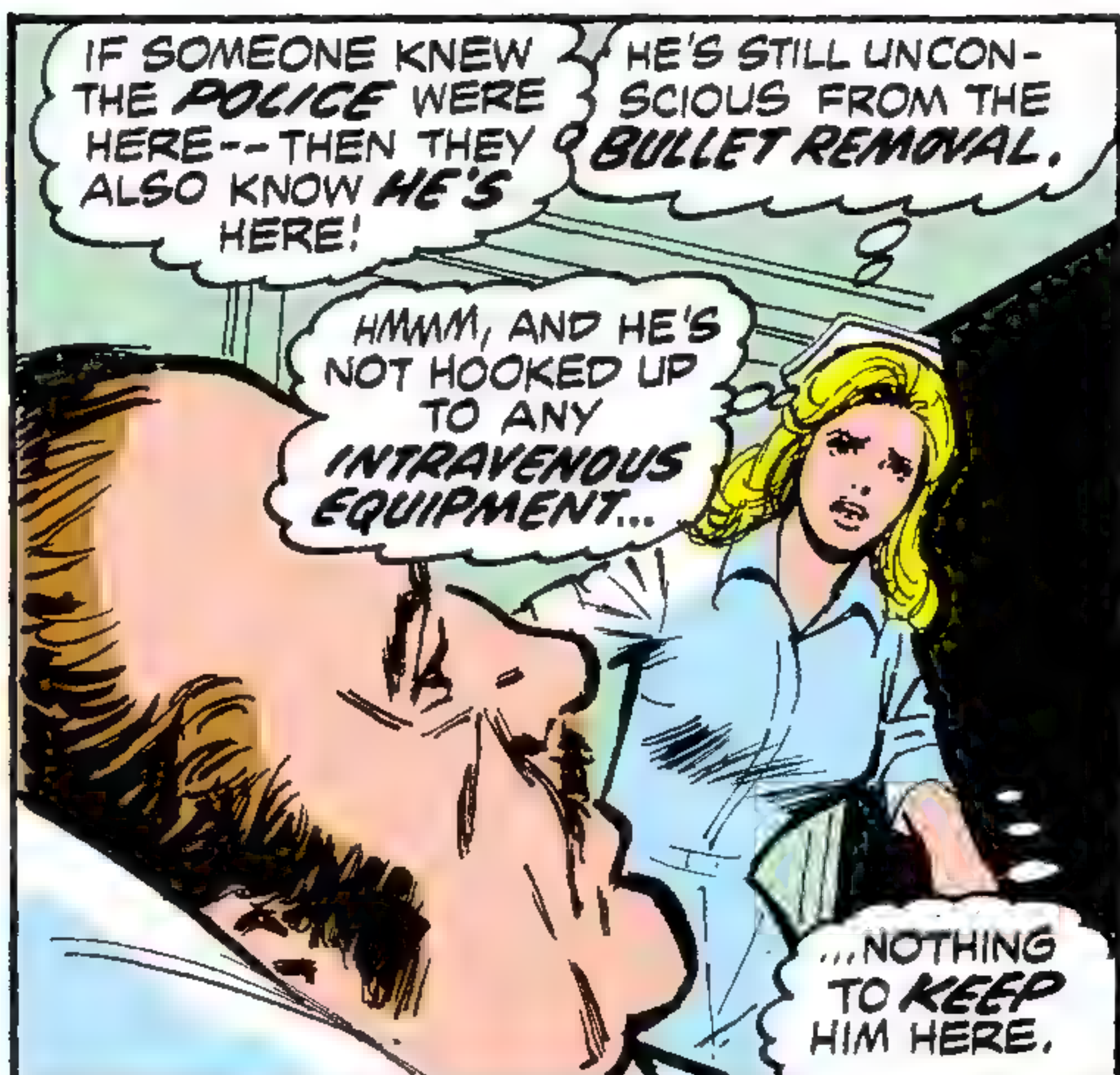
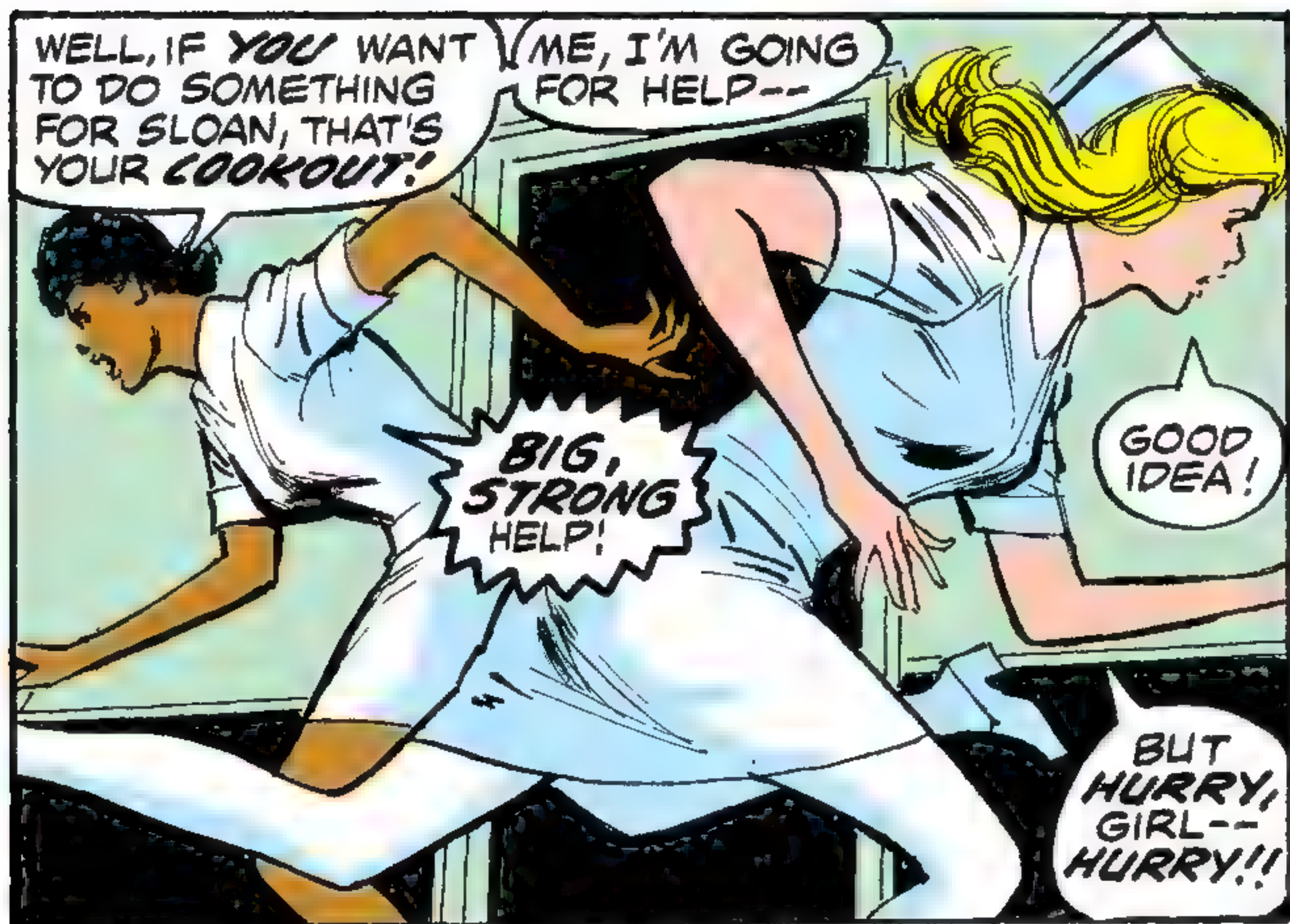
GEORGIA, I THINK WE'RE IN *BIG* TROUBLE!

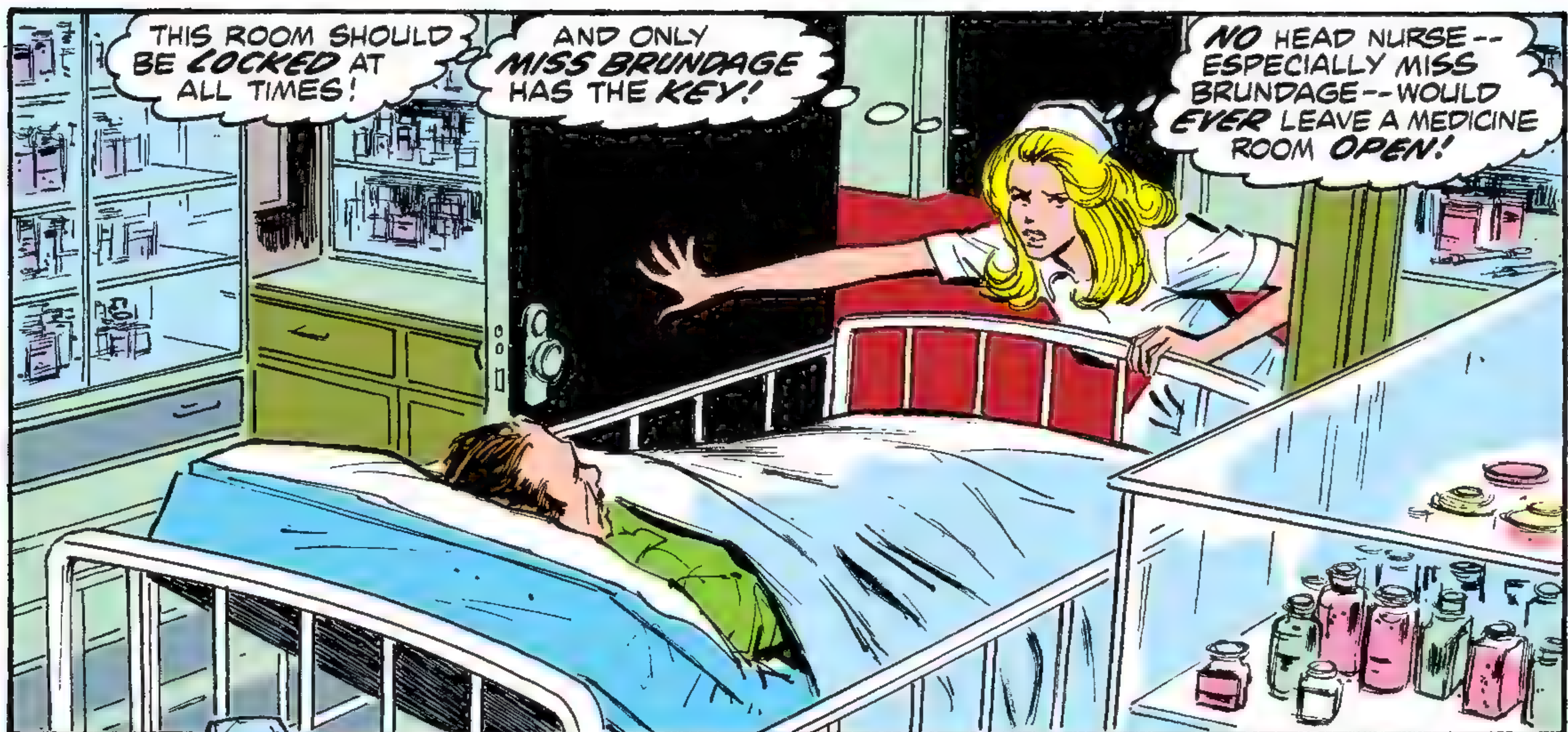
MISS BRUNDAGE AND THE *POLICE* GUARD HAVE *VANISHED*!

THAT MEANS WE'RE *ALONE*-- WITH *PUBLIC ENEMY* NUMBER ONE SITTING ON OUR *WARD*!

AND YOU THINK SOMEBODY *LURED* THE *POLICE* AWAY--

SOMEBODY WHO'S OUT TO *WASTE* OLD *MAN SLOAN*?!

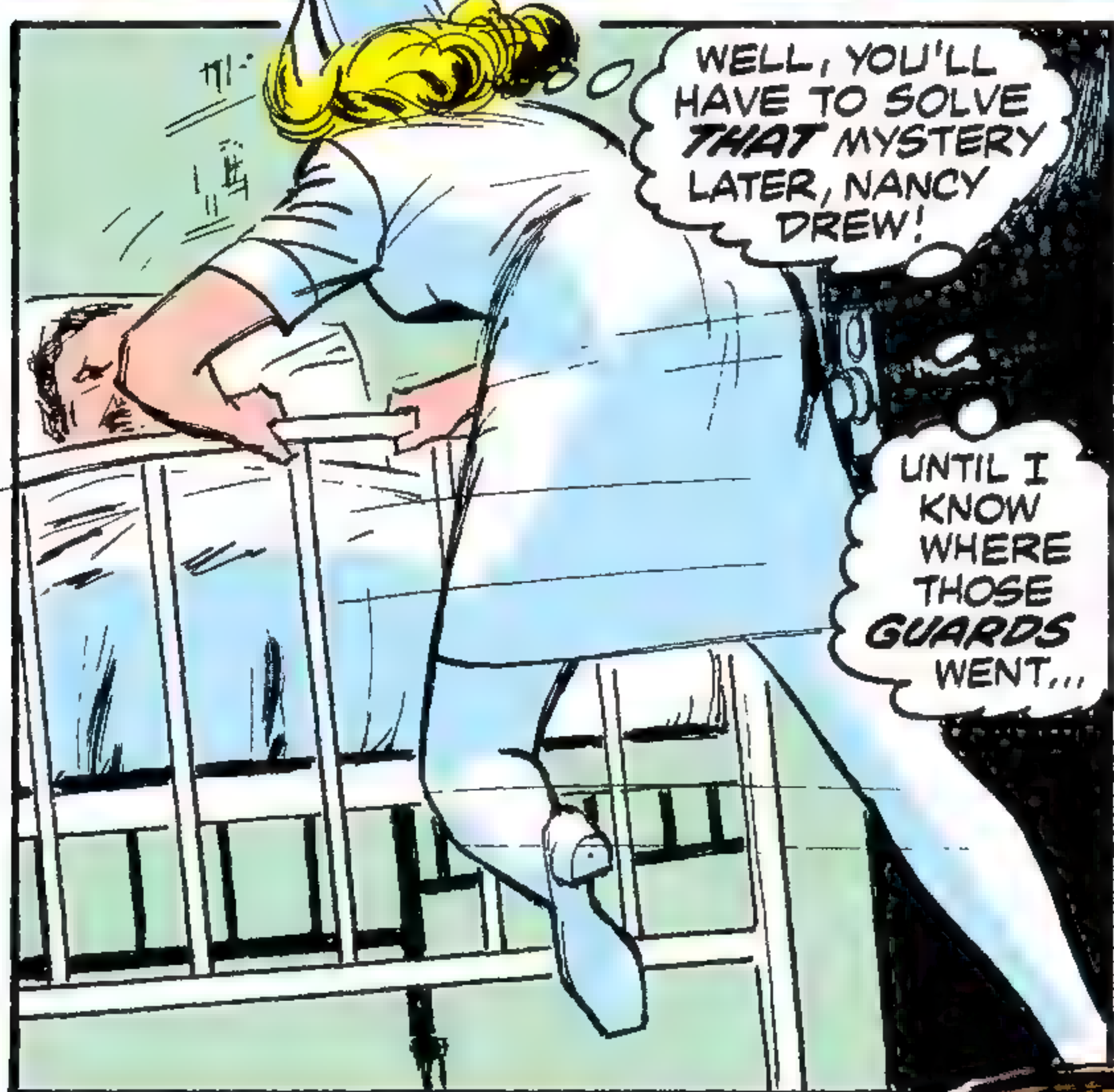




THIS ROOM SHOULD
BE **LOCKED** AT
ALL TIMES!

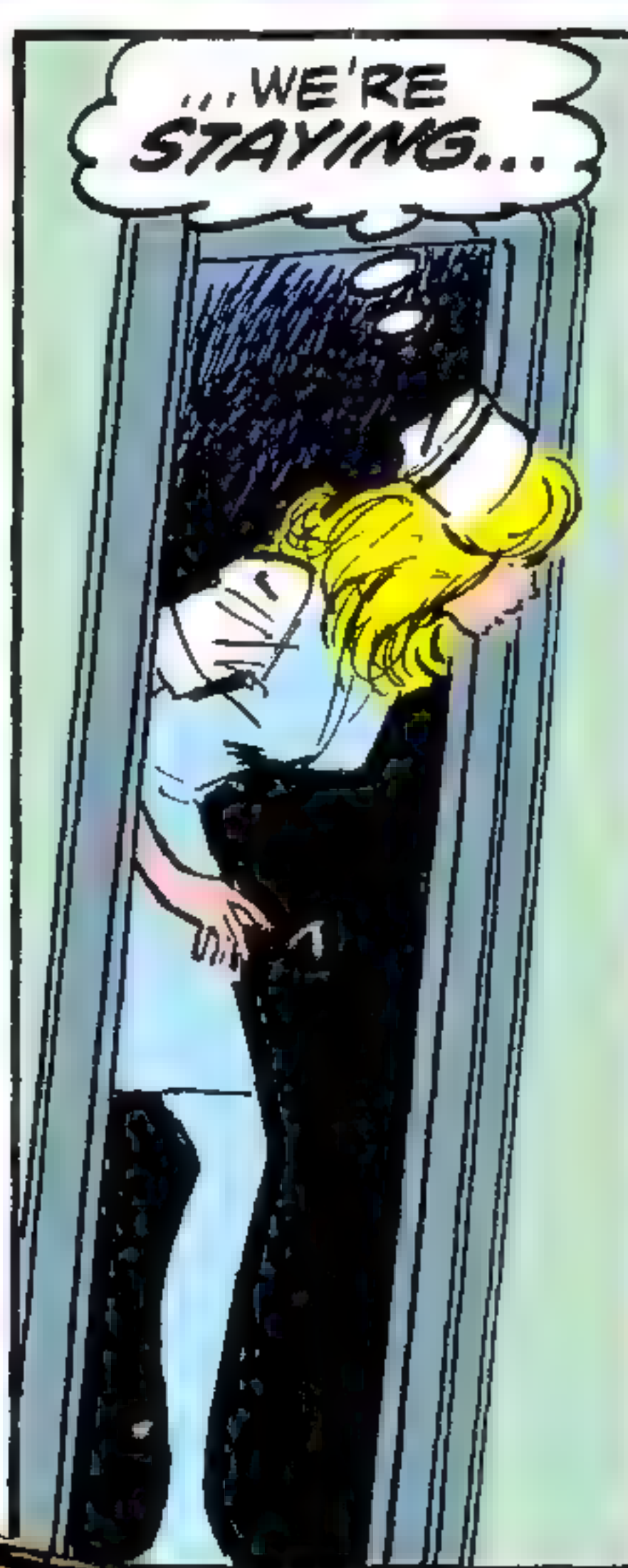
AND ONLY
MISS BRUNDAGE
HAS THE **KEY**!

NO HEAD NURSE--
ESPECIALLY **MISS**
BRUNDAGE--WOULD
EVER LEAVE A MEDICINE
ROOM **OPEN**!



WELL, YOU'LL
HAVE TO SOLVE
THAT MYSTERY
LATER, **NANCY**
DREW!

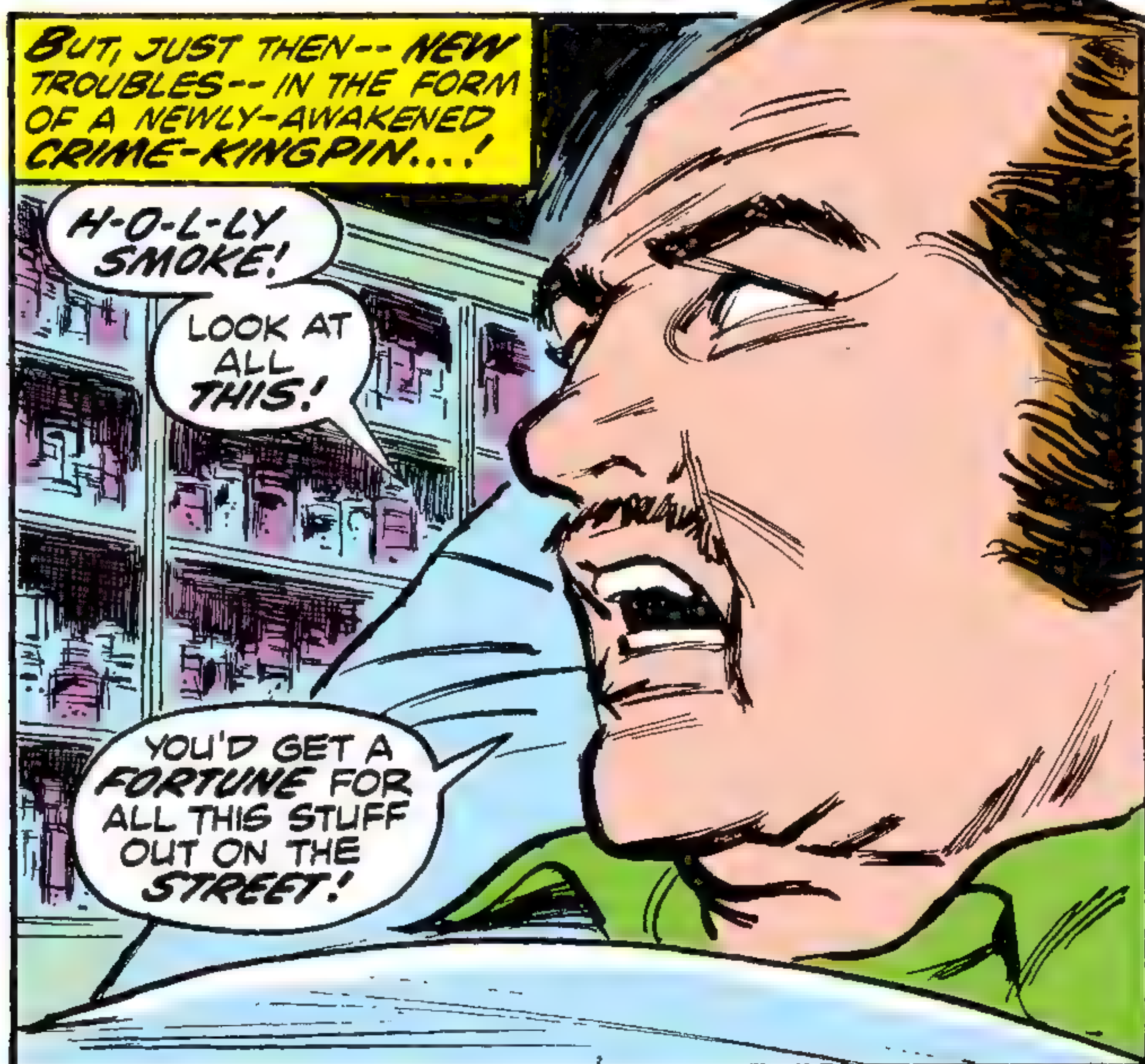
UNTIL I
KNOW
WHERE
THOSE
GUARDS
WENT...



...WE'RE
STAYING...



KLIK!

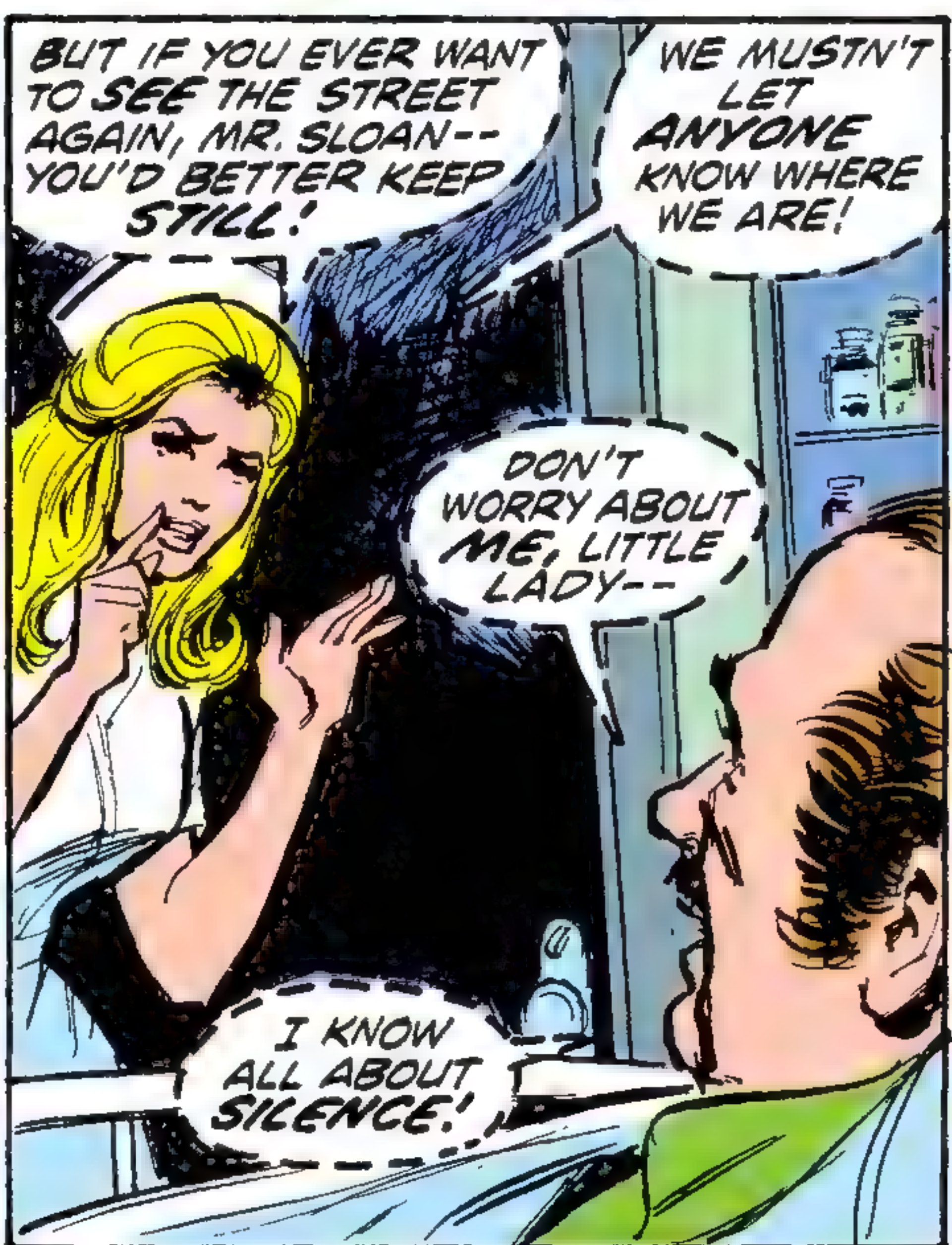


BUT, JUST THEN-- NEW
TROUBLES-- IN THE FORM
OF A NEWLY-AWAKENED
CRIME-KINGPIN...!

H-O-L-L-Y
SMOKE!

LOOK AT
ALL
THIS!

YOU'D GET A
FORTUNE FOR
ALL THIS STUFF
OUT ON THE
STREET!

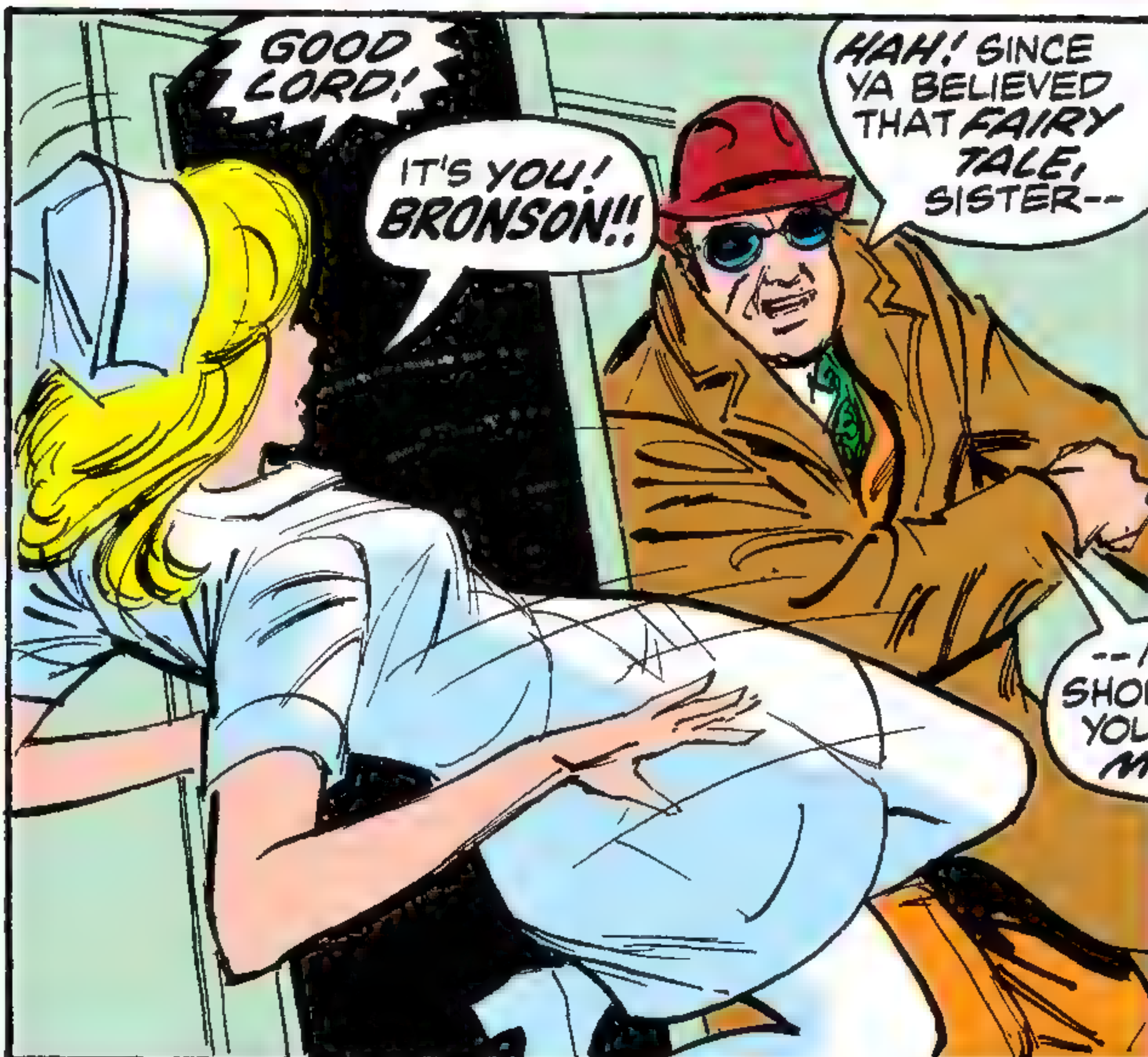
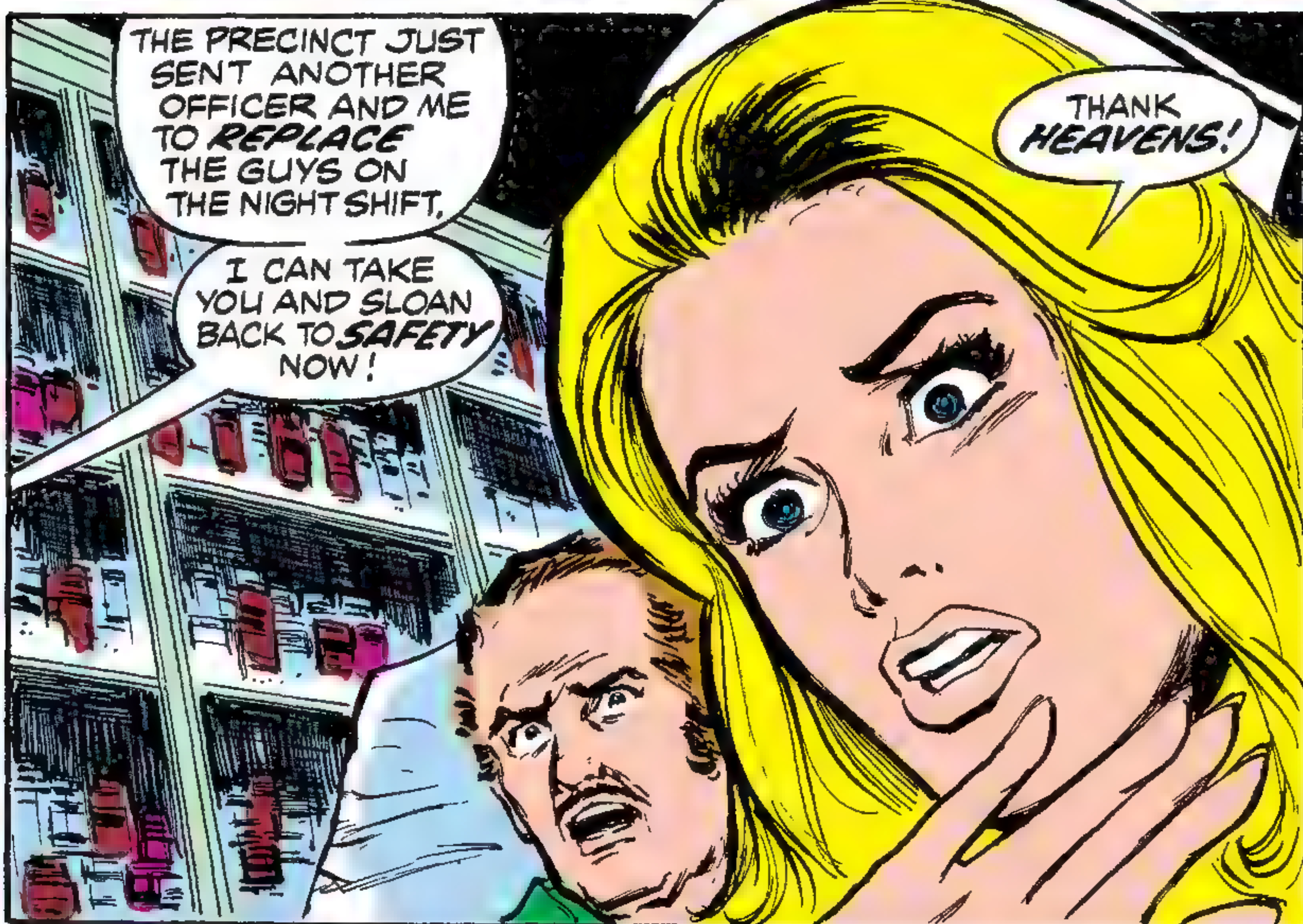
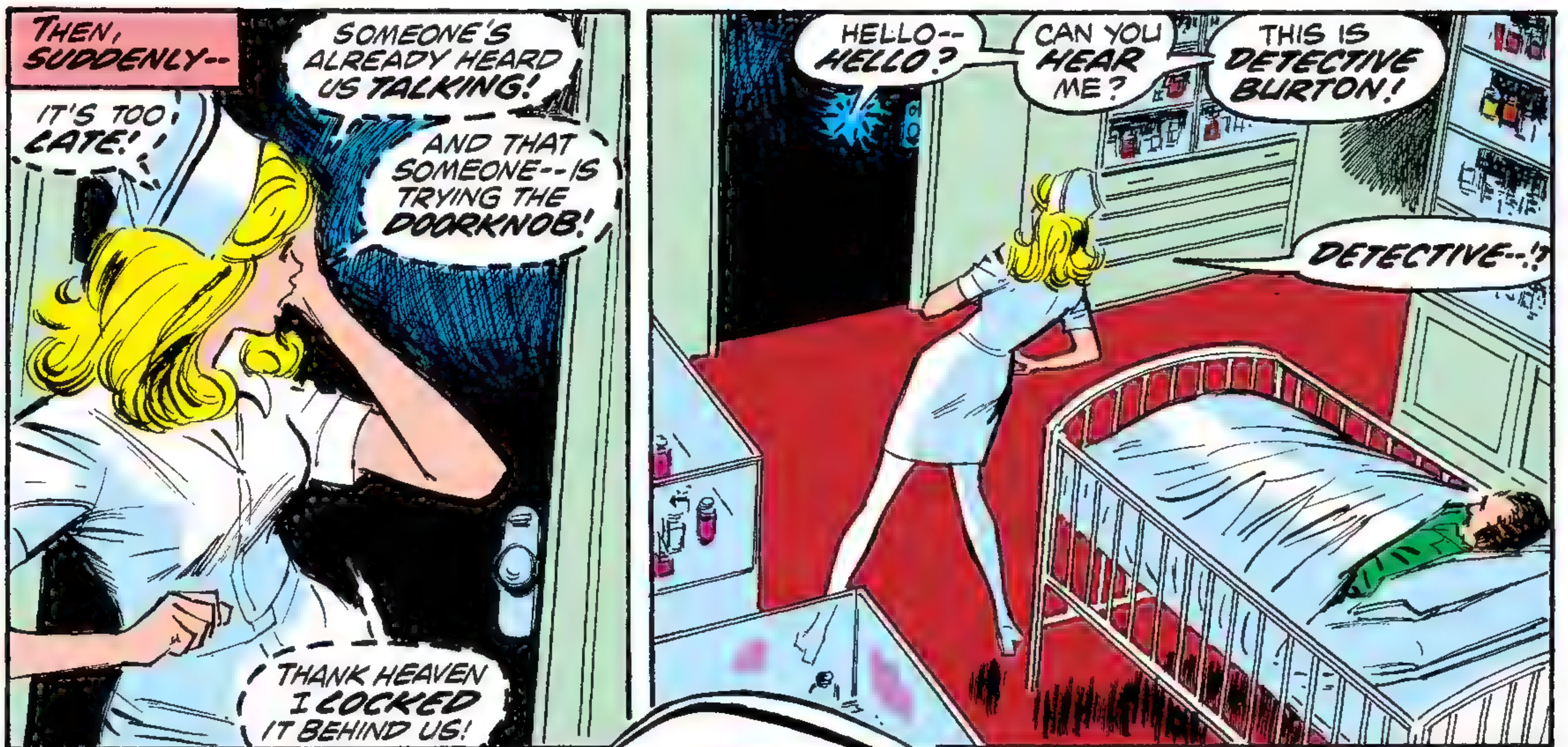


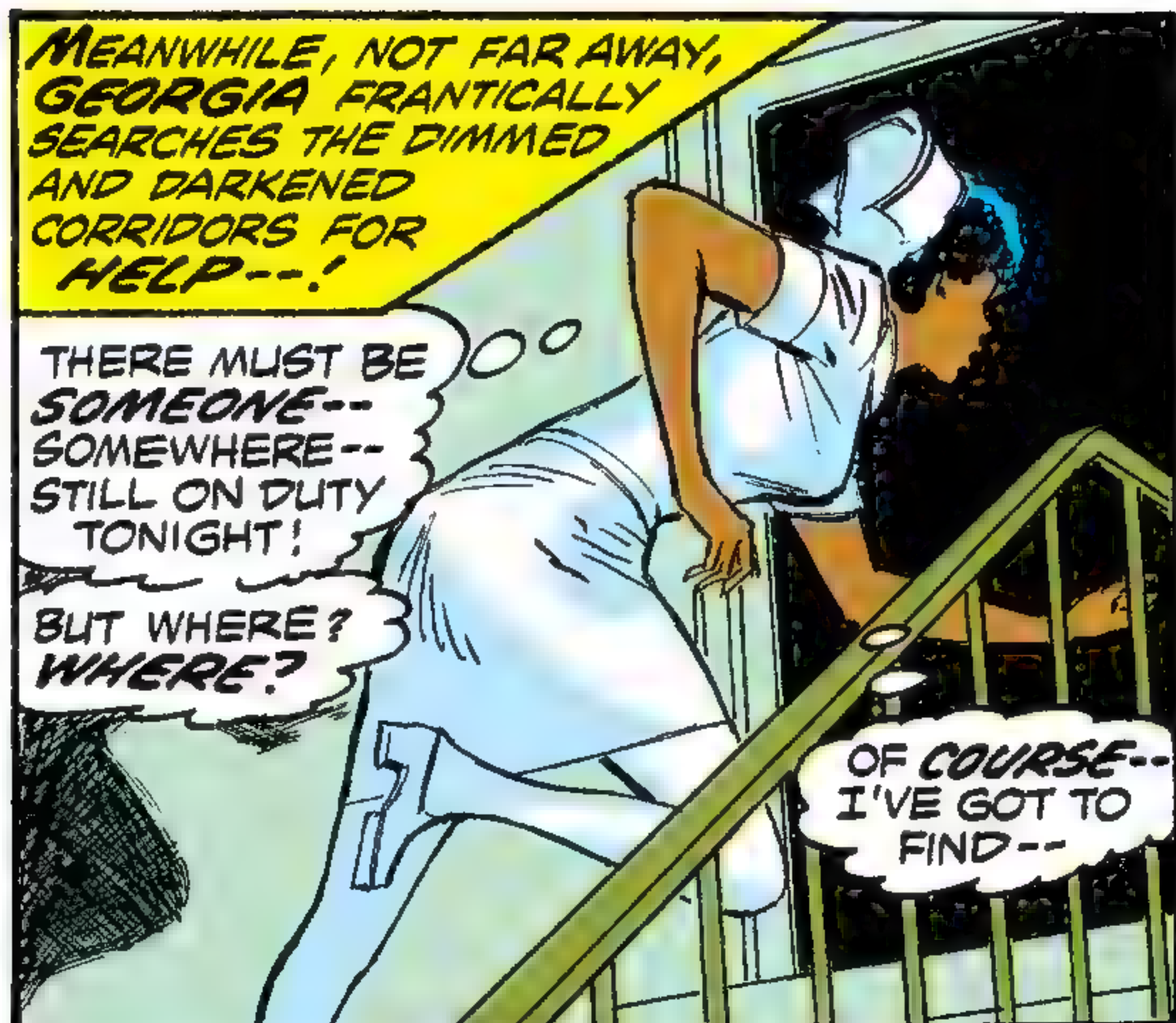
BUT IF YOU EVER WANT
TO SEE THE STREET
AGAIN, MR. SLOAN--
YOU'D BETTER KEEP
STILL!

WE MUSTN'T
LET
ANYONE
KNOW WHERE
WE ARE!

DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
ME, LITTLE
LADY--

I KNOW
ALL ABOUT
SILENCE!

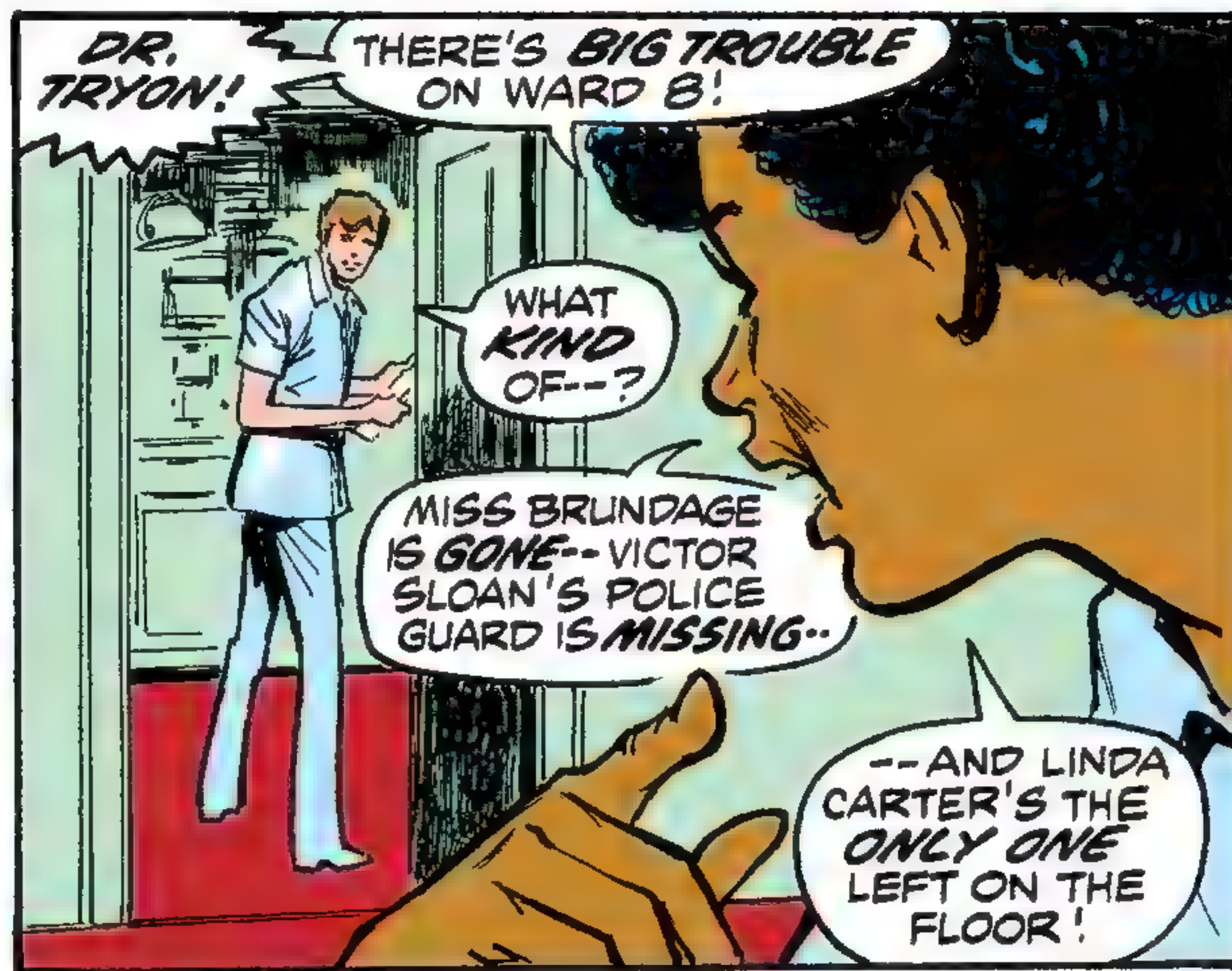




MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, **GEORGIA** FRANTICALLY SEARCHES THE DIMMED AND DARKENED CORRIDORS FOR **HELP--!**

THERE MUST BE **SOMEONE--** SOMEWHERE-- STILL ON DUTY TONIGHT! BUT WHERE? **WHERE?**

OF **COURSE--** I'VE GOT TO FIND--



DR. TRYON! THERE'S **BIG TROUBLE** ON **WARD 8!**

WHAT **KIND** OF--?

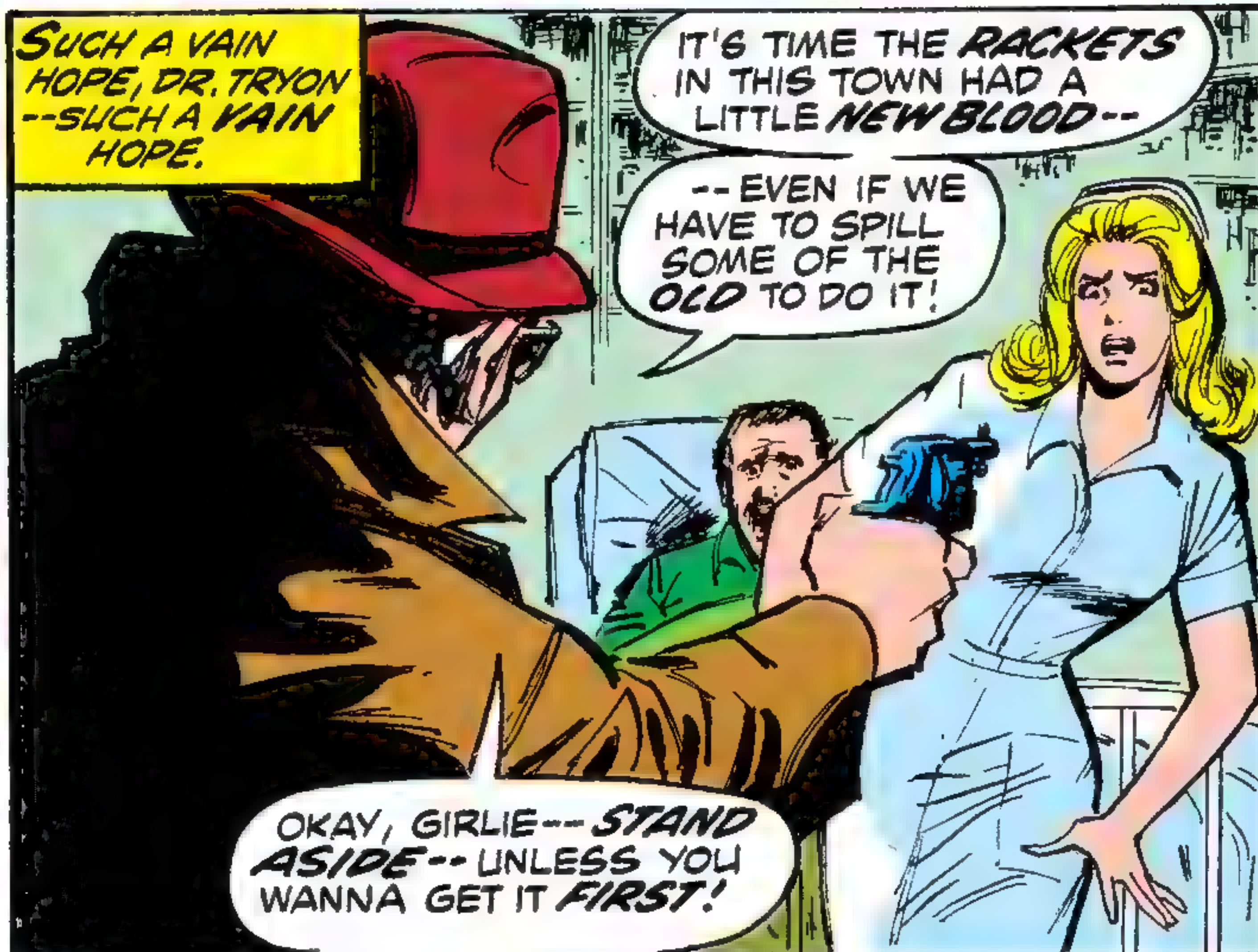
MISS BRUNDAGE IS **GONE--** **VICTOR SLOAN'S** **POLICE GUARD** IS **MISSING--**

-- AND **LINDA CARTER'S** THE **ONLY ONE** LEFT ON THE **FLOOR!**



MISS JENKINS, I WANT YOU TO GET THE **HOSPITAL SECURITY GUARDS** IMMEDIATELY--!

I JUST HOPE **LINDA** IS **SAFE** ON THAT **WARD!**



SUCH A VAIN **HOPE, DR. TRYON** --**SUCH A VAIN** **HOPE.**

IT'S TIME THE **RACKETS** IN THIS TOWN HAD A **LITTLE NEW BLOOD--**

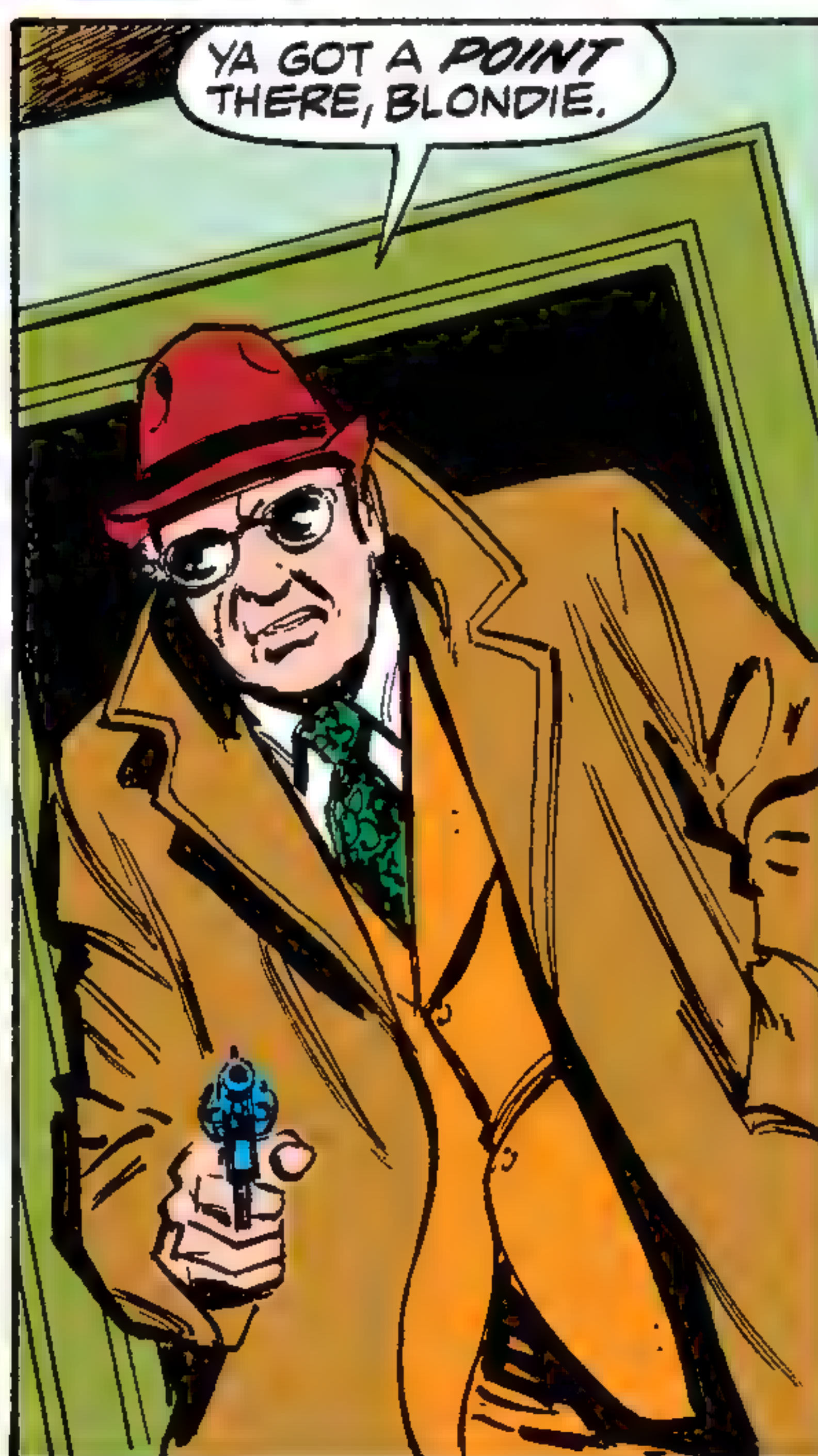
-- EVEN IF WE HAVE TO SPILL SOME OF THE **OLD** TO DO IT!

OKAY, **GIRLIE--** **STAND ASIDE--** UNLESS YOU WANNA GET IT **FIRST!**



THIS ISN'T ONE OF YOUR **DARK ALLEYS,** MISTER!

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE WILL HEAR IF YOU SHOOT US!



YA GOT A **POINT** THERE, **BLONDIE.**



AND FOR ONE **BREATHLESS** MOMENT, ALL IS **HUSHED--**

-- SAVE FOR THE **SOUND** OF A **SILENCER,** SNAPPING INTO PLACE!

BUT THAT VERY SOUND, COMING FROM A SUPPOSEDLY LOCKED MEDICINE ROOM, ALERTS THE ATTENUATED EARS OF DR. JACK TRYON....!



MISS JENKINS--
GET OUT OF
HERE!

THERE'S SOMETHING
HAPPENING BEHIND
THIS DOOR-- THAT
SHOULDN'T BE!



YA SHOULDA TAKEN
OFF WITH YOUR LITTLE
GIRL FRIEND, NURSE--

NOW
YOU'VE
BEEN
WORKING
TOO
HARD--



-- FOR YOUR
OWN GOOD!



OKAY, YOU--
COME OUT
OF THERE--

OR I'M COMING
IN!

WHUMP!
WHUMP!

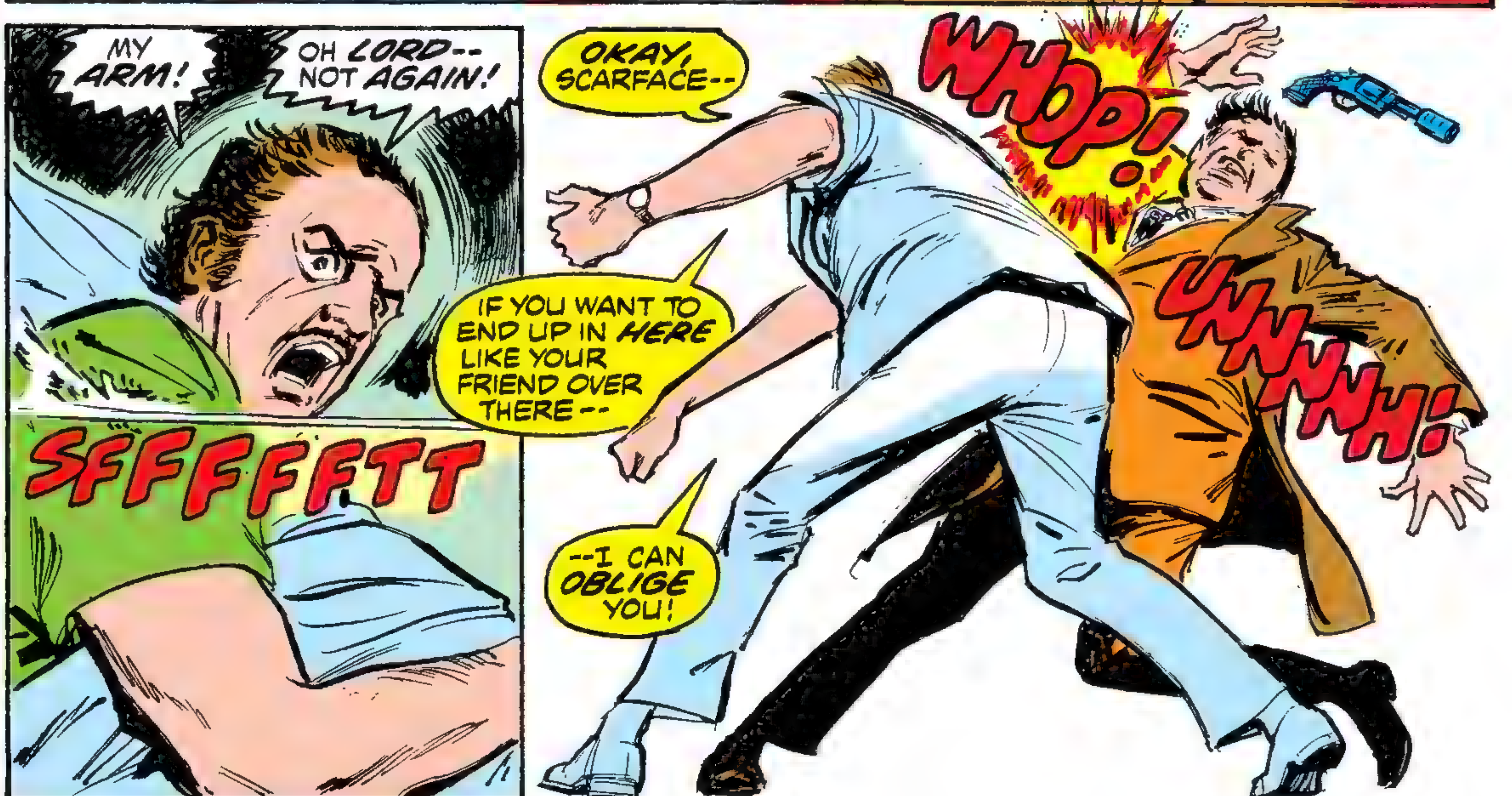
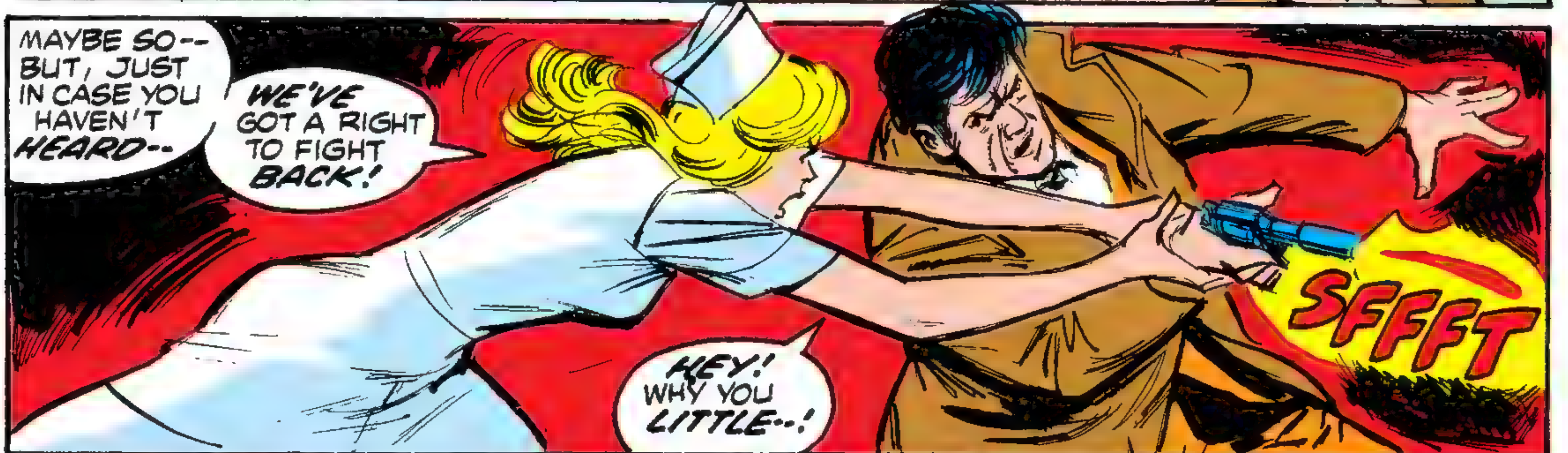
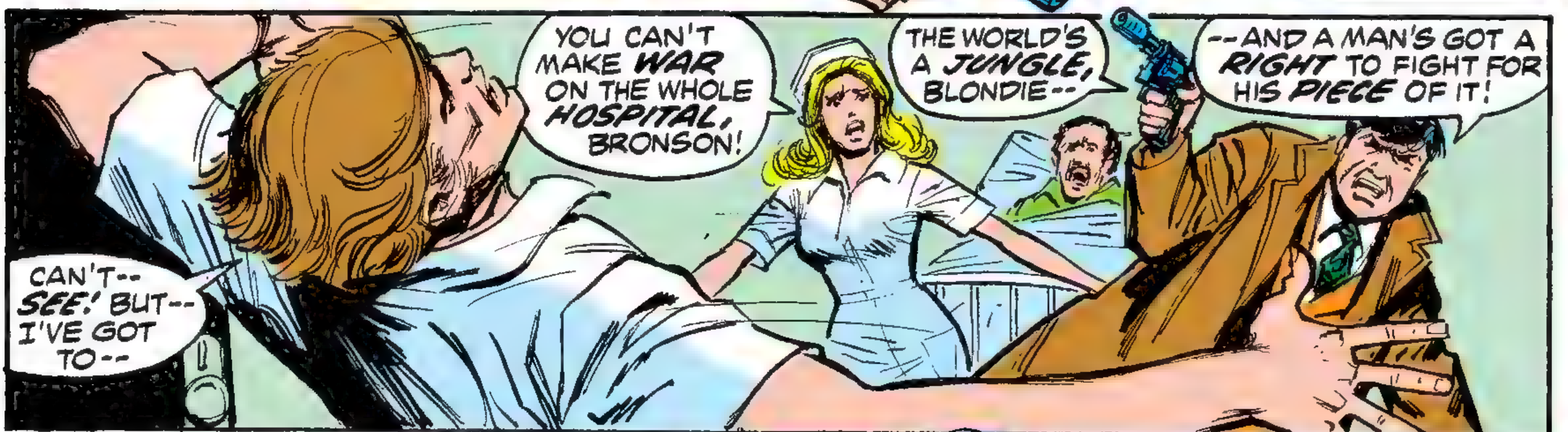
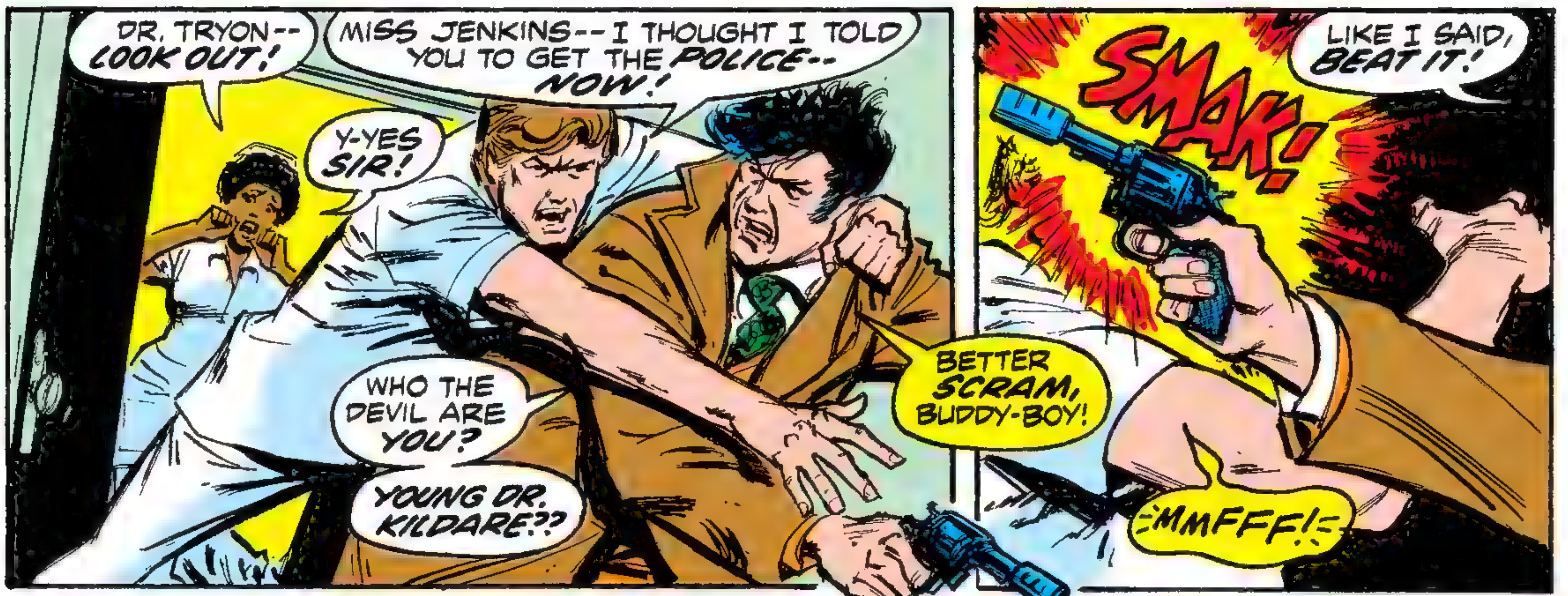


WHAT
IN THE--?

WHUMP!

JACK!
NO!

HE'LL JUST
KILL YOU, TOO!





OH YEAH?

WELL, WE'LL SEE *WHO* ENDS UP ON THE WRONG SIDE OF YOUR STETHOSCOPE, DOC!

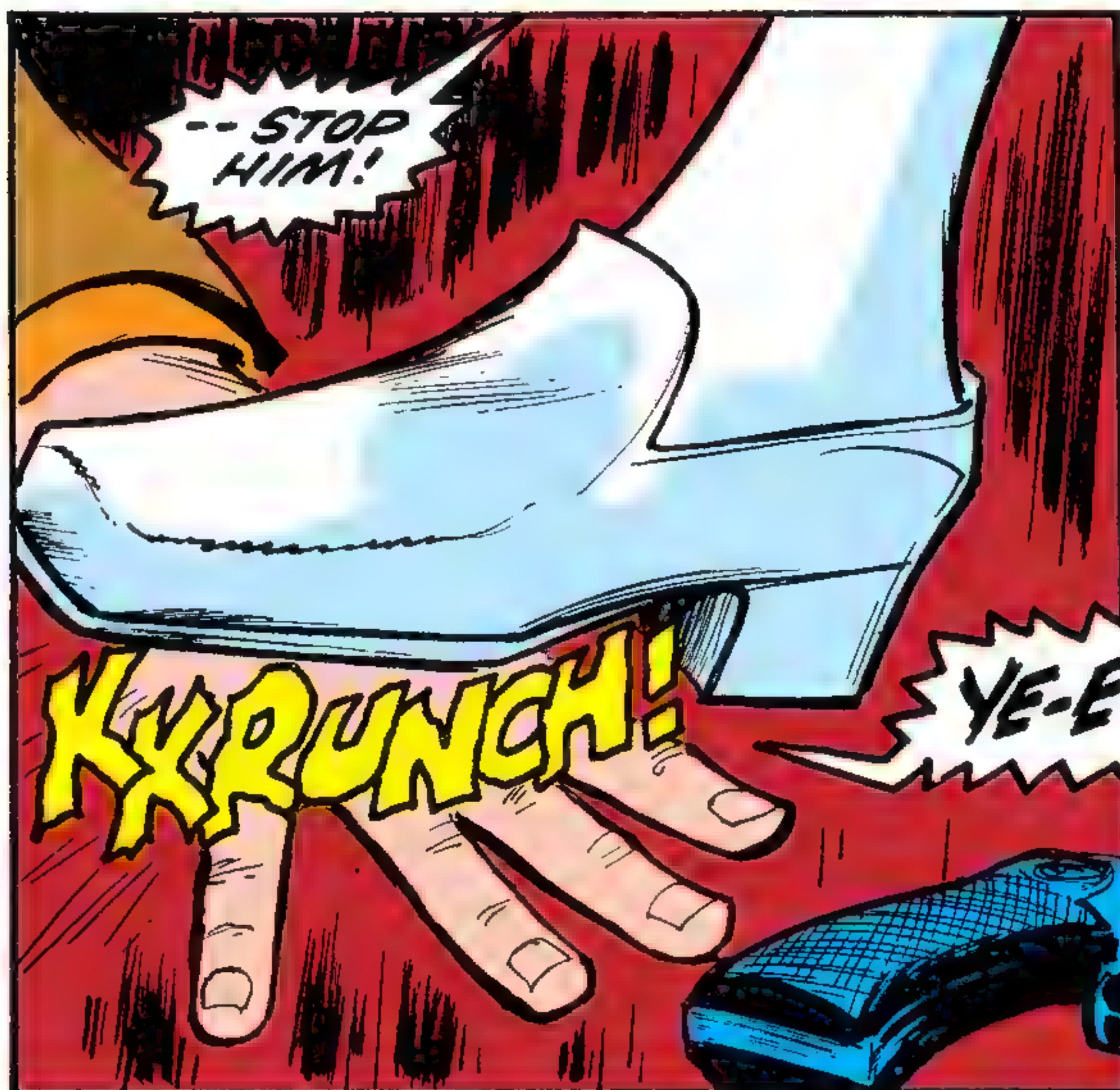
WE'LL JUST SEE!



THAT MAN BRONSON *MUSTN'T* GET THE GUN!

IF HE DOES, WE *DIE*!

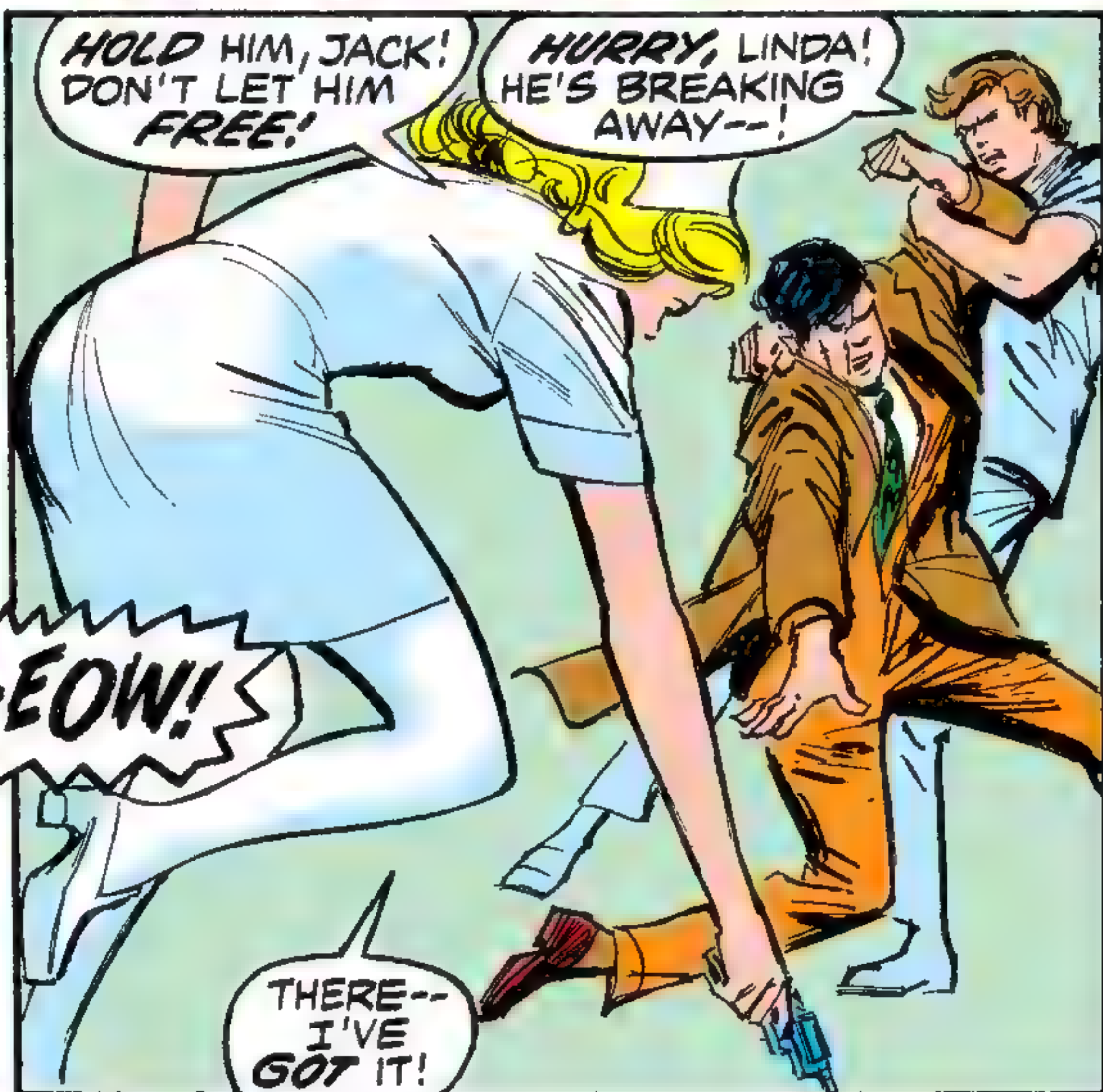
WE'VE GOT TO FIND A *WAY* TO--



-- STOP HIM!

KXRUNCH!

YE-E-EOW!



HOLD HIM, JACK! DON'T LET HIM *FREE*!

HURRY, LINDA! HE'S BREAKING AWAY--!

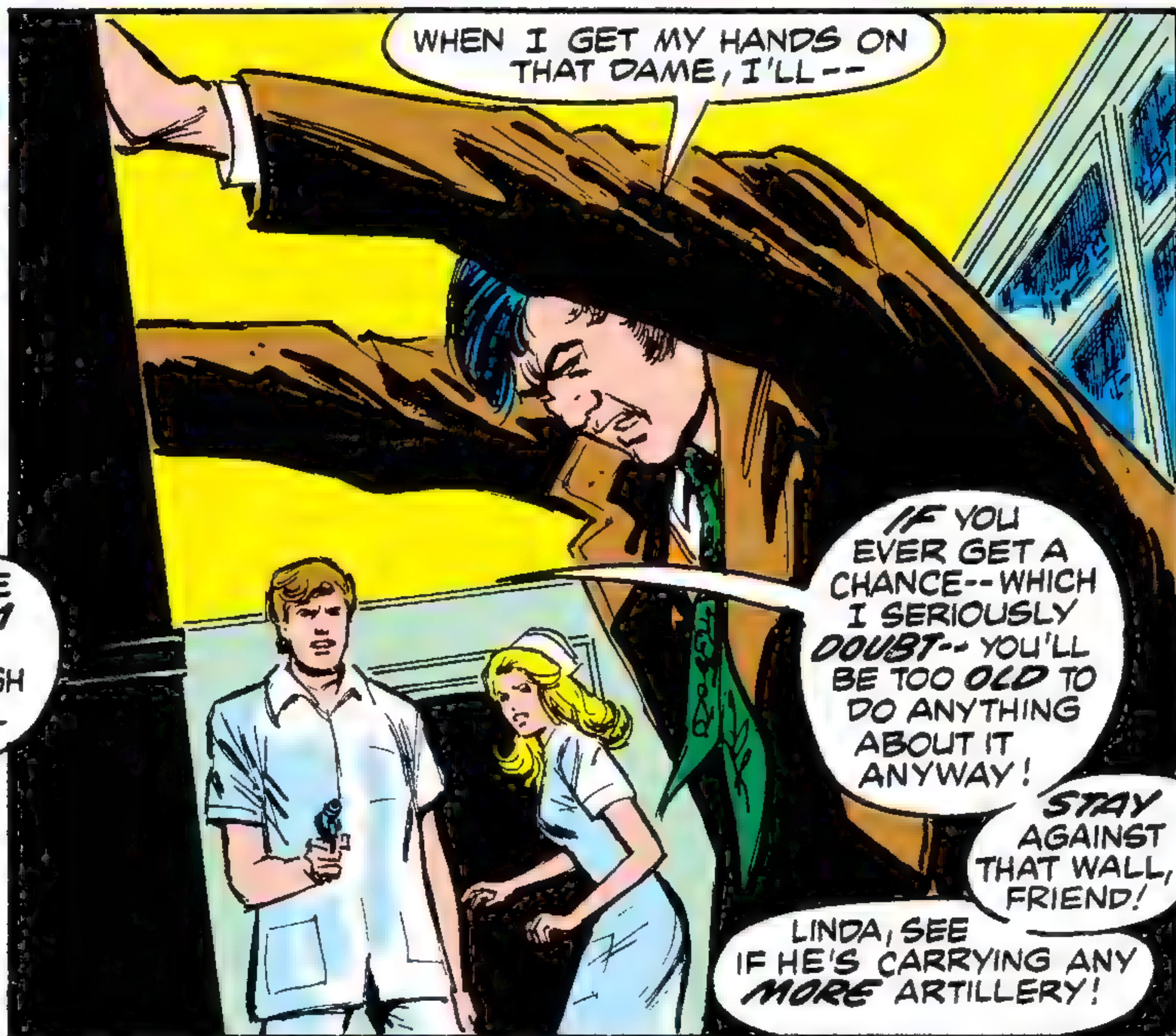
THERE-- I'VE GOT IT!



NOW *FREEZE*, BRONSON!

AND YOU'D BETTER STAND *VERY* STILL--

-- BECAUSE I CAN'T *AIM* THIS THING WELL ENOUGH *NOT* TO KILL YOU!

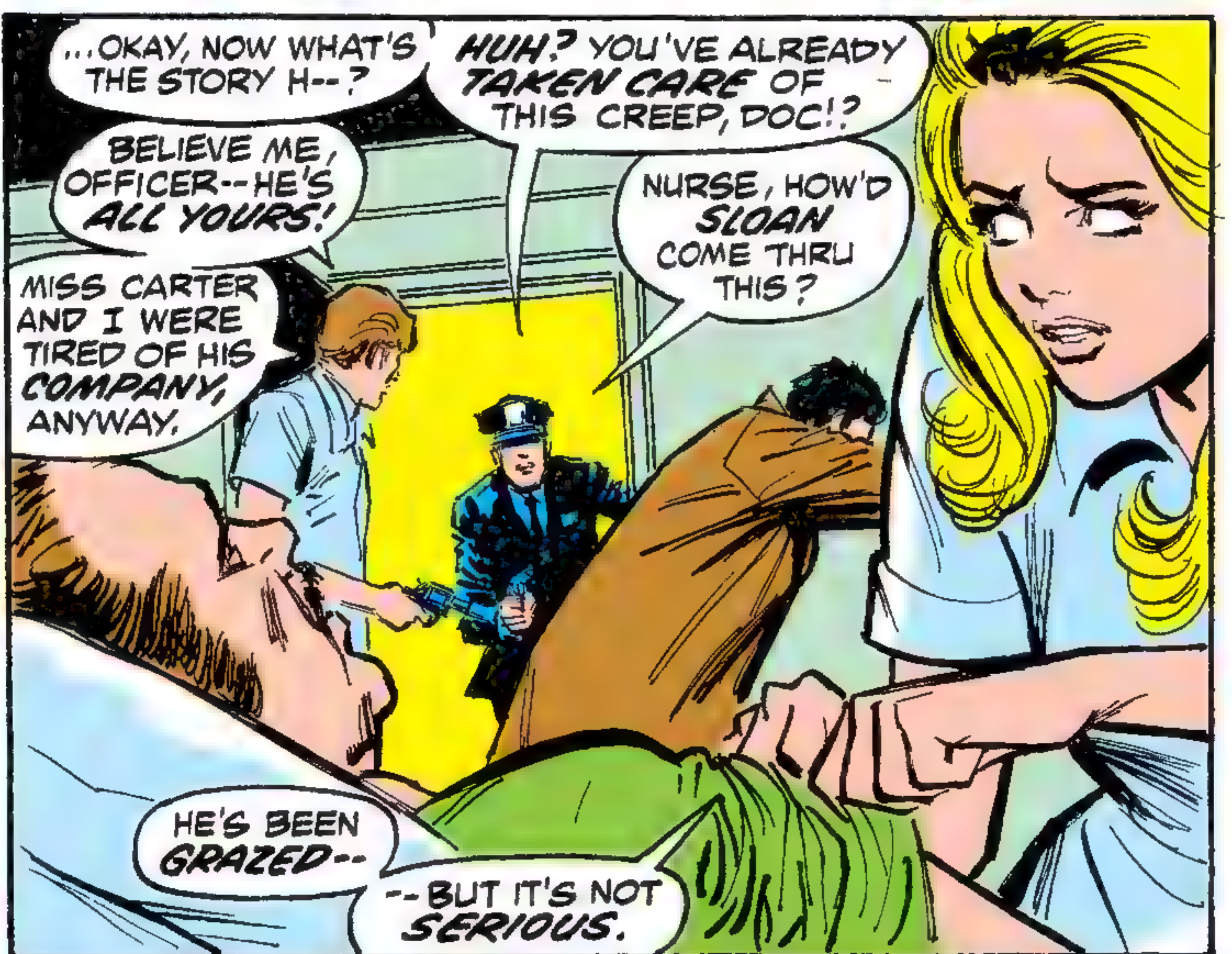


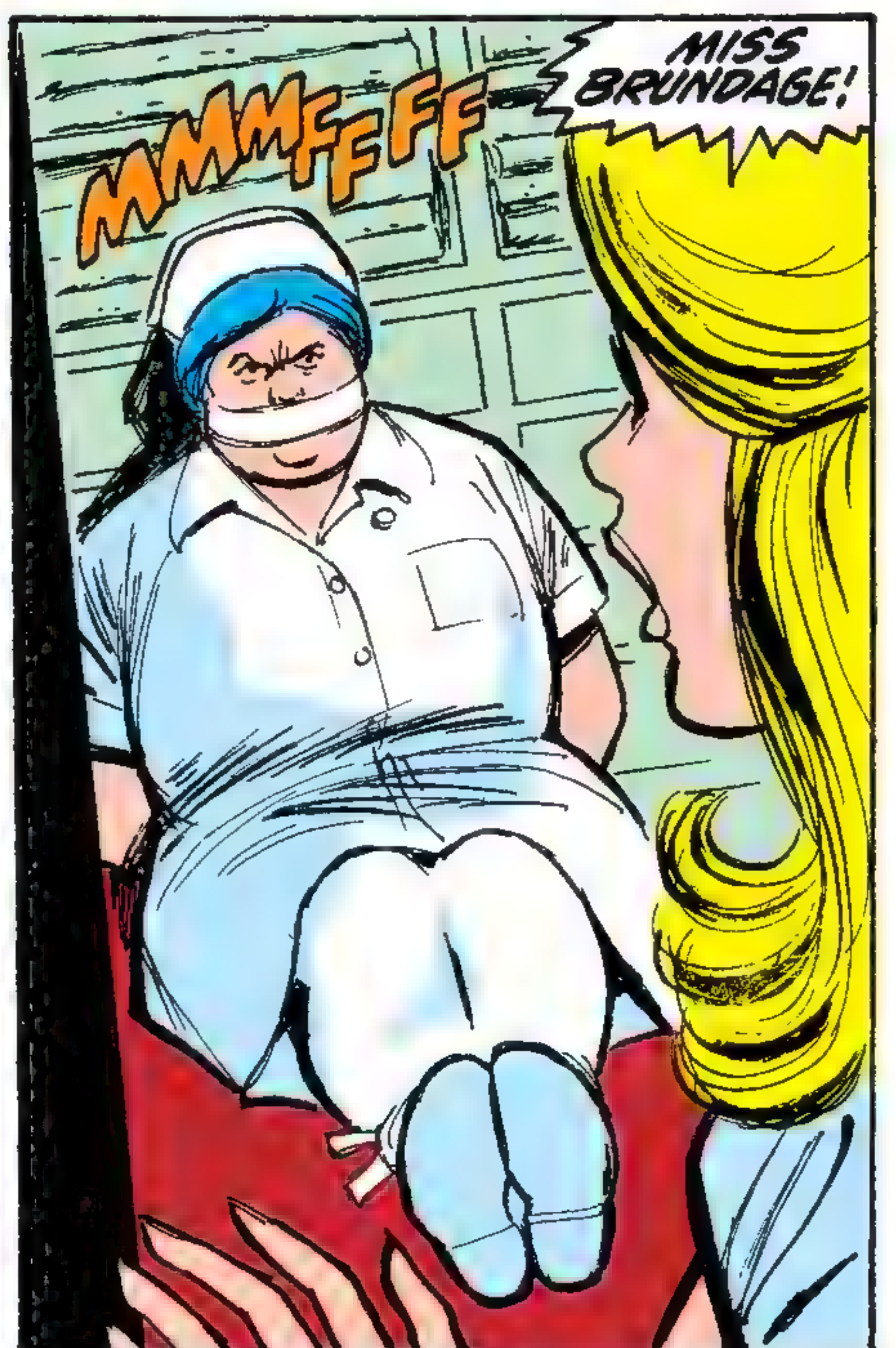
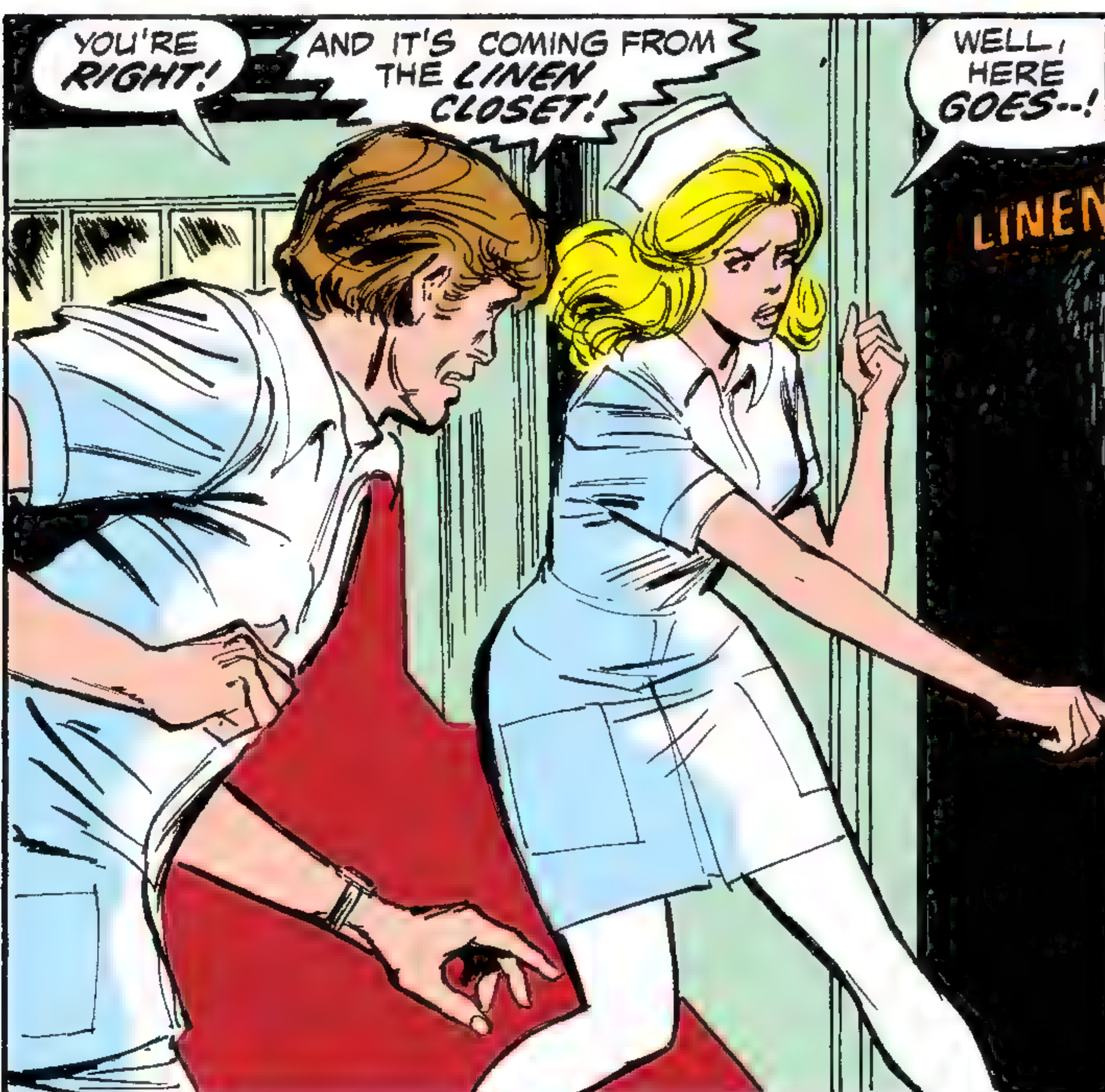
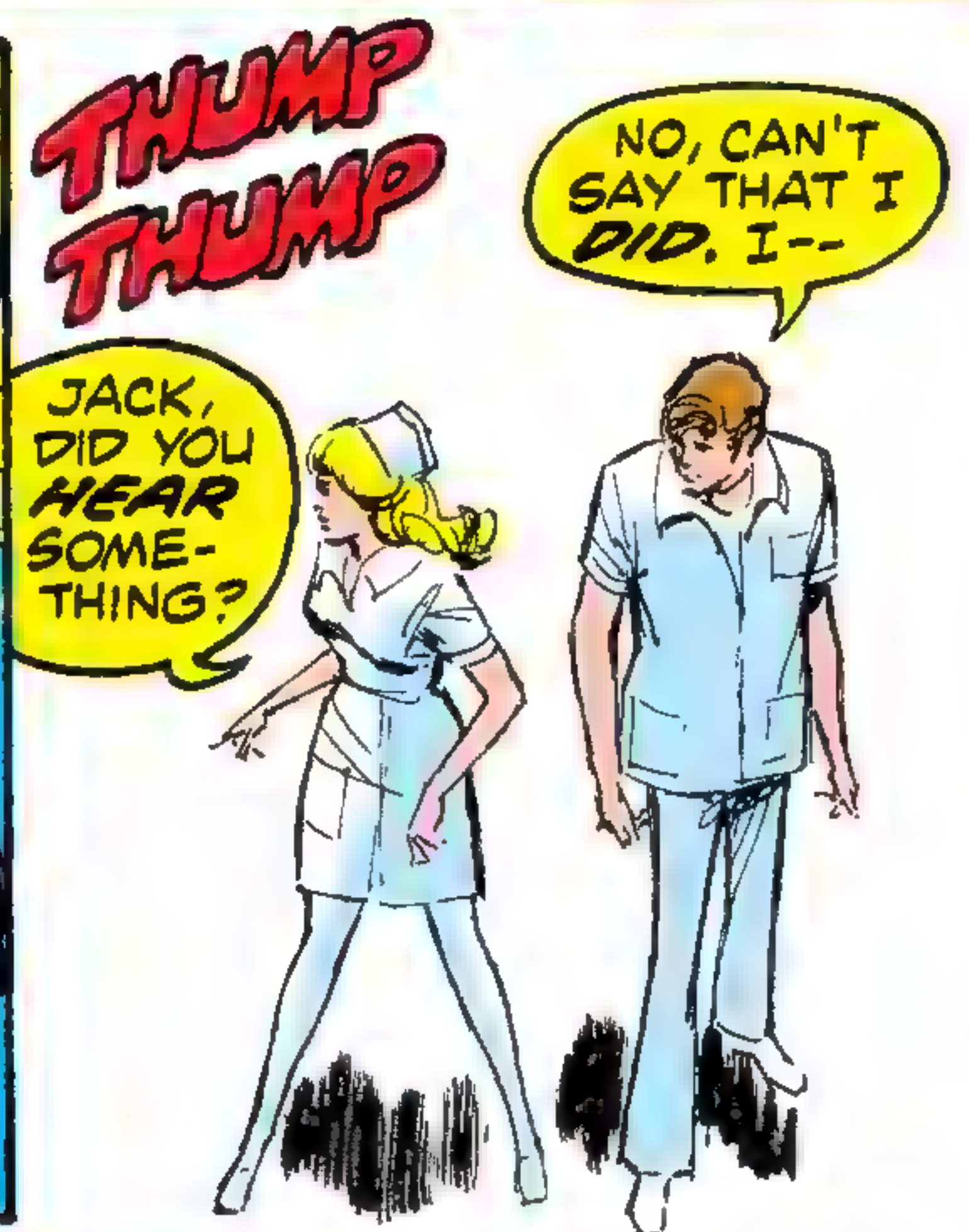
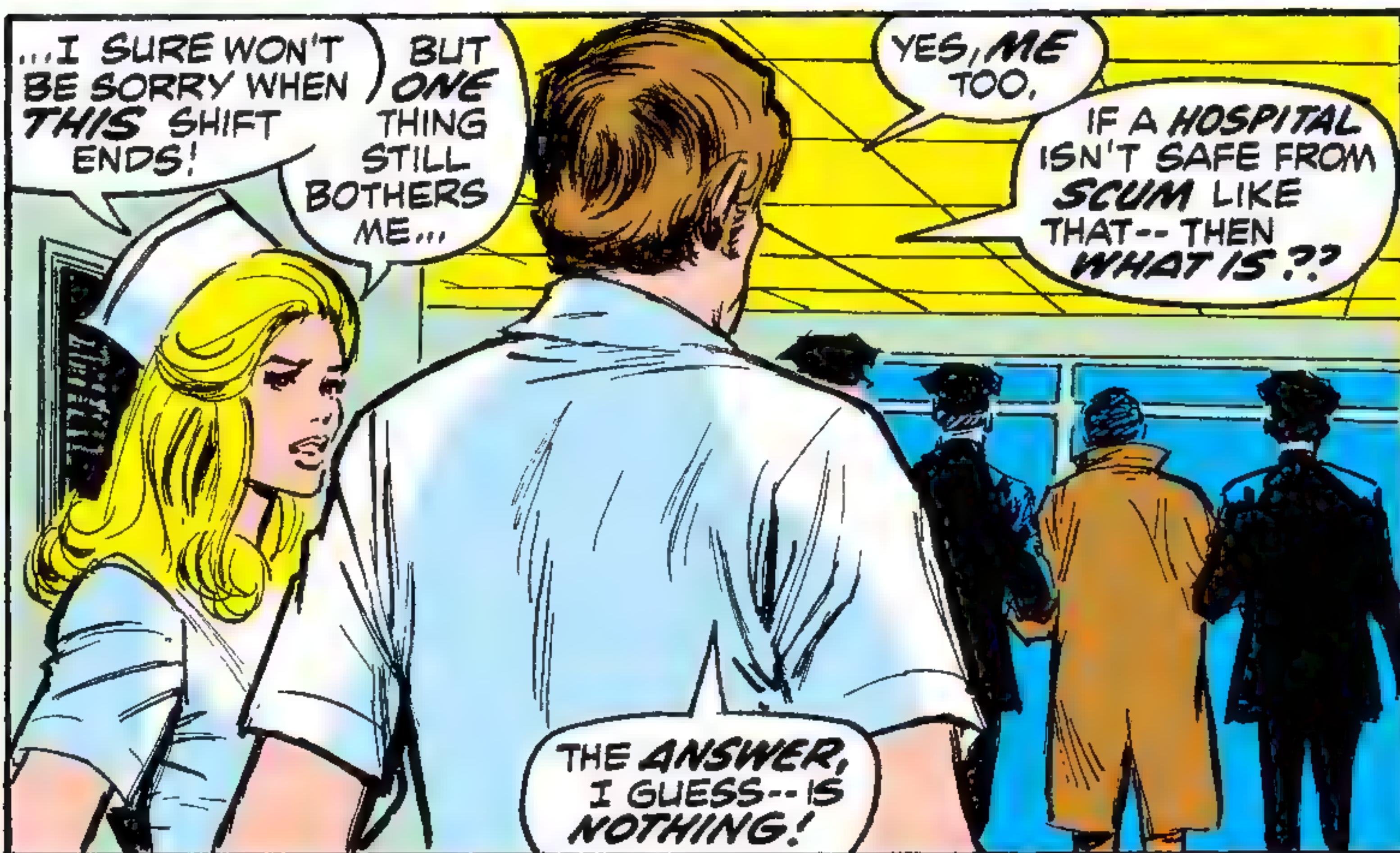
WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON THAT DAME, I'LL--

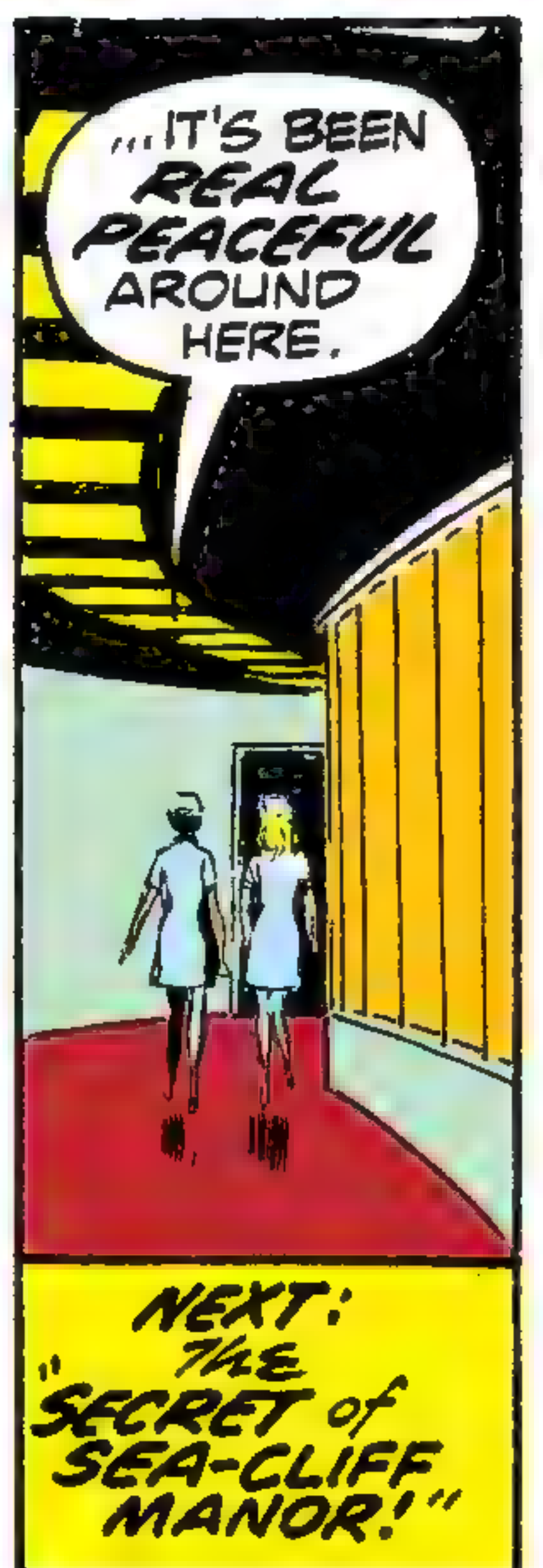
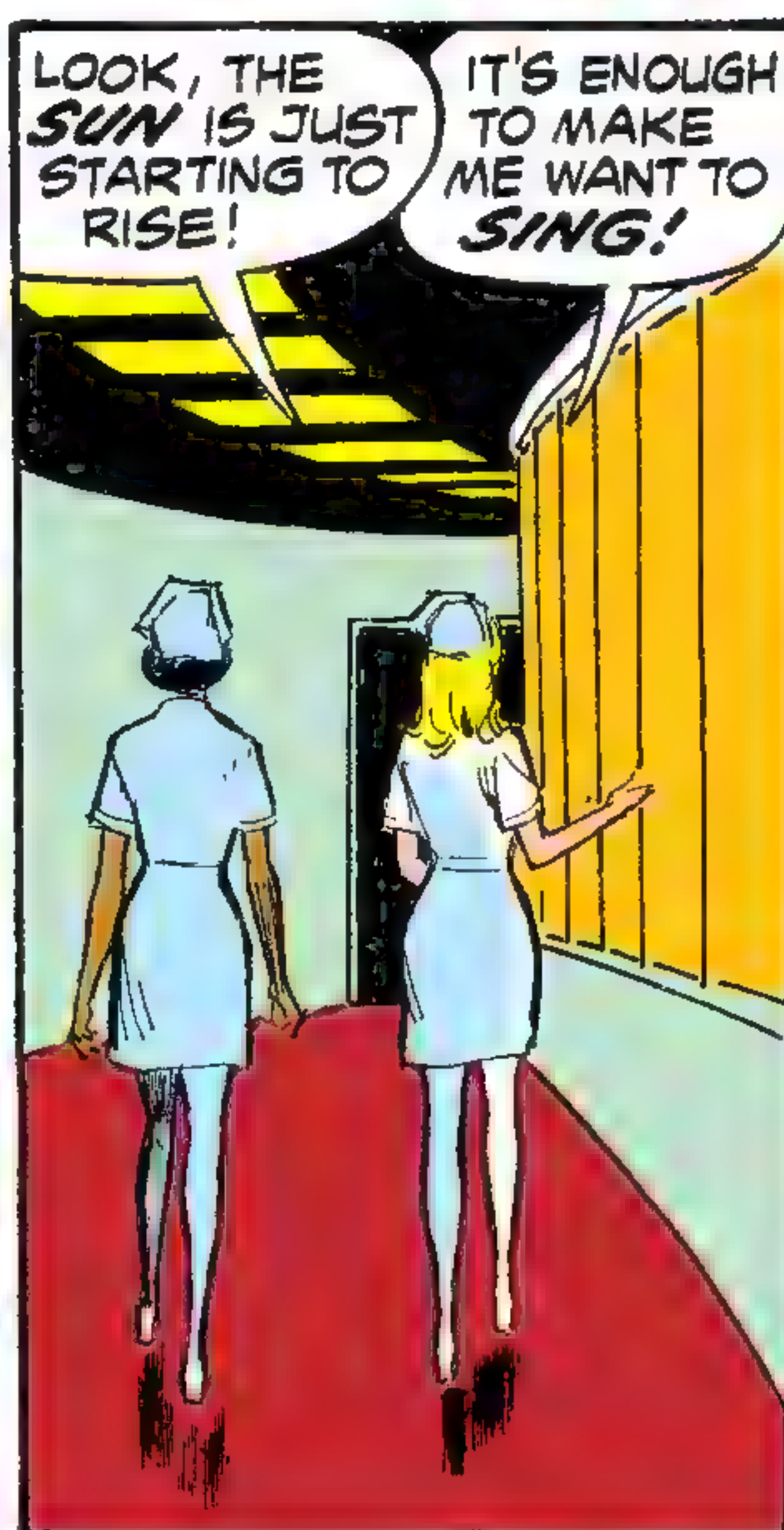
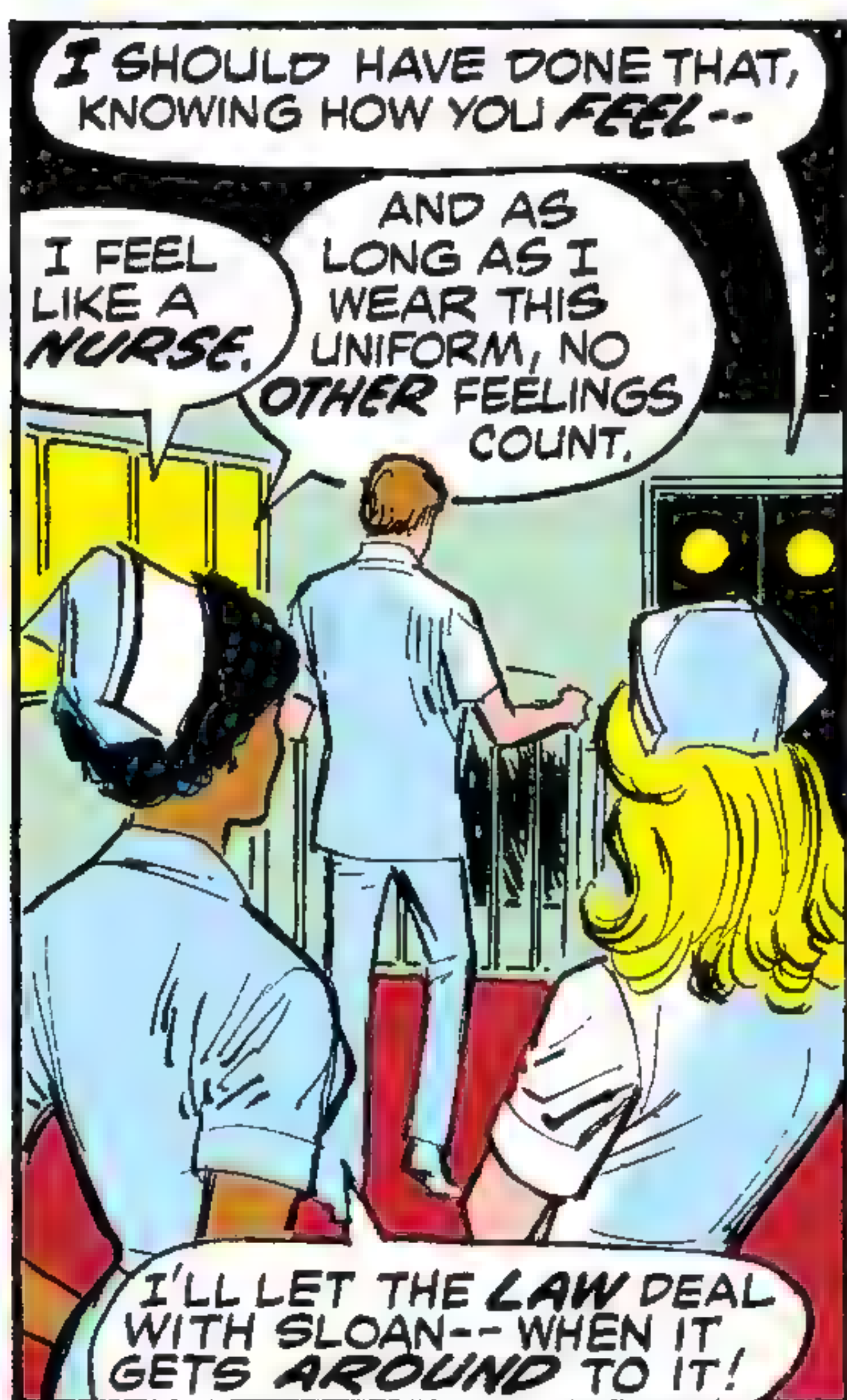
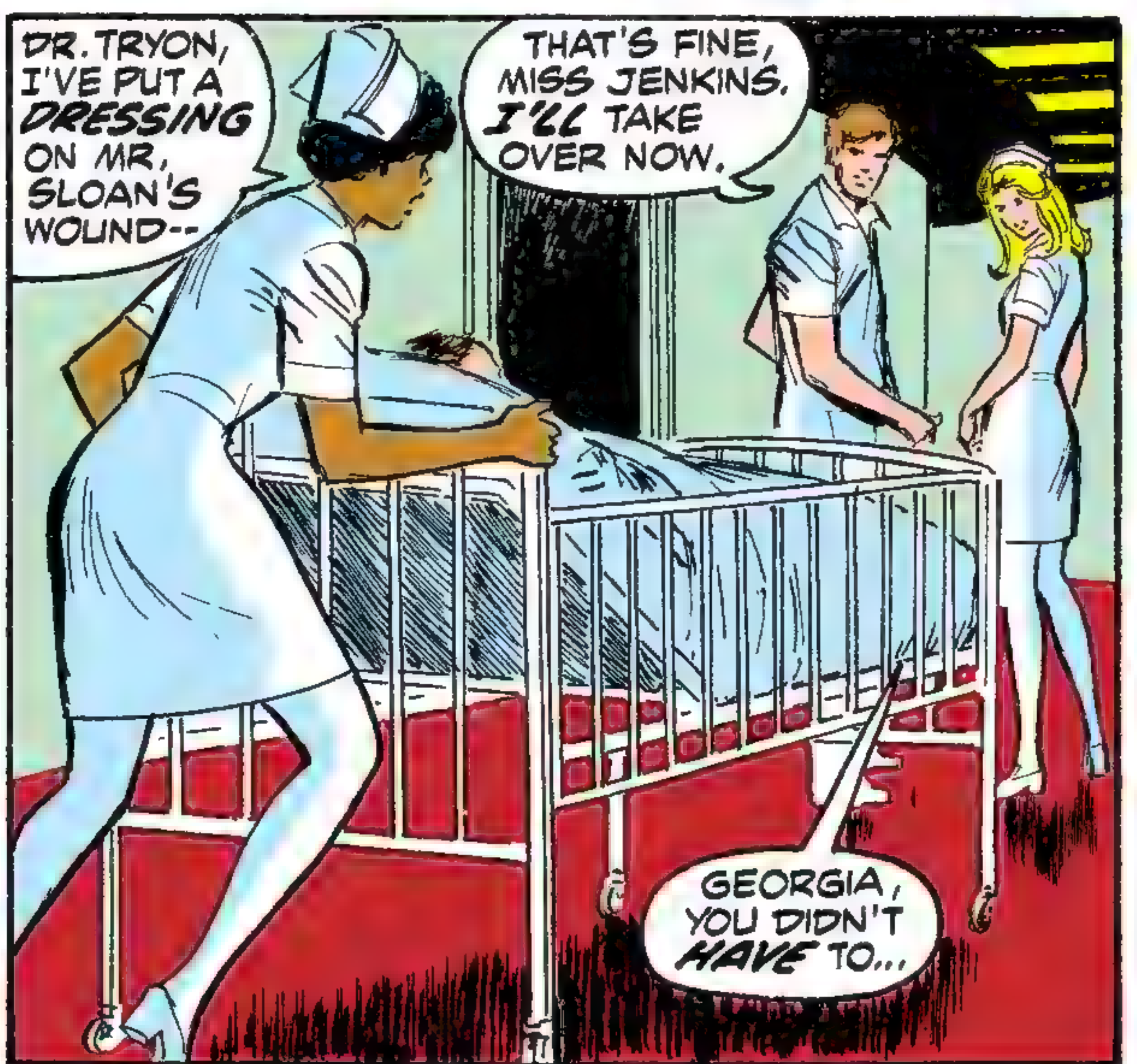
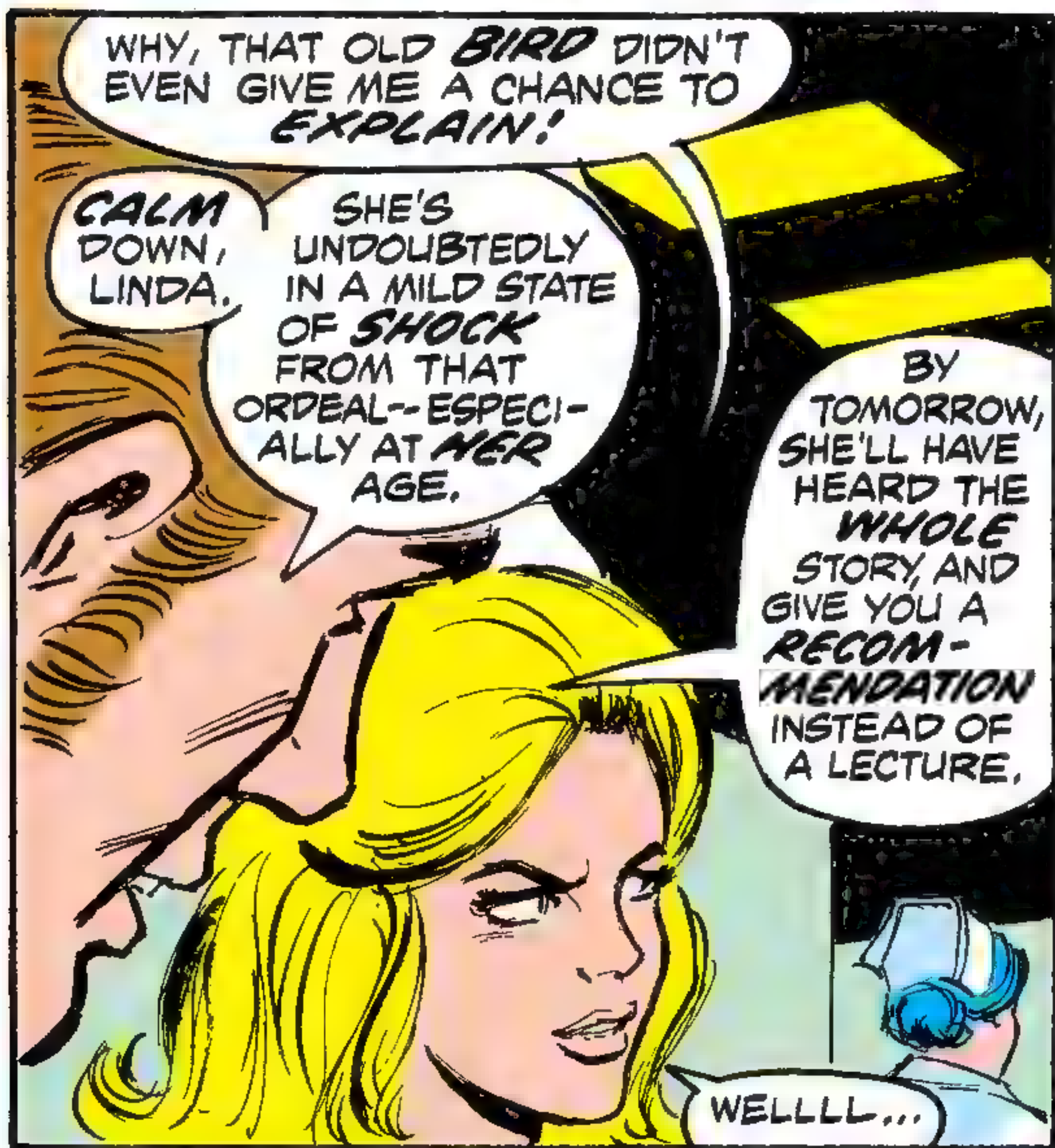
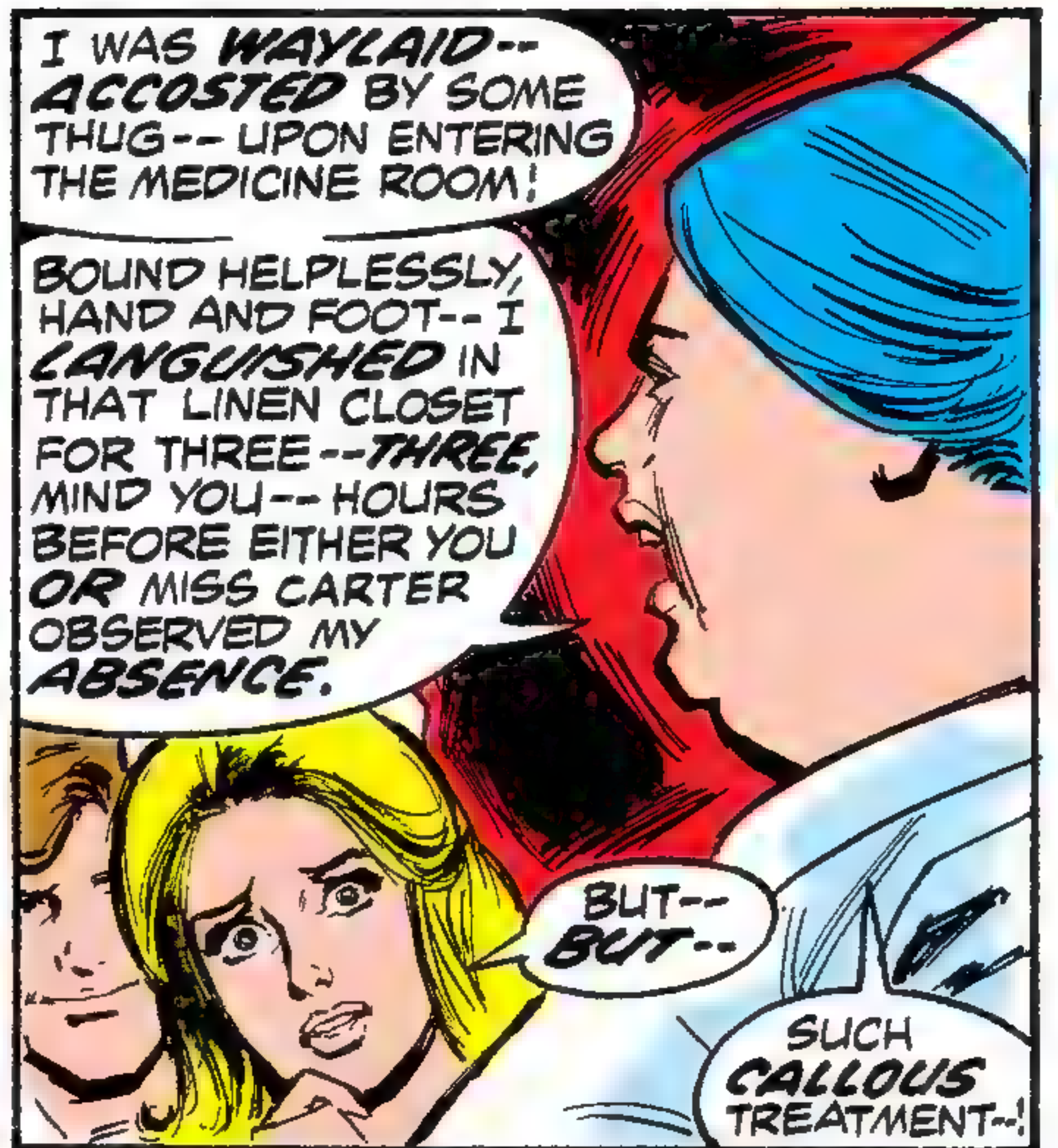
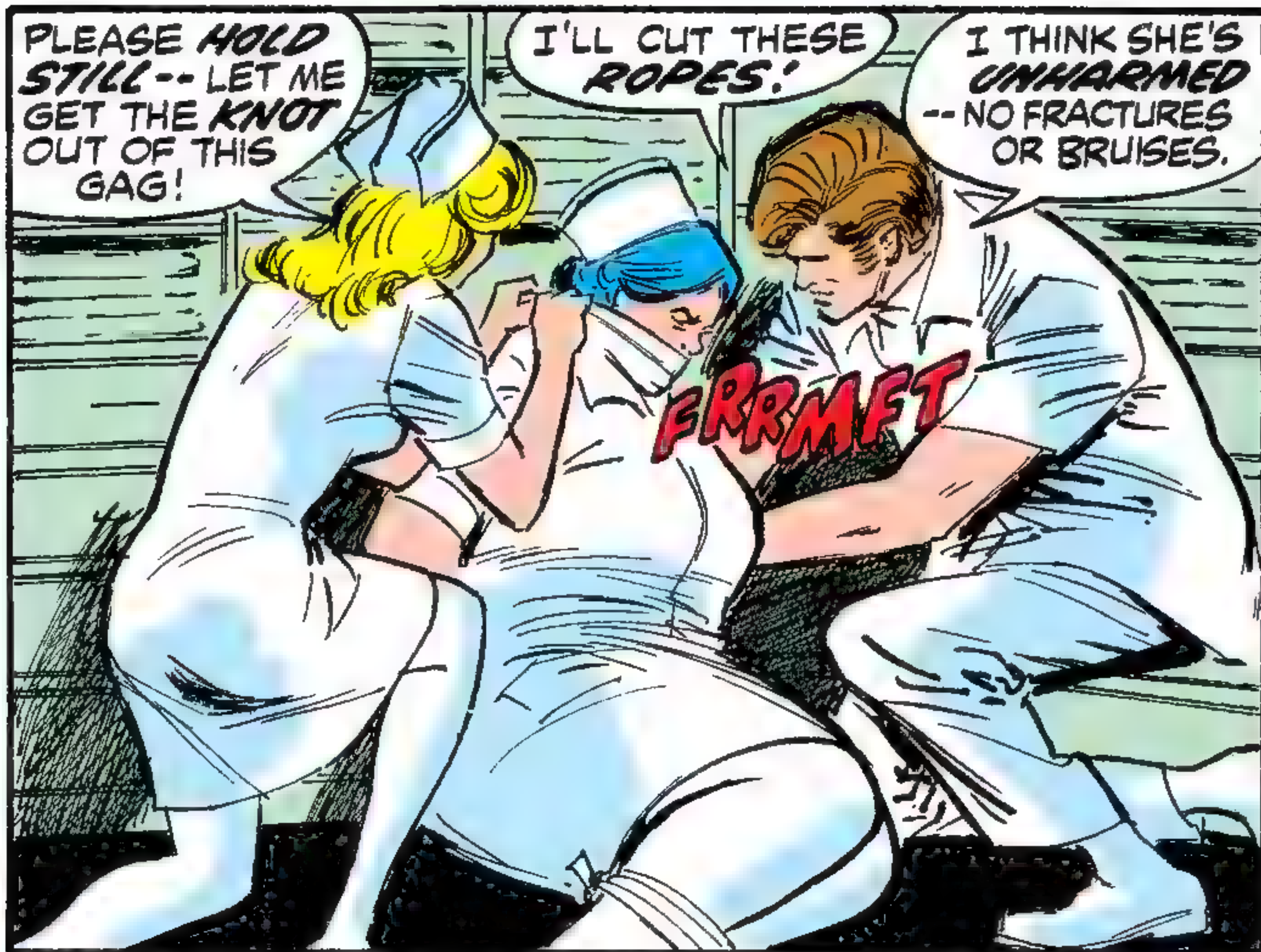
IF YOU EVER GET A CHANCE-- WHICH I SERIOUSLY *DOUBT*-- YOU'LL BE TOO *OLD* TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT ANYWAY!

STAY AGAINST THAT WALL, FRIEND!

LINDA, SEE IF HE'S CARRYING ANY *MORE* ARTILLERY!







NIGHT
NURSE

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



20¢
4
MAY
02159

ENTER THE WORLD OF *DANGER, DRAMA AND DEATH!*

NIGHT NURSE™



I KILLED
THOSE **OTHER**
MEDDLING
FOOLS, WOMAN--
AND **NOW--**

NO!
NO!
STAY
BACK!

GOT TO **RUN!**
BUT-- I
CAN'T GO ANY
FURTHER!
I CAN'T!

WHAT IS--THE
SECRET
OF
SEACLIFF HOUSE?

Stan Lee
PRESENTS: **NIGHT NURSE!**™

NIGHT SEEMS TO FALL **FASTER** ON THAT PROMONTORY CALLED **SEA-CLIFF**.

THE **HOWL** OF THE WIND
SOUNDS LOUDER, AND THE
LIGHTNING SEEMS TO
STRIKE CLOSER TO THE EARTH.

AND NOW,
AS ICY FINGERS
OF **WINTER WIND**
TUG AT HER
BILLOWING CAPE,
NURSE **CHRISTINE
PALMER** FEELS
THE **EERIE
NEARNESS**
OF...

**THE SECRET
OF
SEA-CLIFF
MANOR!**

I'M
HERE--
AT LAST!

I MUST
HAVE WALKED
MILES IN THIS
SLEETING RAIN!

WHY DID
EVERYONE IN THAT
TOWN NEARBY **REFUSE**
TO BRING ME TO THIS
HOUSE? **WHY???**

12572

JEAN THOMAS & LINDA FITE
WRITERS

WINSLOW MORTIMER
ARTIST

ANDREA HUNT
COLORIST
CHARLOTTE JETTER
LETTERER

ROY THOMAS
EDITOR

THE
TARNISHED
BRASS
KNOCKER
FALLS WITH
A LOUD
THUD.

ONCE--TWICE--
THREE TIMES--
AND STILL NO
ANSWER COMES
FROM BEHIND THE
HEAVY OAKEN
DOOR.

CHRIS CAN DO NOTHING BUT
CLUTCH HER CAPE MORE
TIGHTLY ABOUT HER RAIN-
DRENCHED BODY--AND **WAIT...**

...AND, WHILE SHE WAITS, REMEMBER
THOSE EVENTS THAT **LED** HER TO
THE THRESHOLD OF THIS DARK
FORBIDDING **MANSION...**

...THE MEETING WITH HER **FATHER...**

GIVE UP THIS
FOOLISH **IDEA**
OF BEING A
NURSE, CHRISTINE--
--AND **COME**
HOME!

BUT, IF YOU
DON'T COME HOME
BY **THANKSGIVING**,
THEN **DON'T**
COME HOME AT
ALL!

...THE **BETRAYAL** BY
DR. WILLIAM SUTTON...

I **BELIEVED**
IN BILL/
LINDA!

HOW
COULD I
KNOW HE WAS
JUST **USING** ME
TO COVER UP HIS
THEFT--HIS
INCOMPETENCE?

CHRIS,
WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

I **DON'T**
KNOW!

I **WON'T** GO
HOME--BUT I
CAN'T STAY HERE!

... HER OWN DESPERATE
ESCAPE...

I ONLY HOPE
BOSTON IS
FAR
ENOUGH--

--FAR
ENOUGH TO
HELP ME
FORGET.

... **OTHER** CITIES...
OTHER HOSPITALS
... THEY **ALL** REMINDED
HER OF THE **PAST**.
BUT **THIS---**

"**WANTED: PRIVATE**
NURSE AS
PHYSIOTHERAPIST."

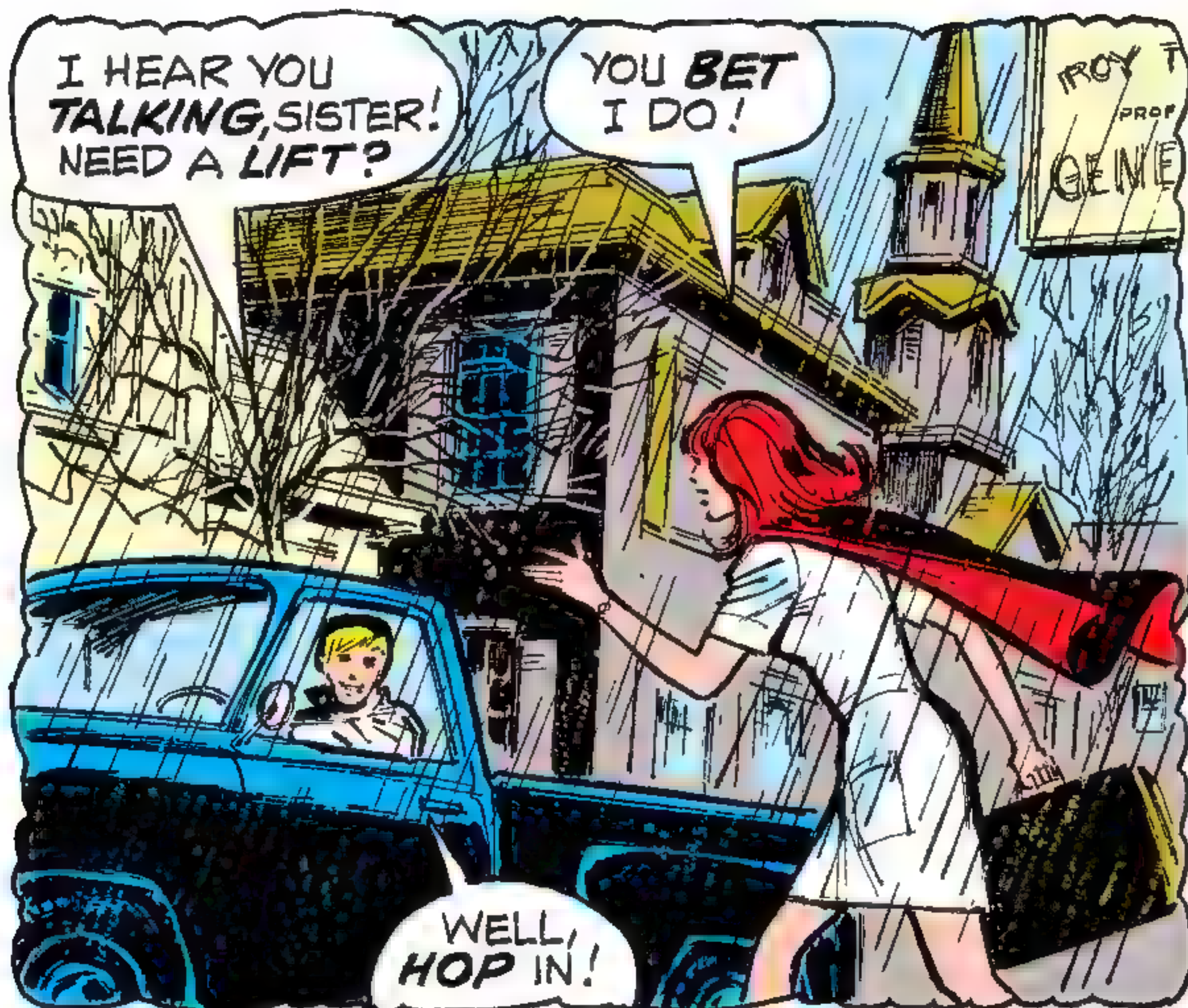
... AND THE **REPLY** THAT CAME AS AN ANSWER TO
A **PRAYER**: "REPORT FOR DUTY AT EARLIEST
CONVENIENCE. -E. PORTER."

... **SEA-CLIFF**
MANOR, DRIVER.

HEARD YOU
THE **FIRST**
TIME.

LIKE
I SAID, I
DON'T GO
OUT **THAT**
WAY.

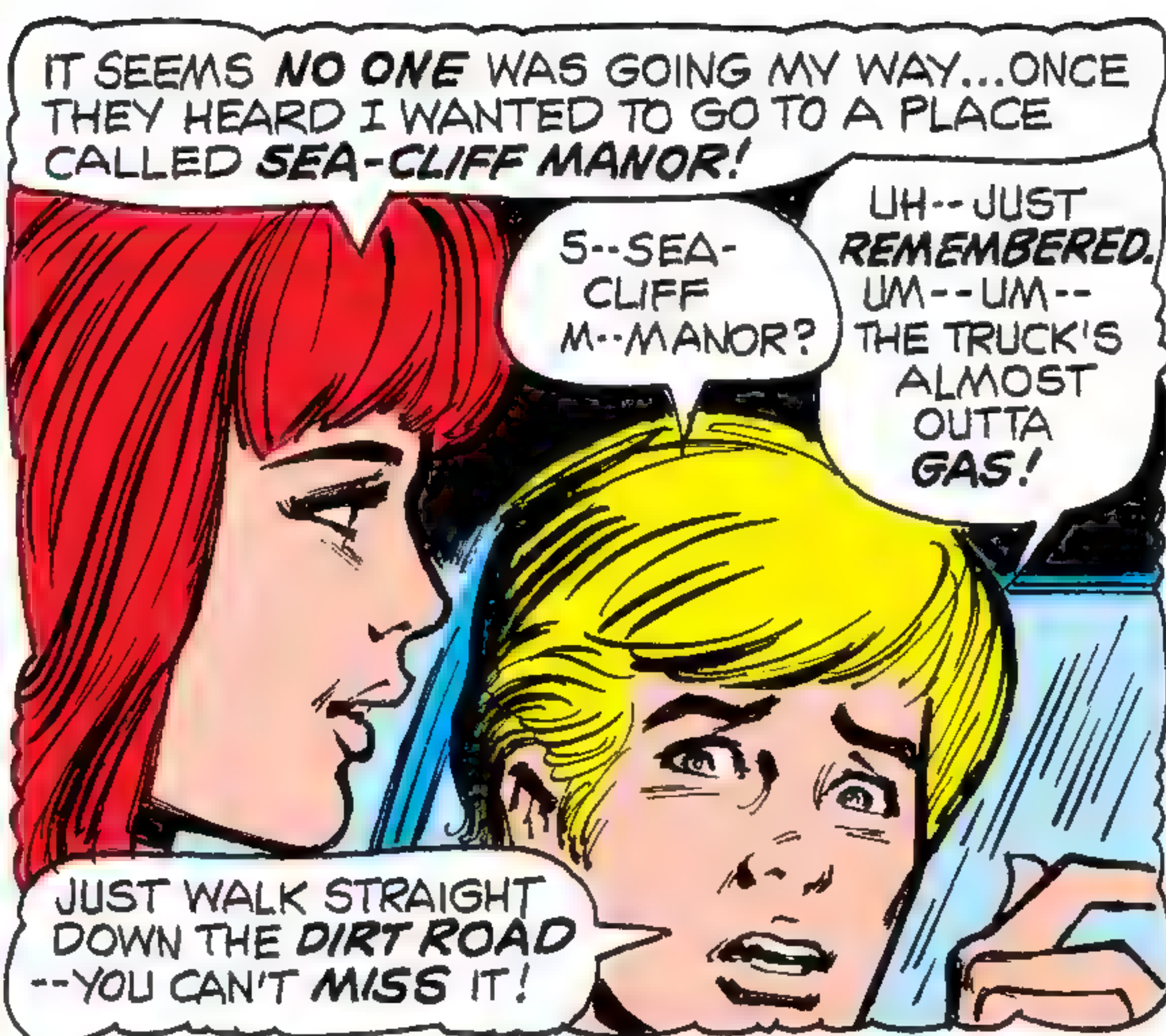
BUT...BUT
YOU'RE MY **LAST**
HOPE. WON'T ANY-
ONE TAKE ME
THERE?



I HEAR YOU TALKING, SISTER! NEED A LIFT?

YOU BET I DO!

WELL, HOP IN!

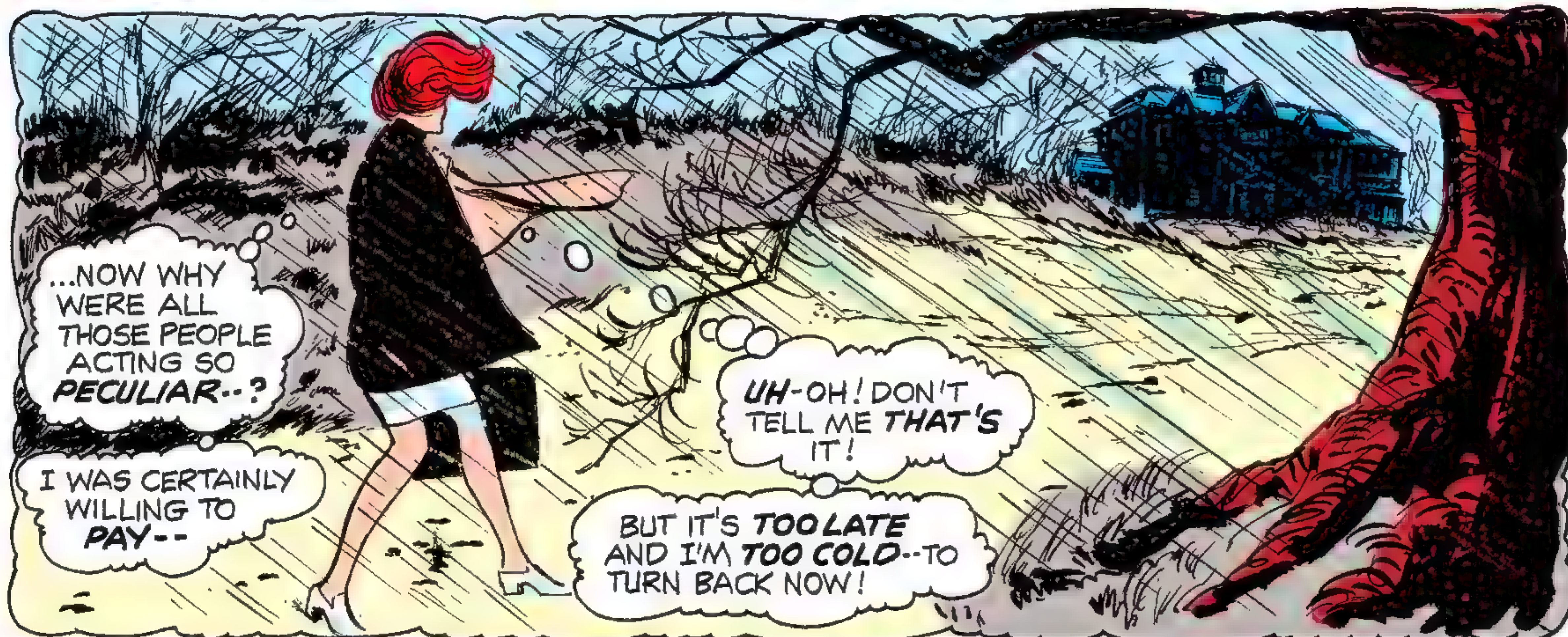


IT SEEMS NO ONE WAS GOING MY WAY...ONCE THEY HEARD I WANTED TO GO TO A PLACE CALLED SEA-CLIFF MANOR!

S--SEA-CLIFF M--MANOR?

UH-- JUST REMEMBERED. UM--UM-- THE TRUCK'S ALMOST OUTTA GAS!

JUST WALK STRAIGHT DOWN THE DIRT ROAD --YOU CAN'T MISS IT!

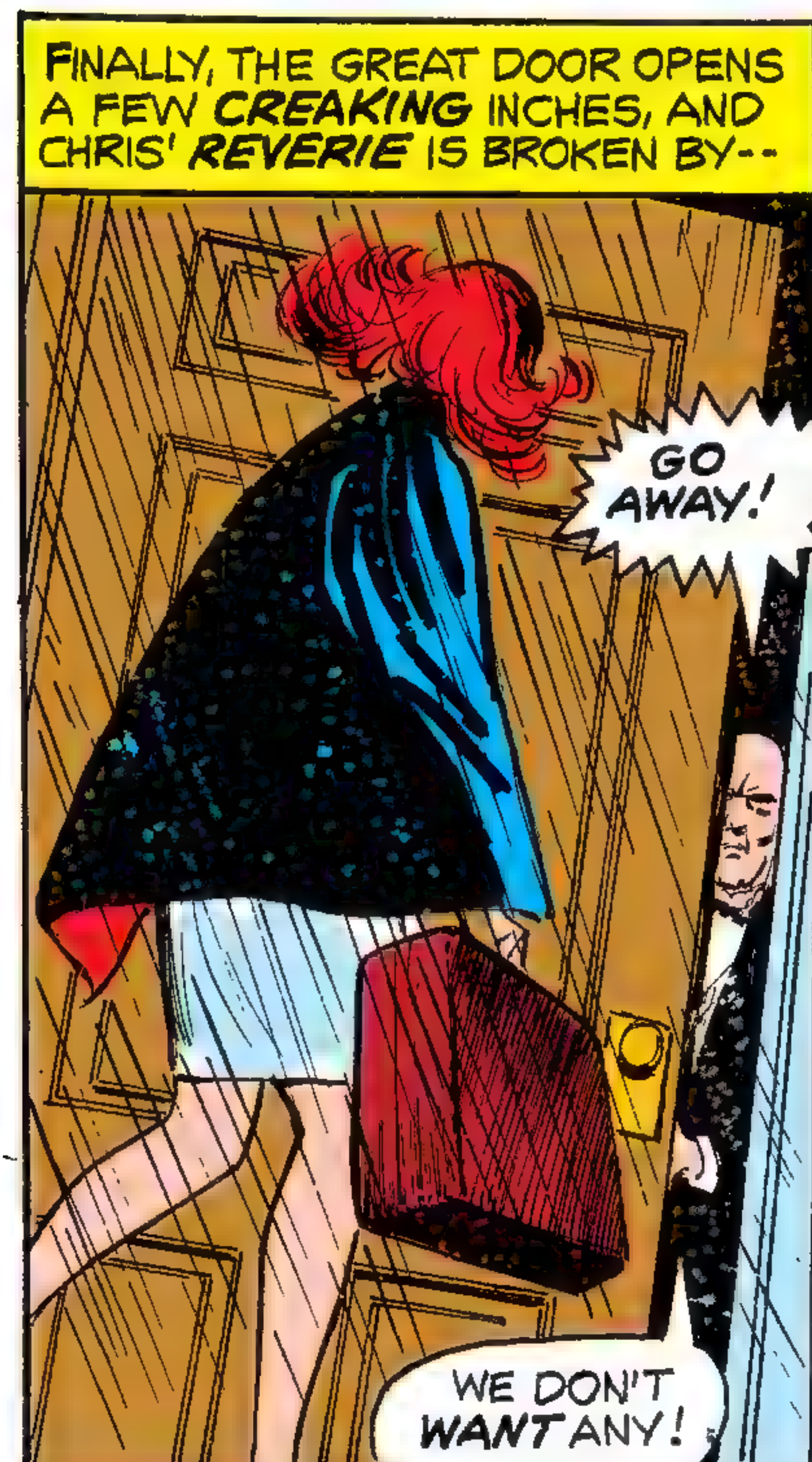


...NOW WHY WERE ALL THOSE PEOPLE ACTING SO PECULIAR--?

I WAS CERTAINLY WILLING TO PAY--

UH-OH! DON'T TELL ME THAT'S IT!

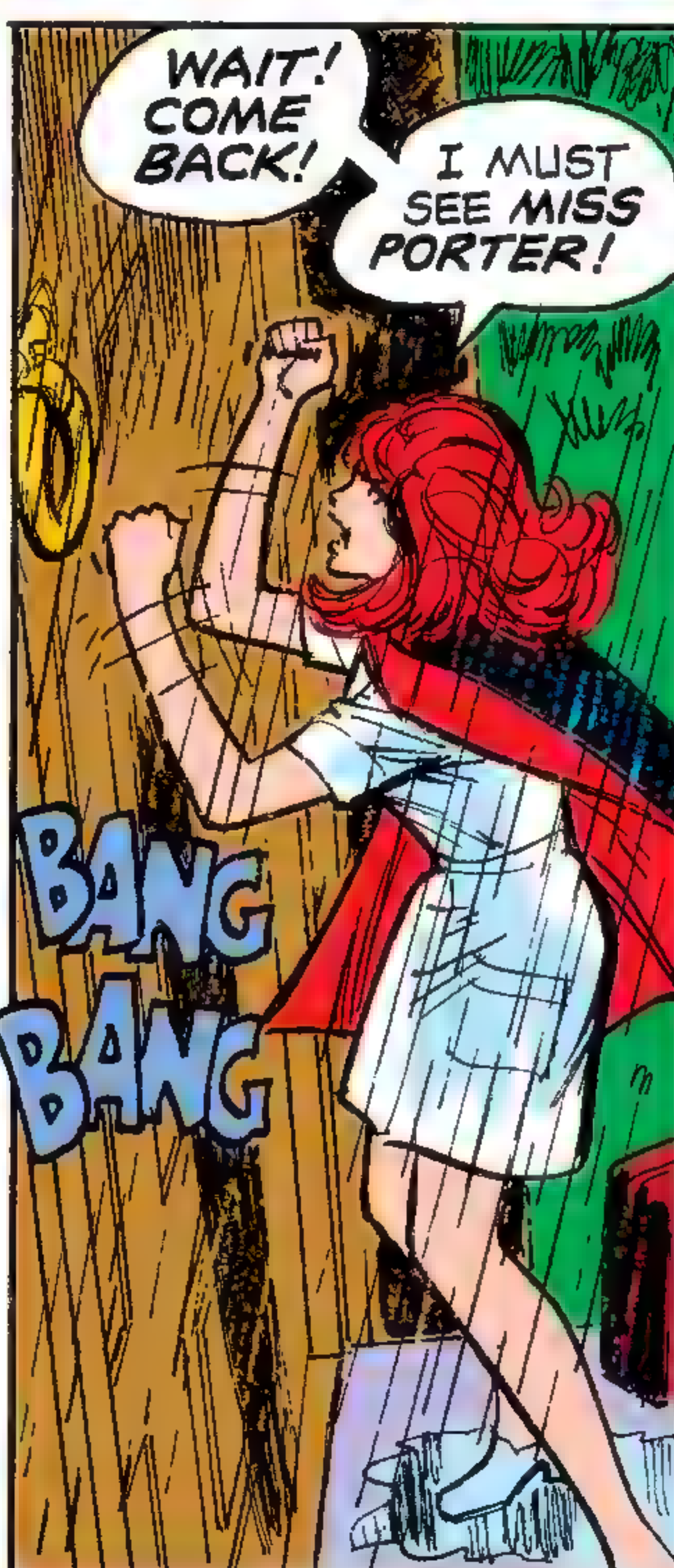
BUT IT'S TOO LATE AND I'M TOO COLD--TO TURN BACK NOW!



FINALLY, THE GREAT DOOR OPENS A FEW CREAKING INCHES, AND CHRIS' REVERIE IS BROKEN BY--

GO AWAY!

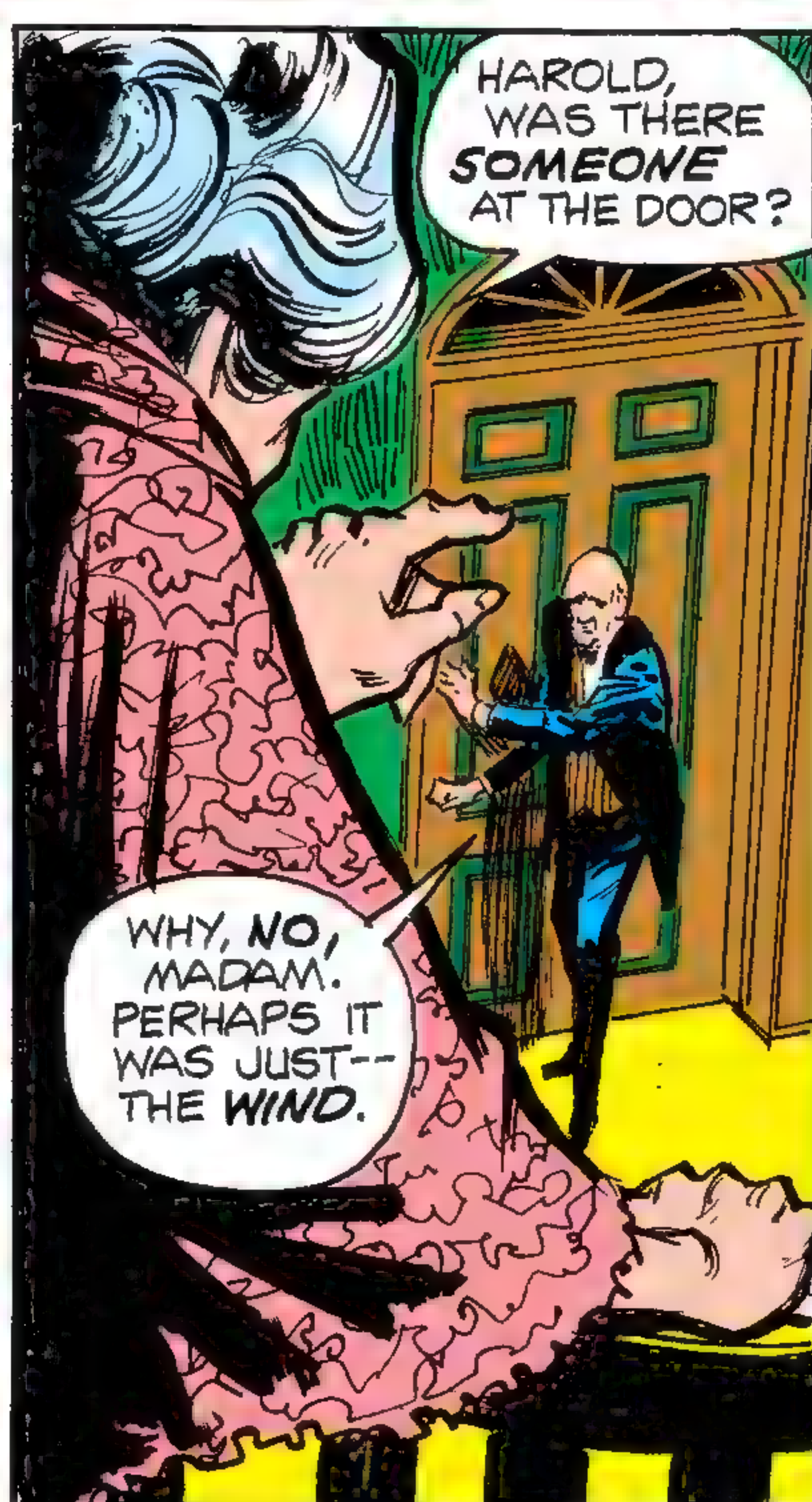
WE DON'T WANT ANY!



WAIT! COME BACK!

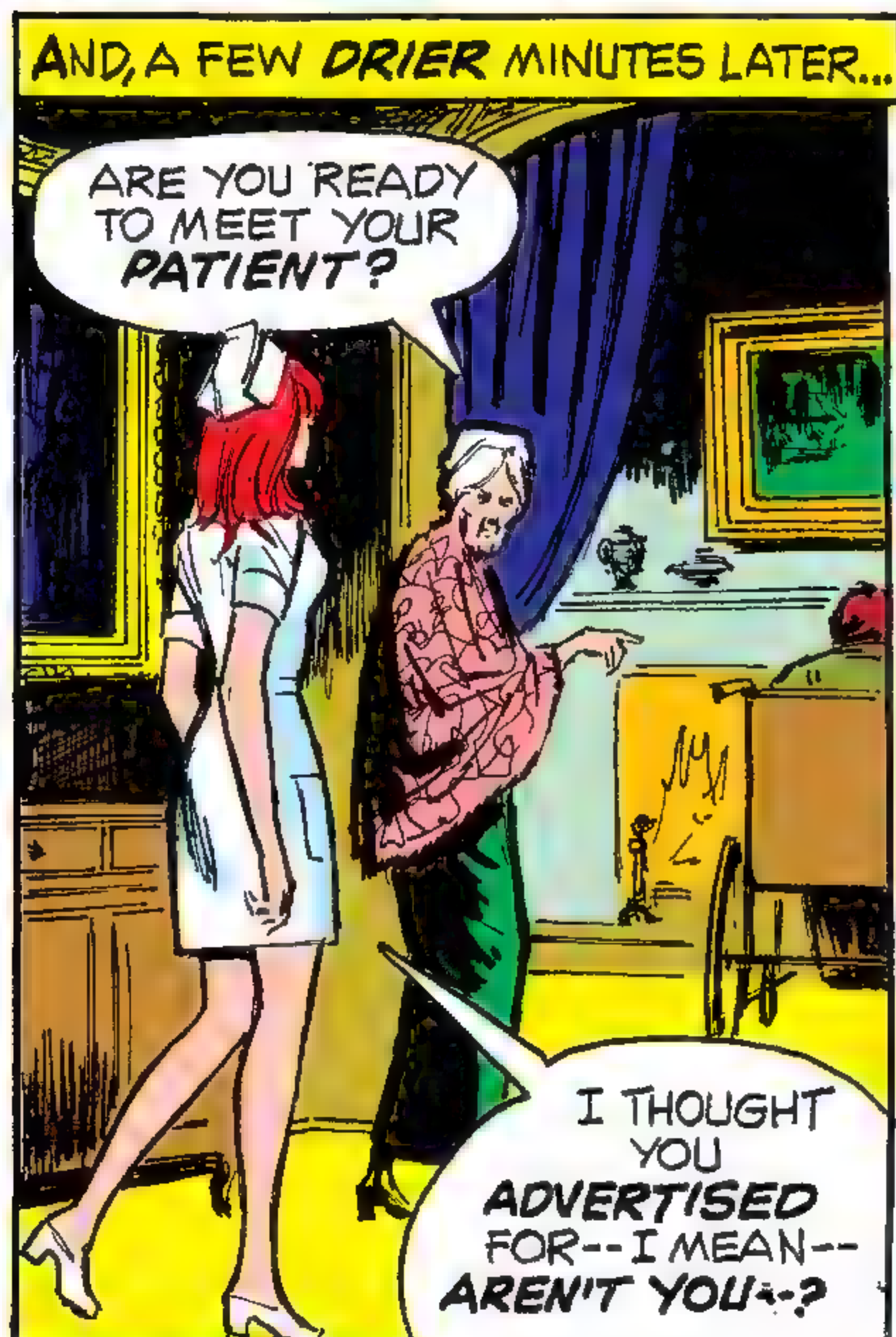
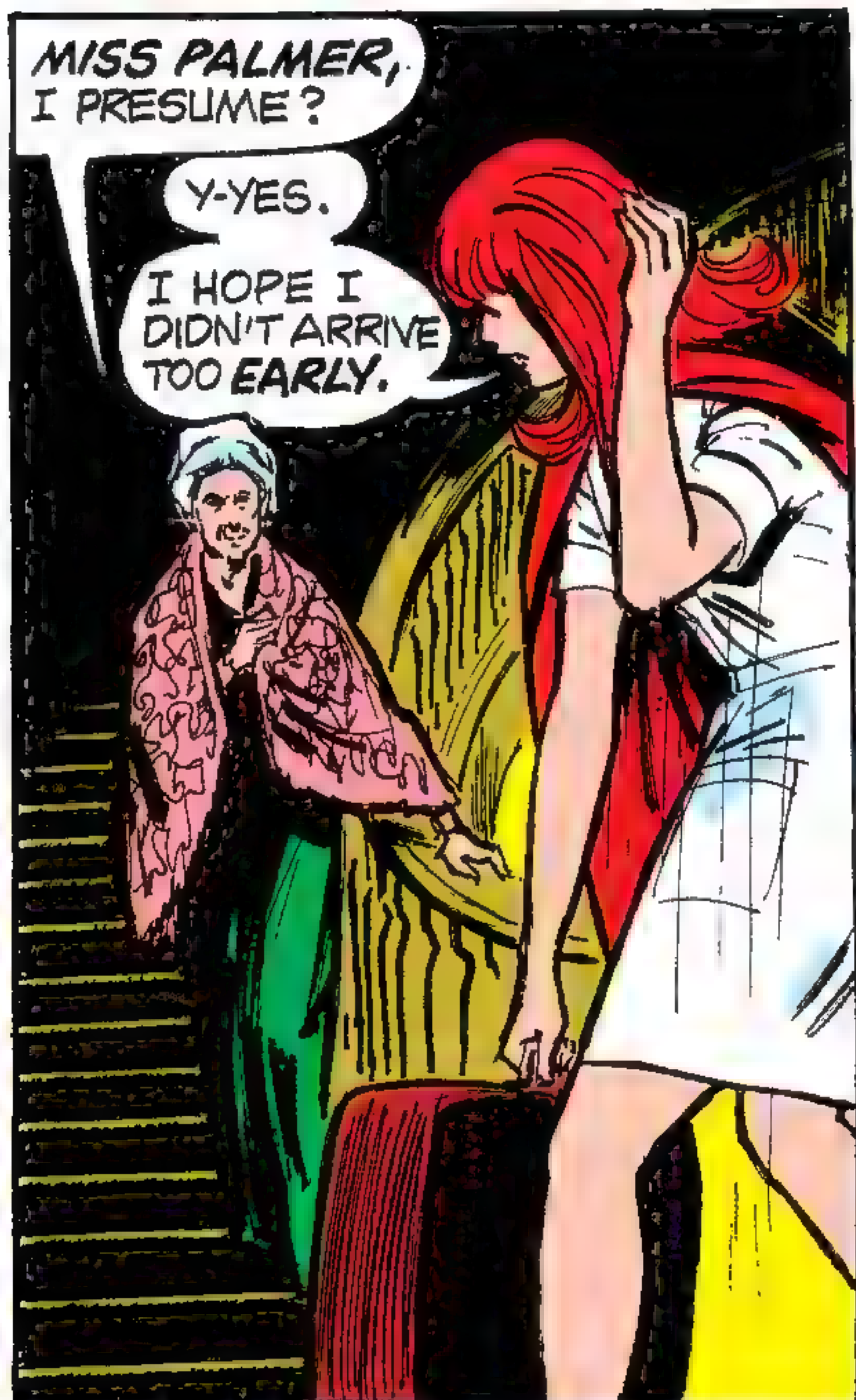
I MUST SEE MISS PORTER!

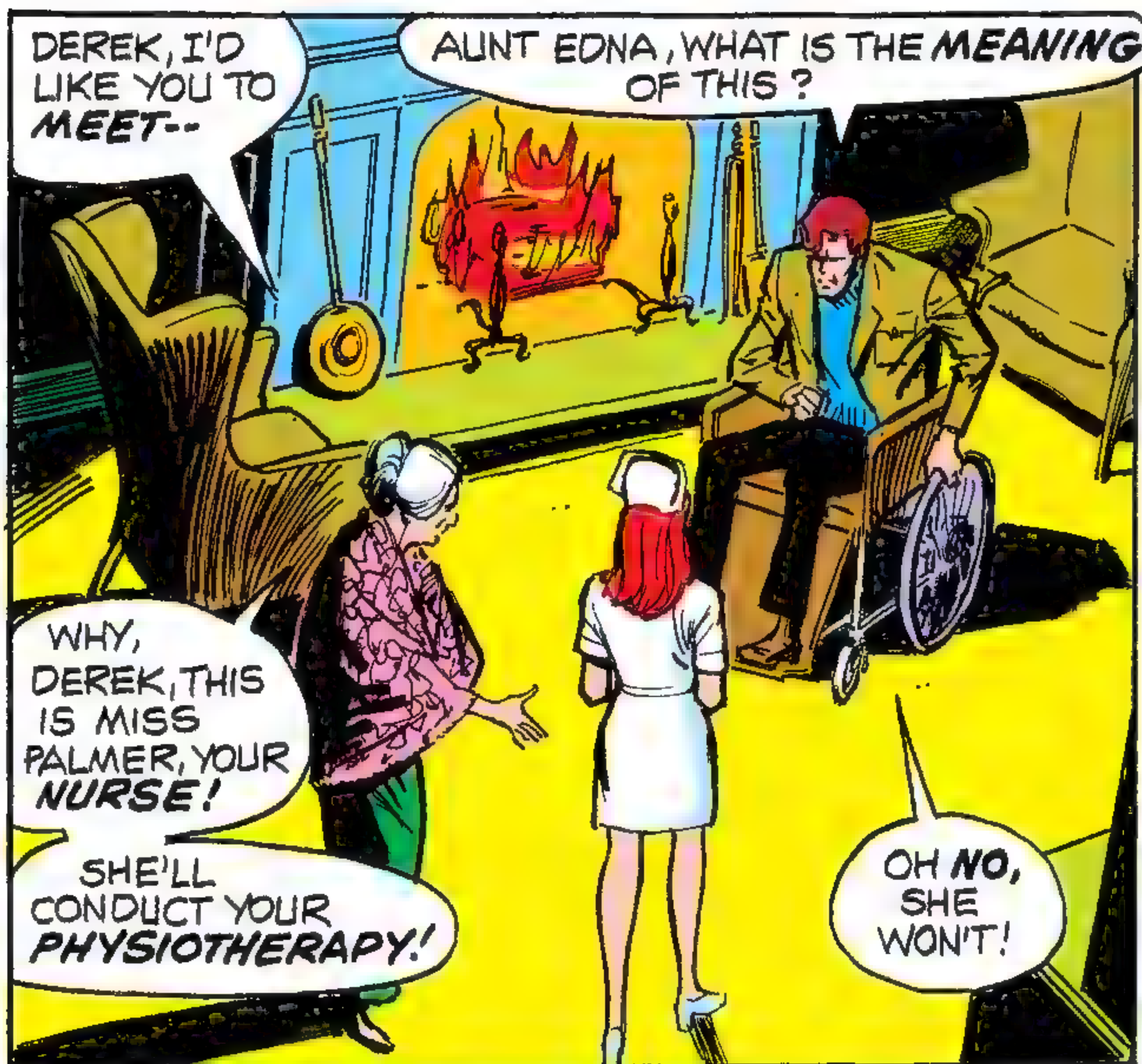
BANG BANG



HAROLD, WAS THERE SOMEONE AT THE DOOR?

WHY, NO, MADAM. PERHAPS IT WAS JUST-- THE WIND.

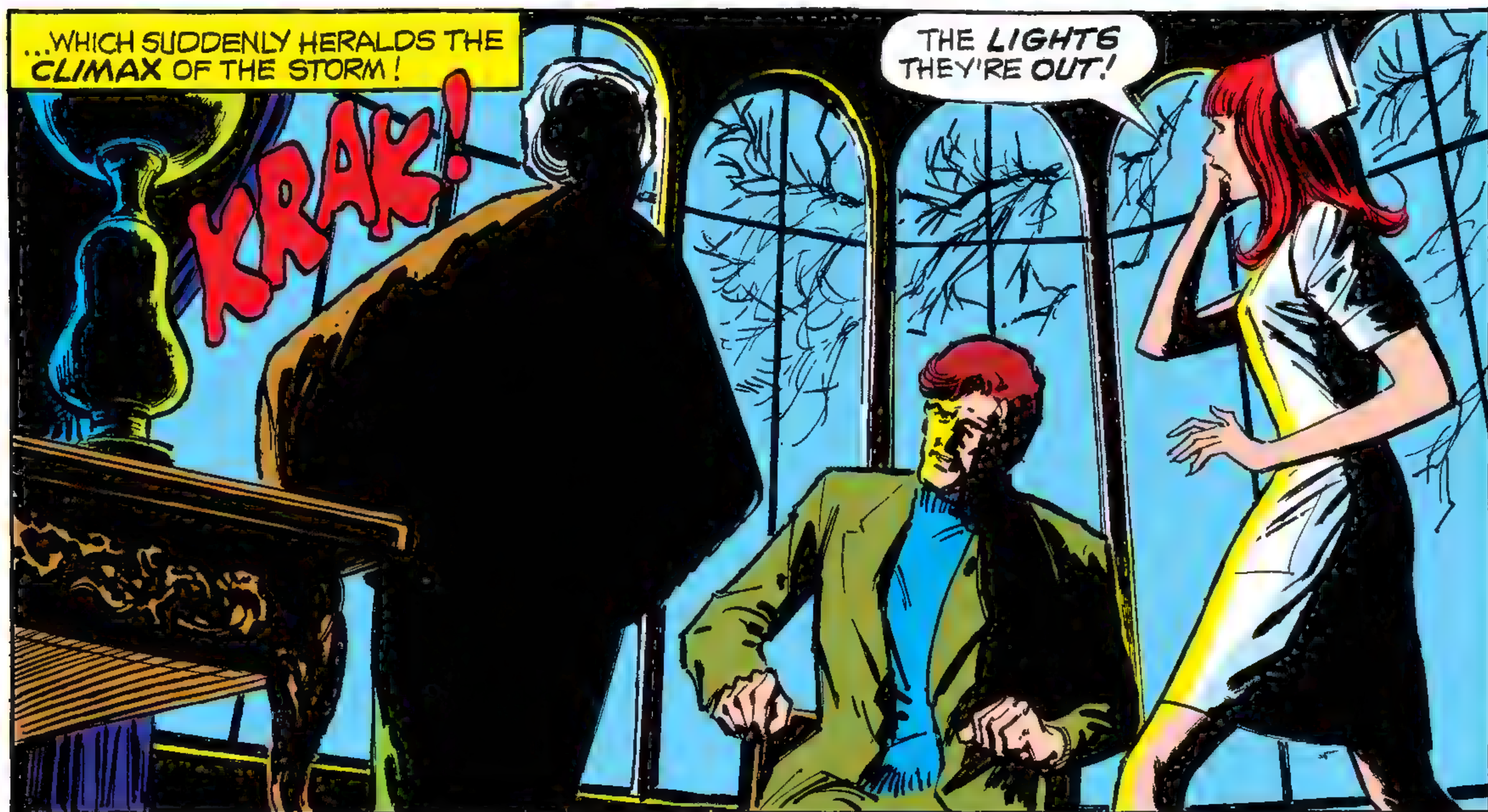


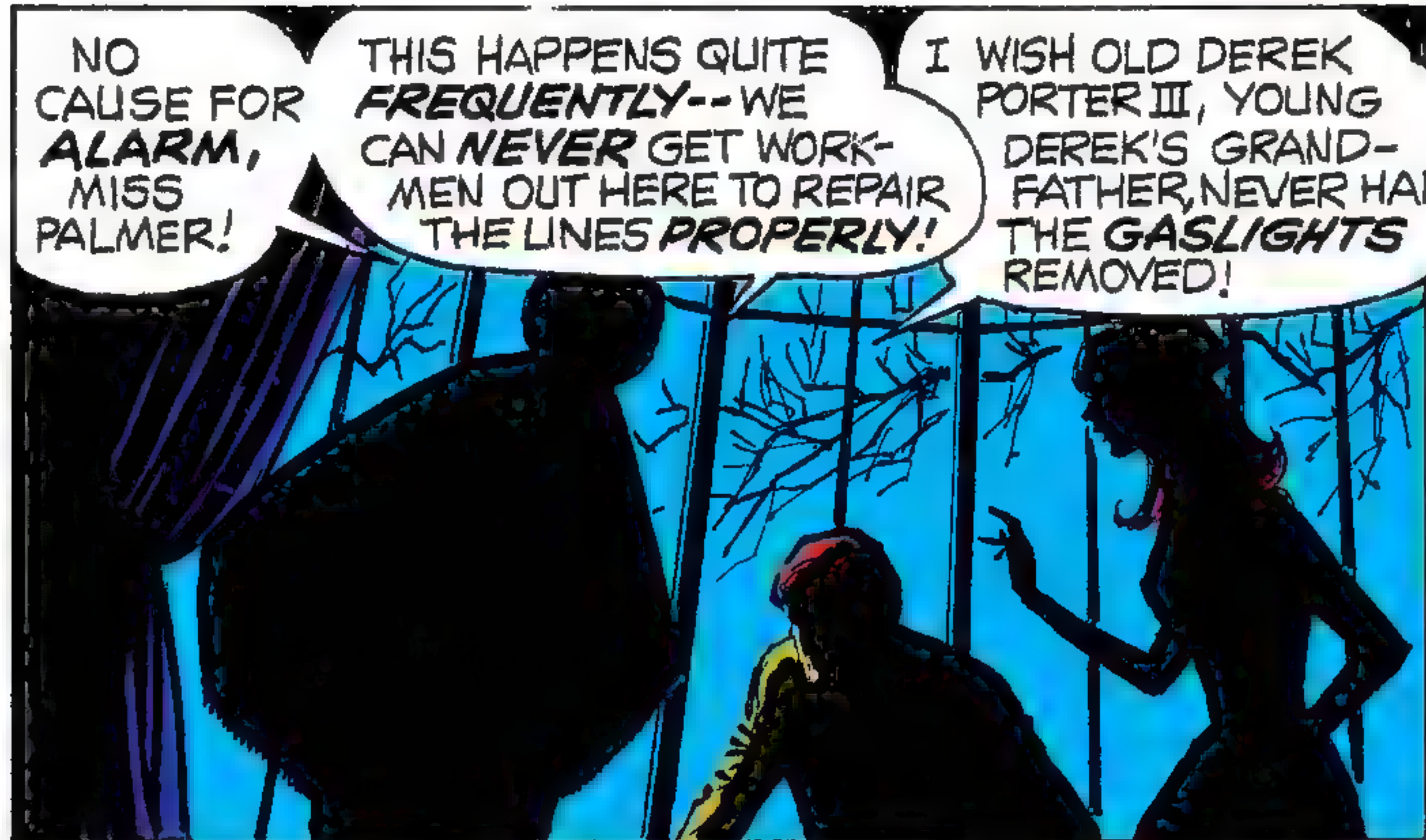


THE GALE, RAGING ASHORE FROM THE WINTRY ATLANTIC...

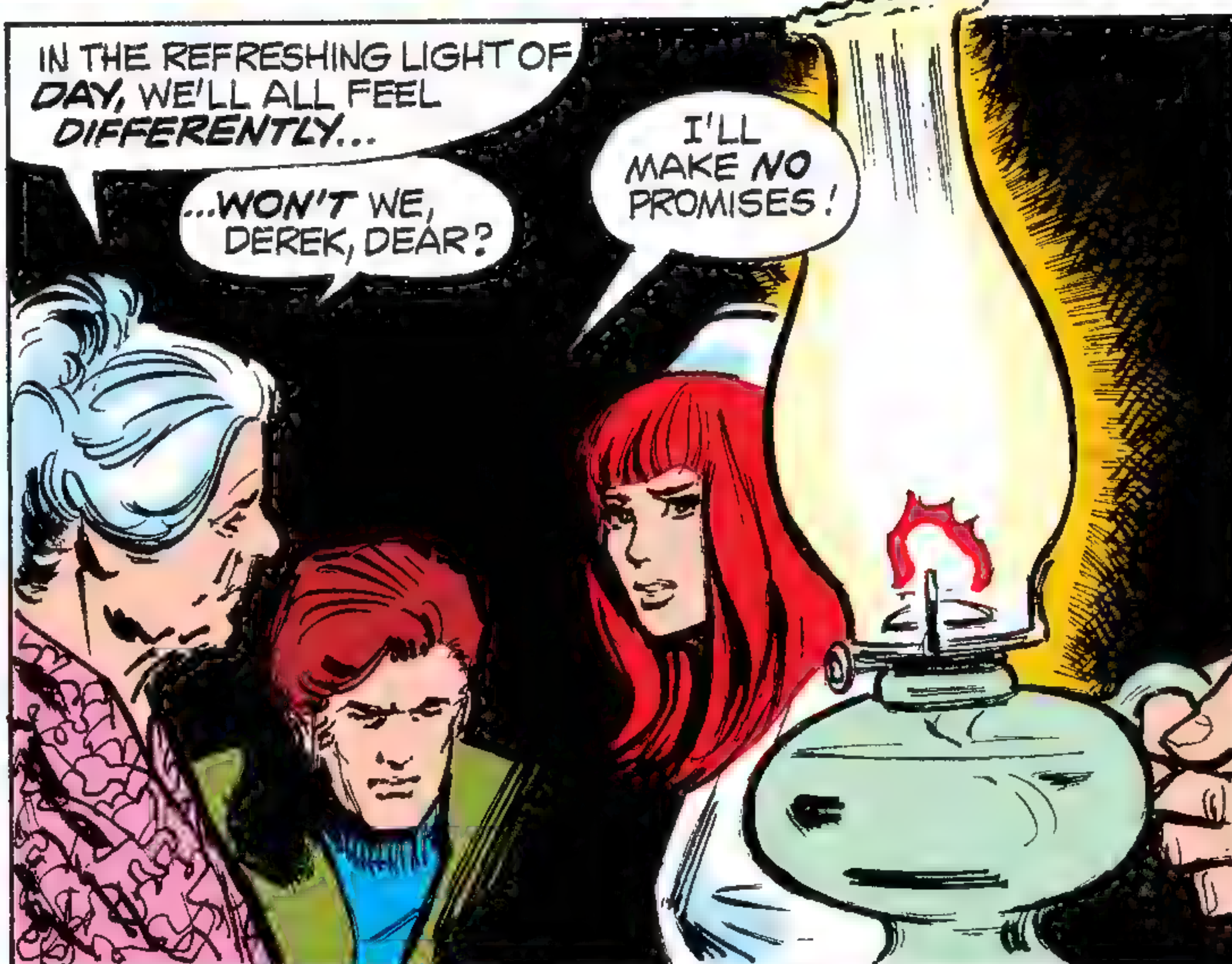
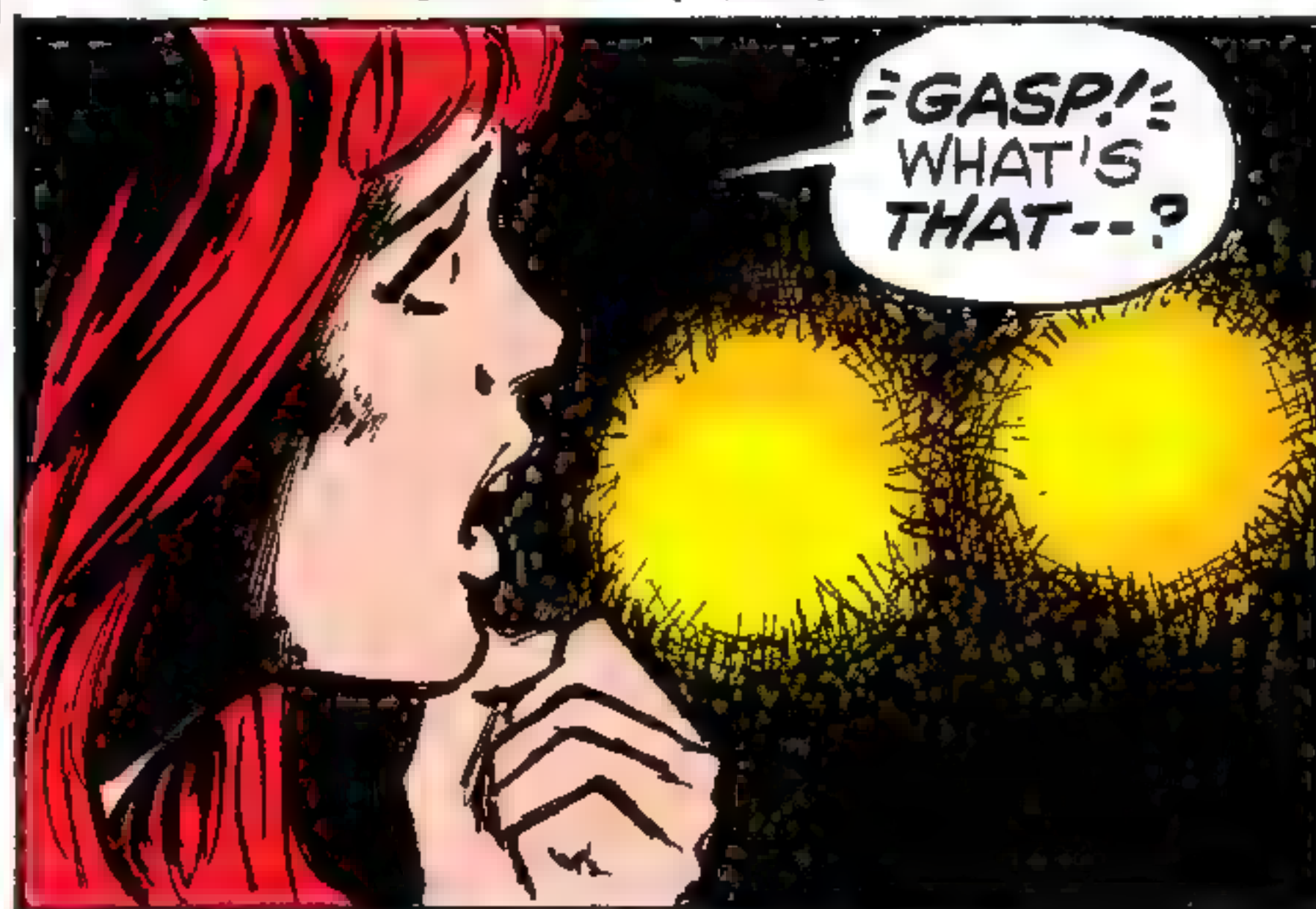


...IS NO MATCH FOR THE TEMPEST IN-SIDE SEA-CLIFF MANOR.

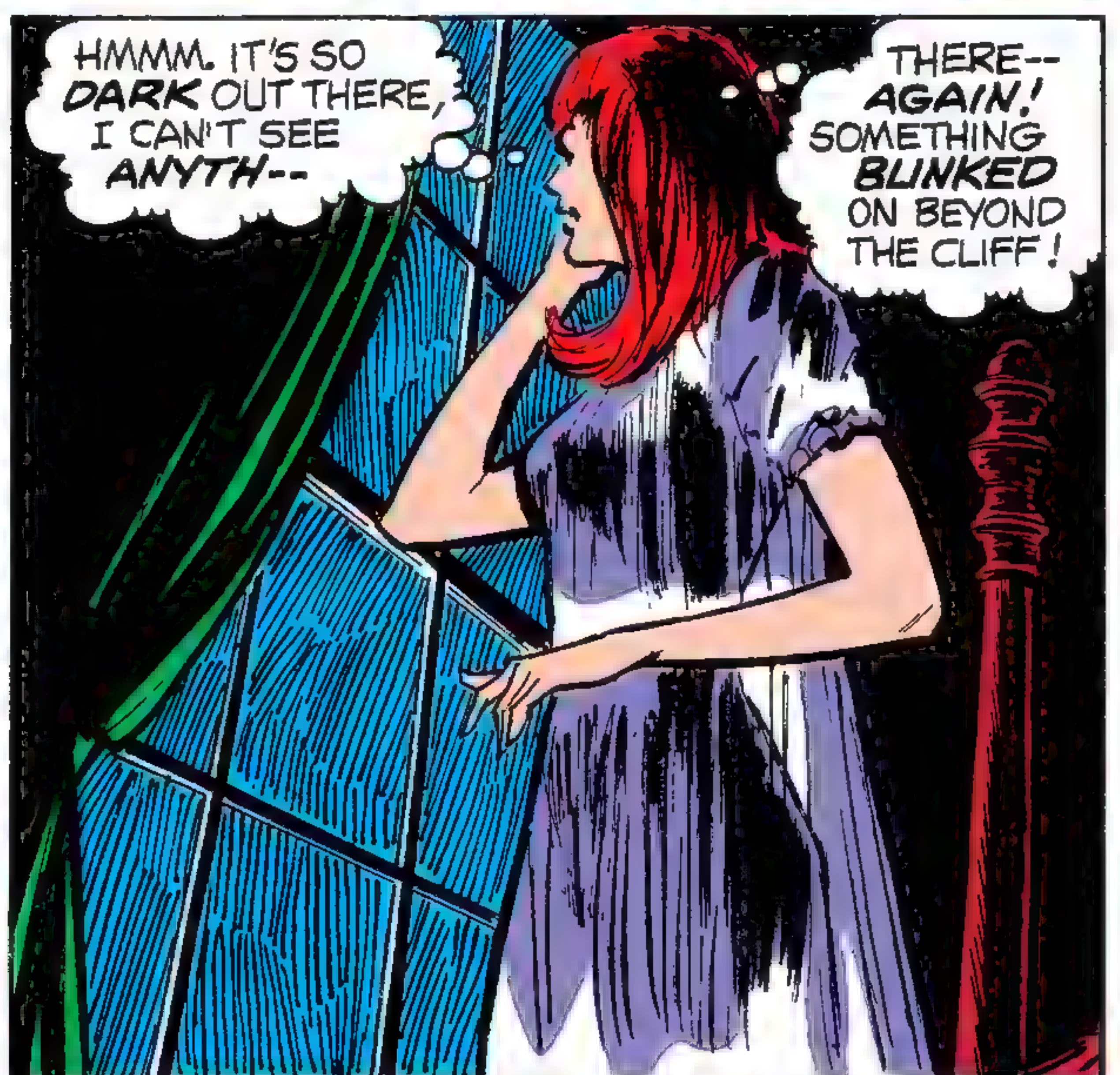
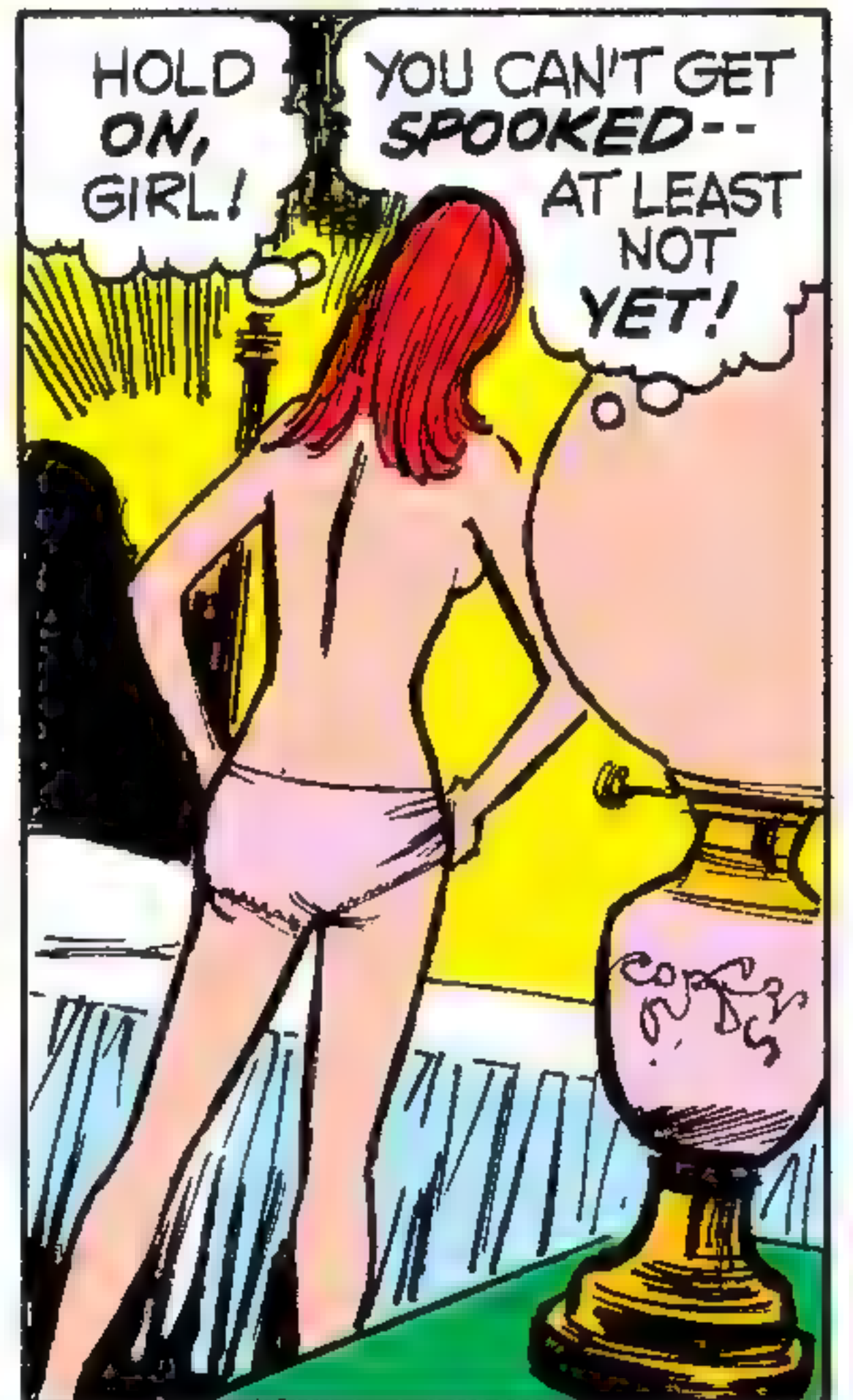
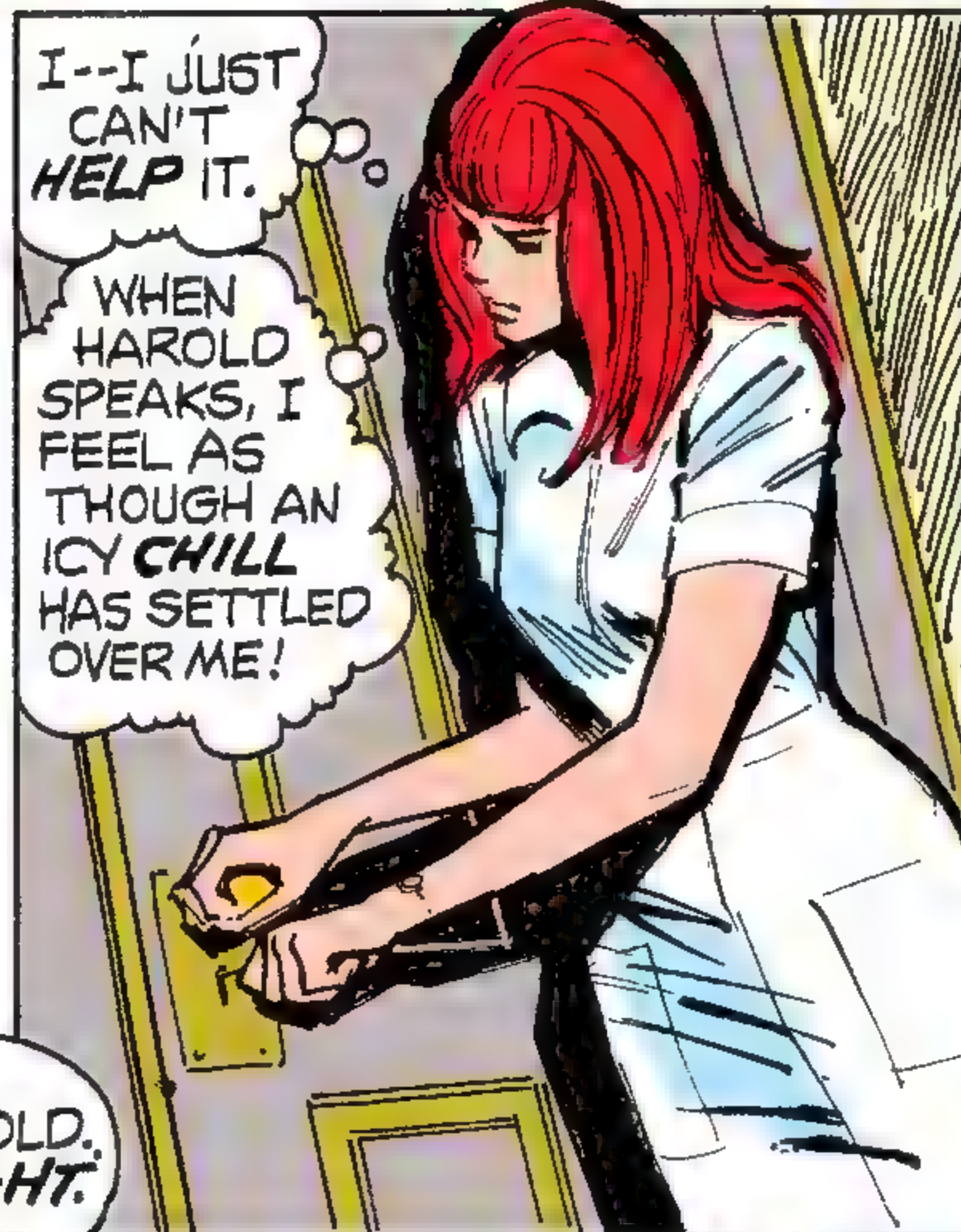
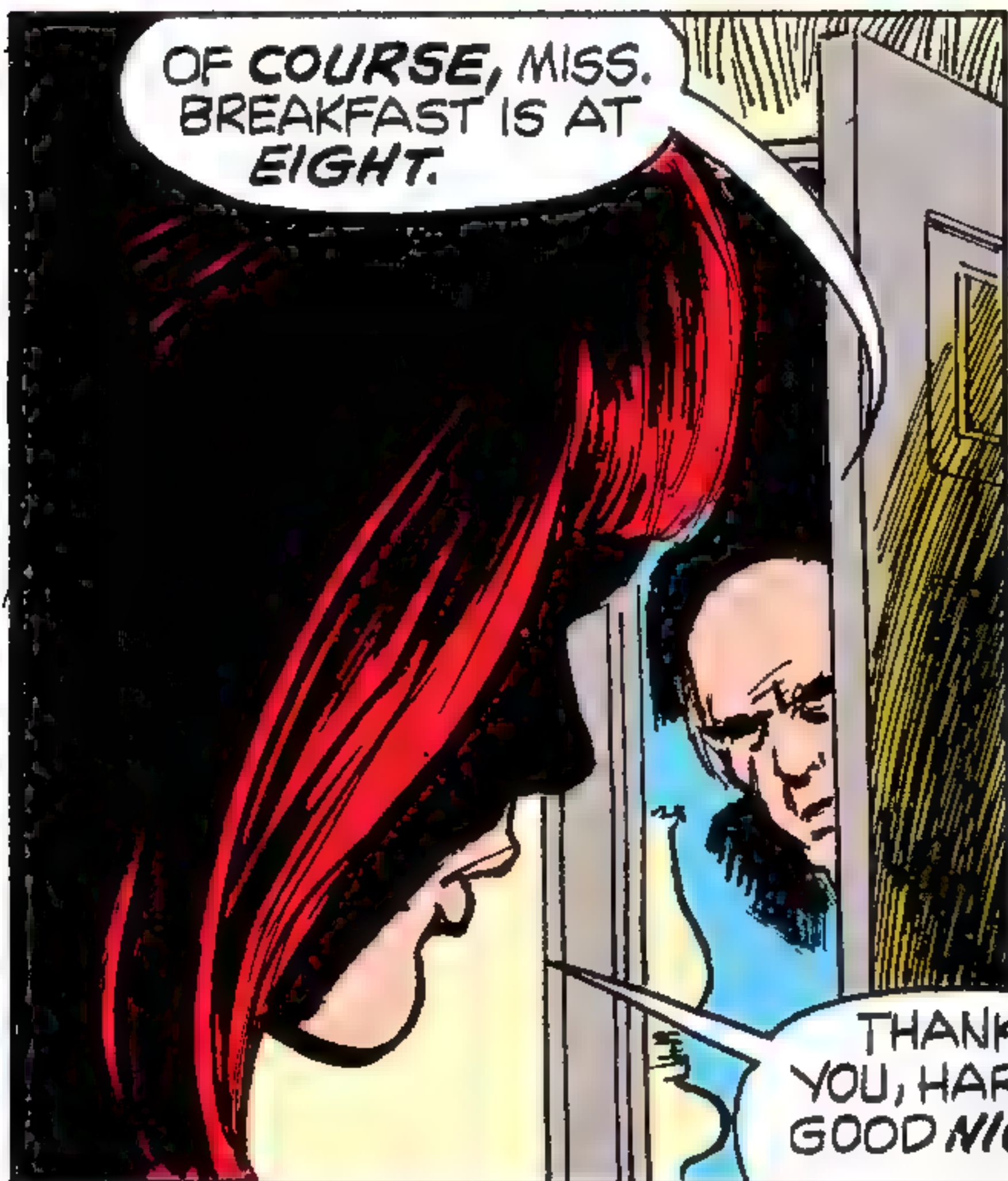
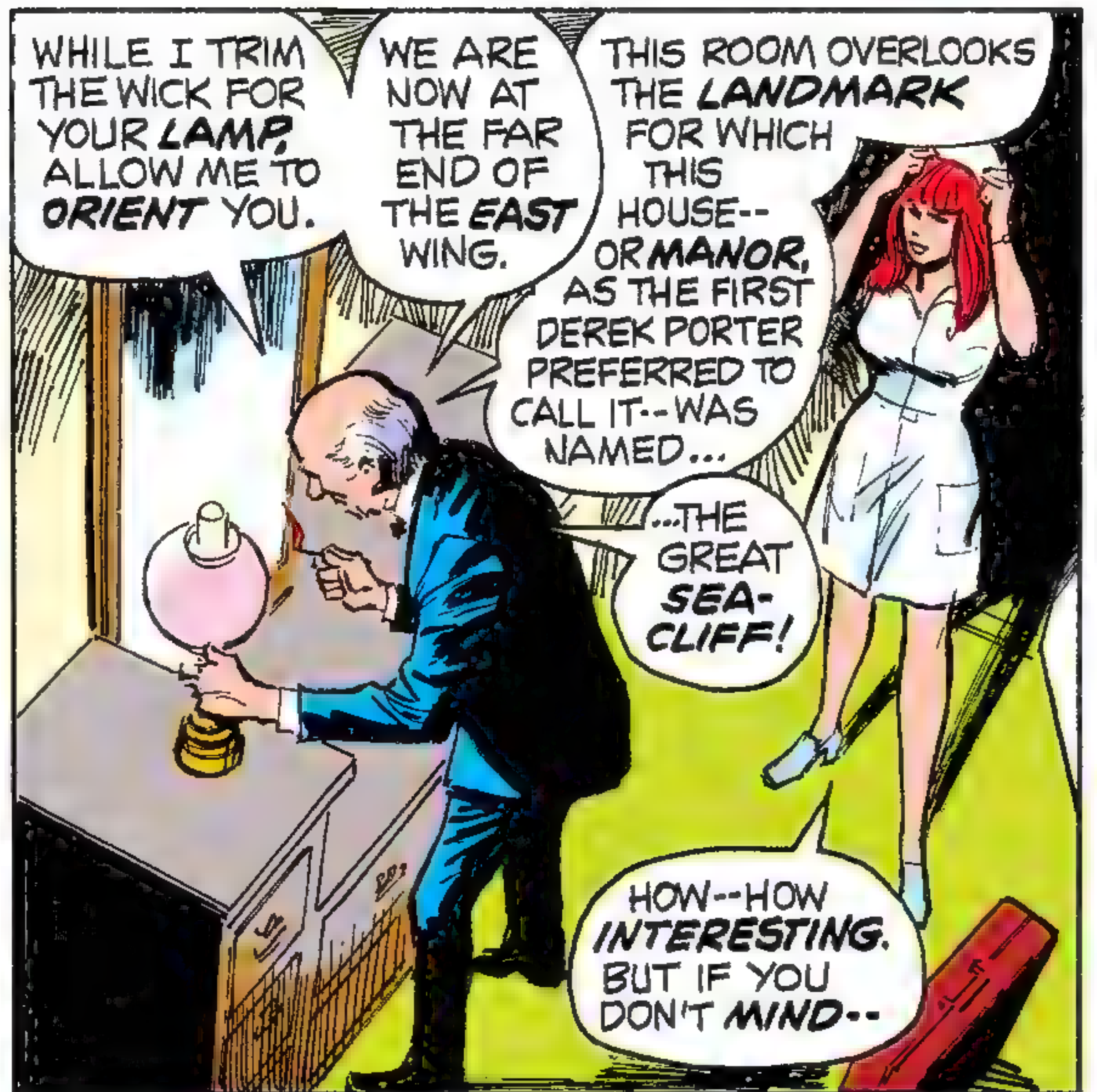
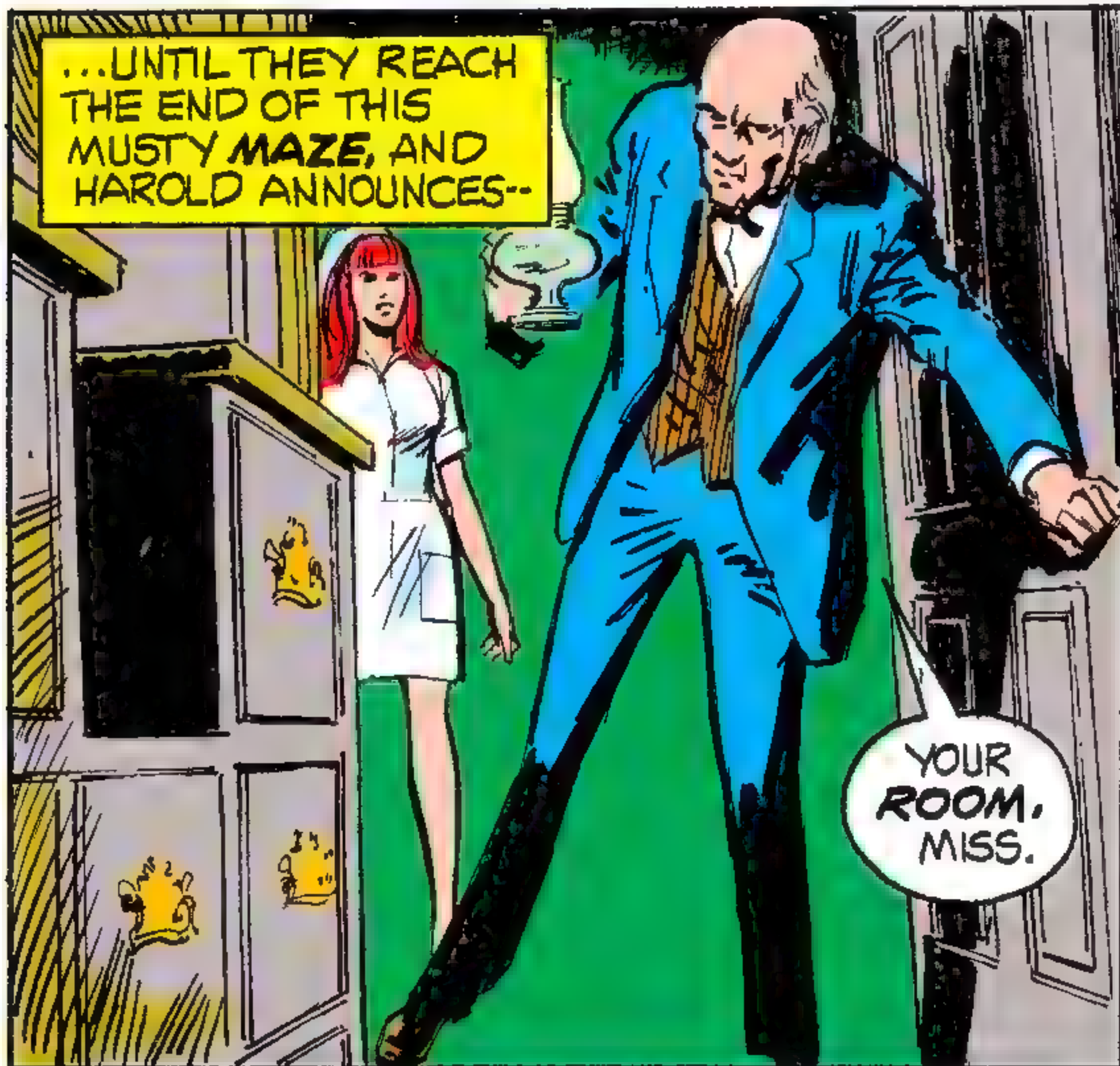




SUDDENLY, CHRIS' ATTENTION IS DISTRACTED FROM MISS PORTER'S **MUSINGS** TO A LOW **RUSTLE**-- BEHIND THE DAMASK PORTIERES...

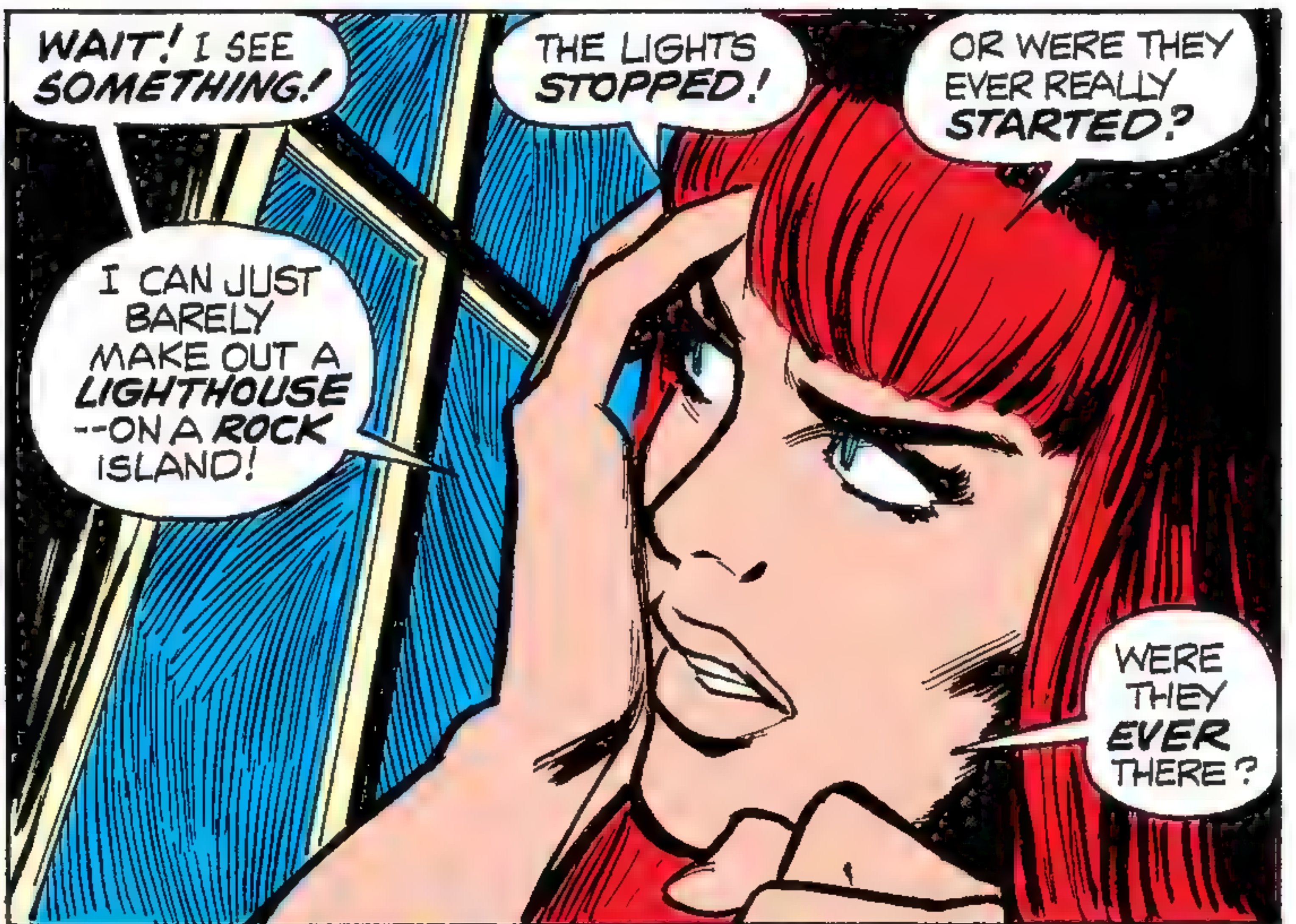


SILENTLY, CHRIS FOLLOWS THE BUTLER UP WINDING STAIRS AND ALONG DIM CORRIDORS...





"DON'T BE SILLY, GIRL!
THERE'S **NOTHING** BEYOND
THE CLIFF--EXCEPT THE SEA!"



WAIT! I SEE
SOMETHING!

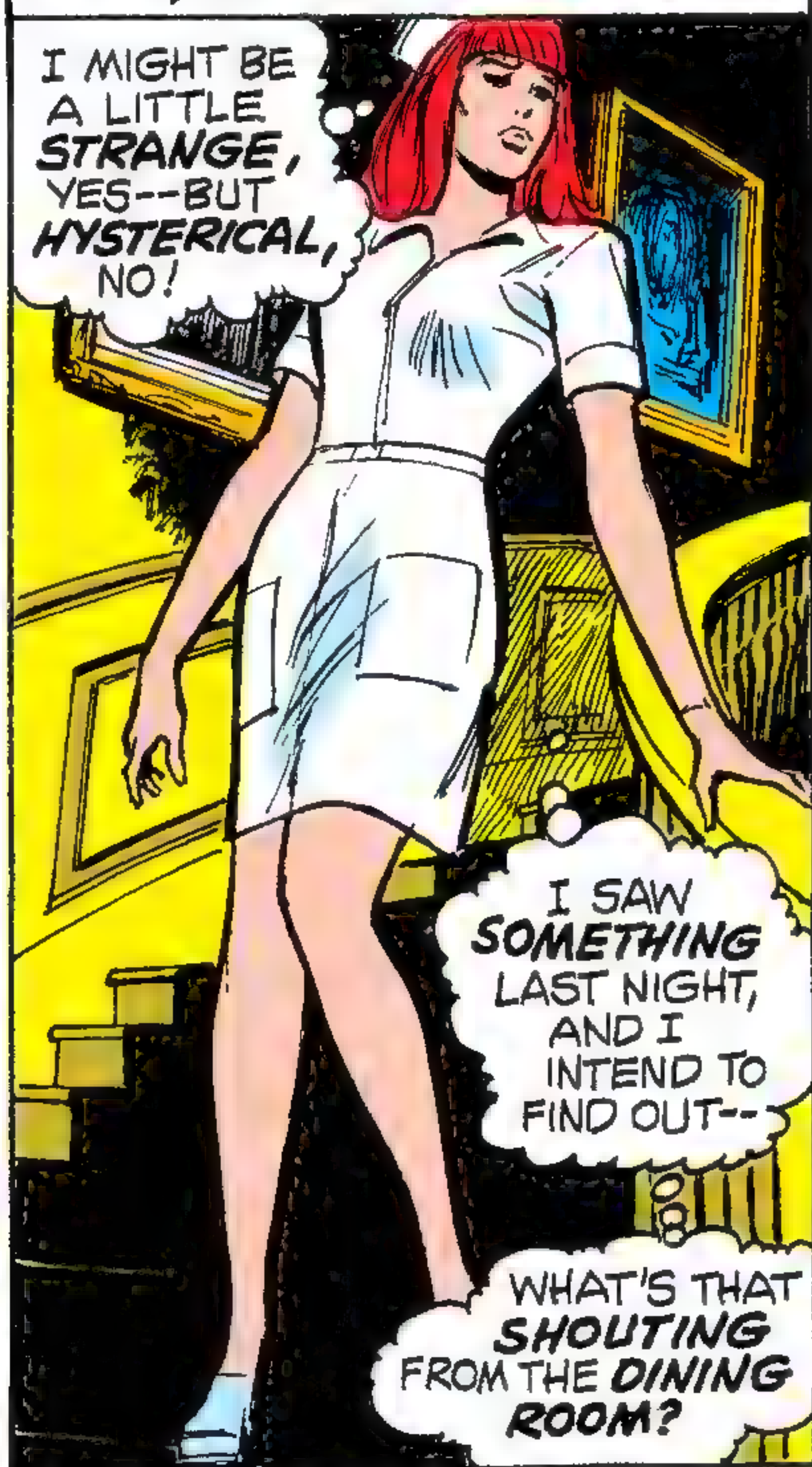
THE LIGHTS
STOPPED!

OR WERE THEY
EVER REALLY
STARTED?

I CAN JUST
BARELY
MAKE OUT A
LIGHTHOUSE
--ON A ROCK
ISLAND!

WERE
THEY
EVER
THERE?

A CLEAR MORNING CAN BRING
WITH IT MANY THINGS--A CLEAR
HEAD, AND CLEAR **THINKING**...



I MIGHT BE
A LITTLE
STRANGE,
YES--BUT
HYSTERICAL,
NO!

I SAW
SOMETHING
LAST NIGHT,
AND I
INTEND TO
FIND OUT--

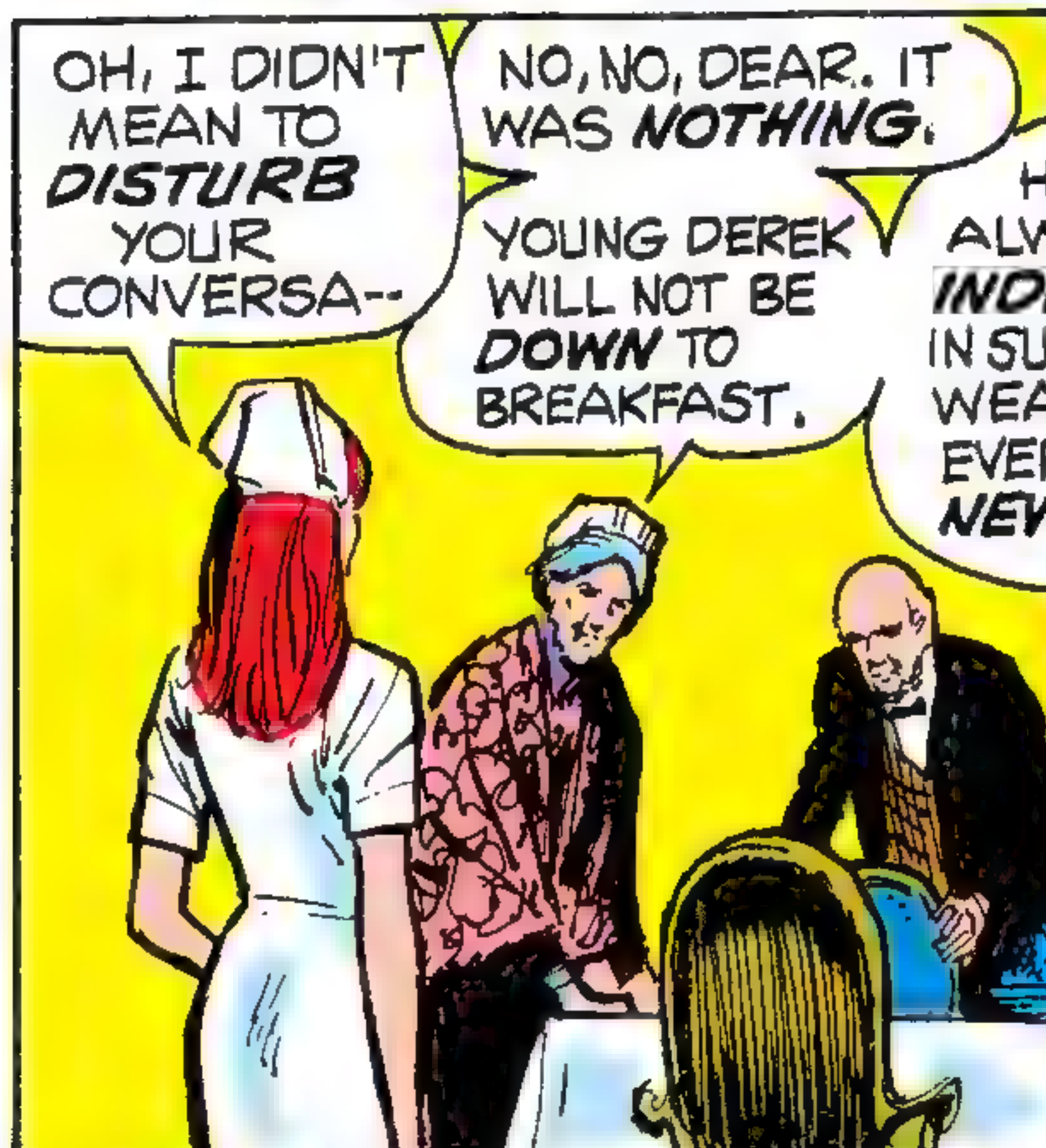
WHAT'S THAT
SHOUTING
FROM THE **DINING**
ROOM?



I'LL DECIDE HOW
WE **TAKE CARE**
OF YOUNG DEREK!

I ONLY
SUGGESTED,
EDNA, THAT
YOUR WAY MAY
BE TOO
SLOW--

EDNA--THE
NURSE!

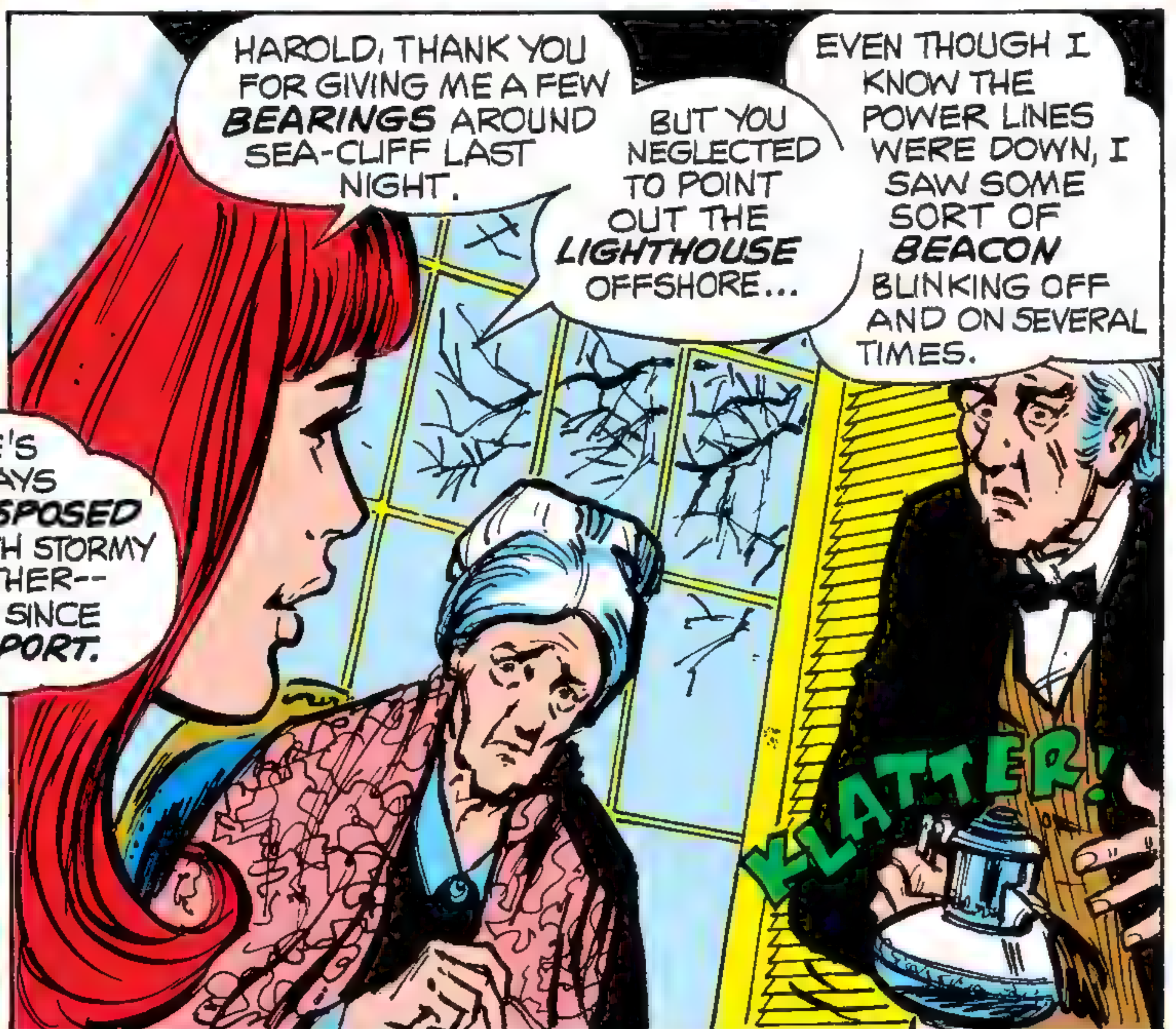


OH, I DIDN'T
MEAN TO
DISTURB
YOUR
CONVERSA--

NO, NO, DEAR. IT
WAS **NOTHING**.

YOUNG DEREK
WILL NOT BE
DOWN TO
BREAKFAST.

HE'S
ALWAYS
INDISPOSED
IN SUCH STORMY
WEATHER--
EVER SINCE
NEWPORT.

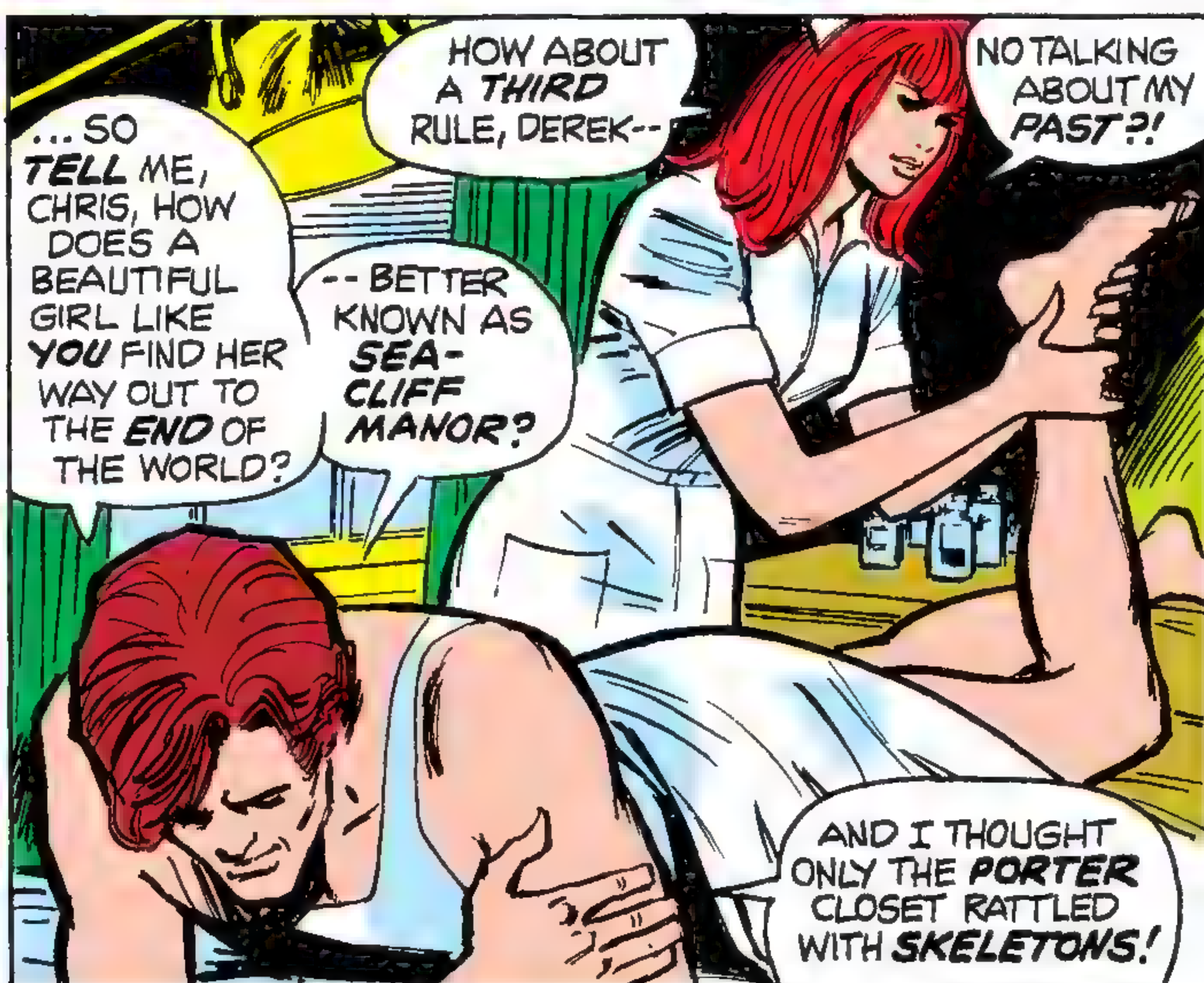
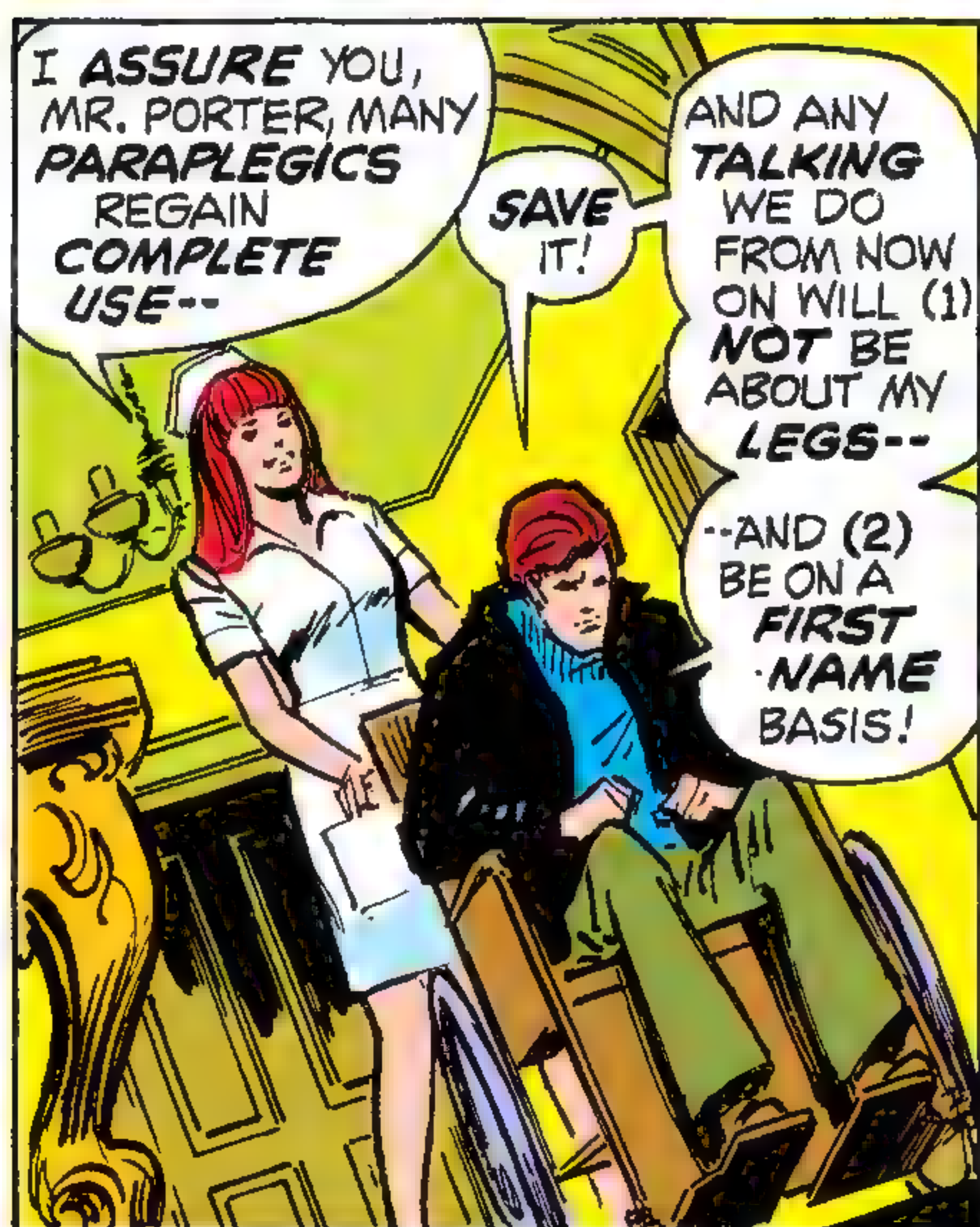
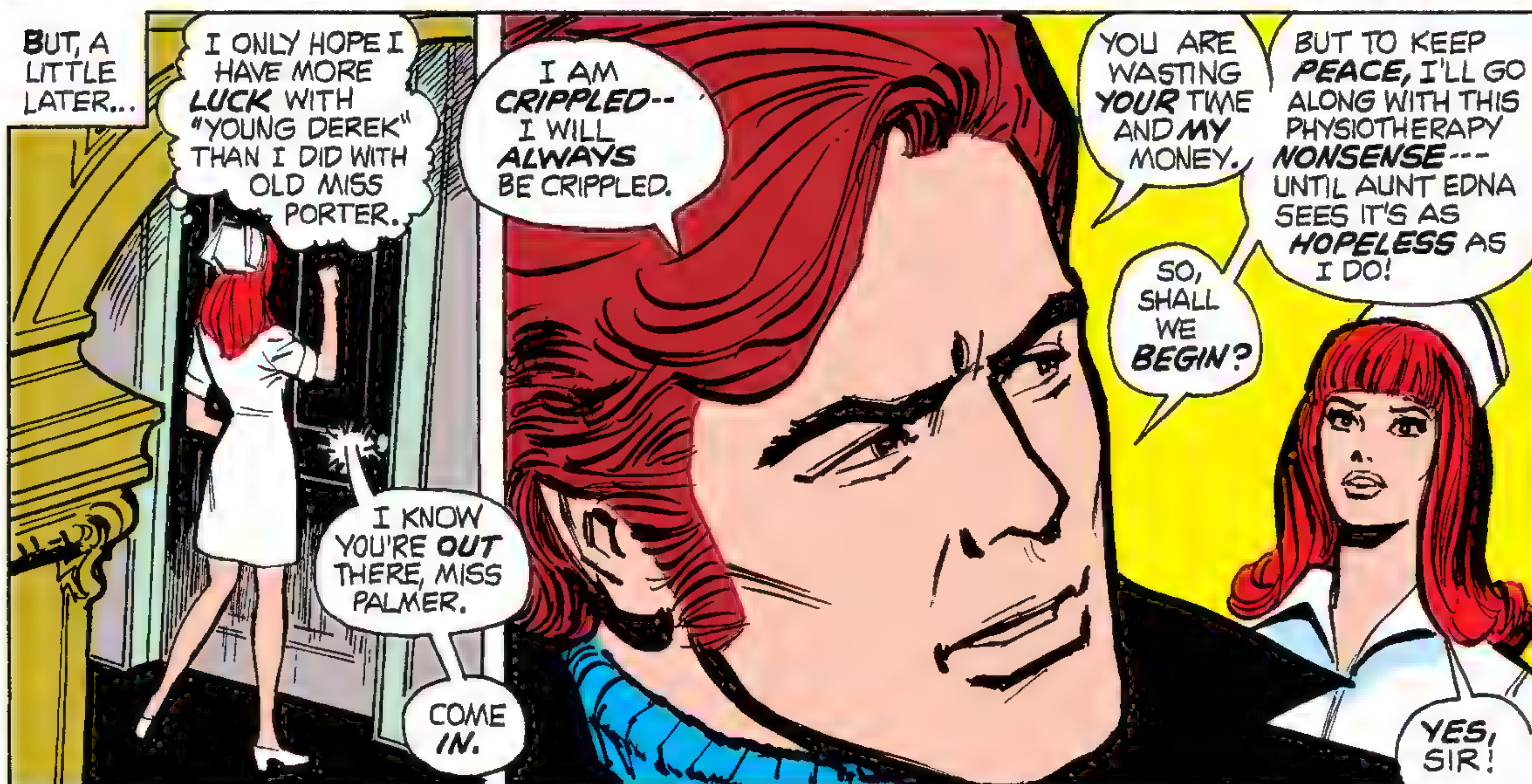
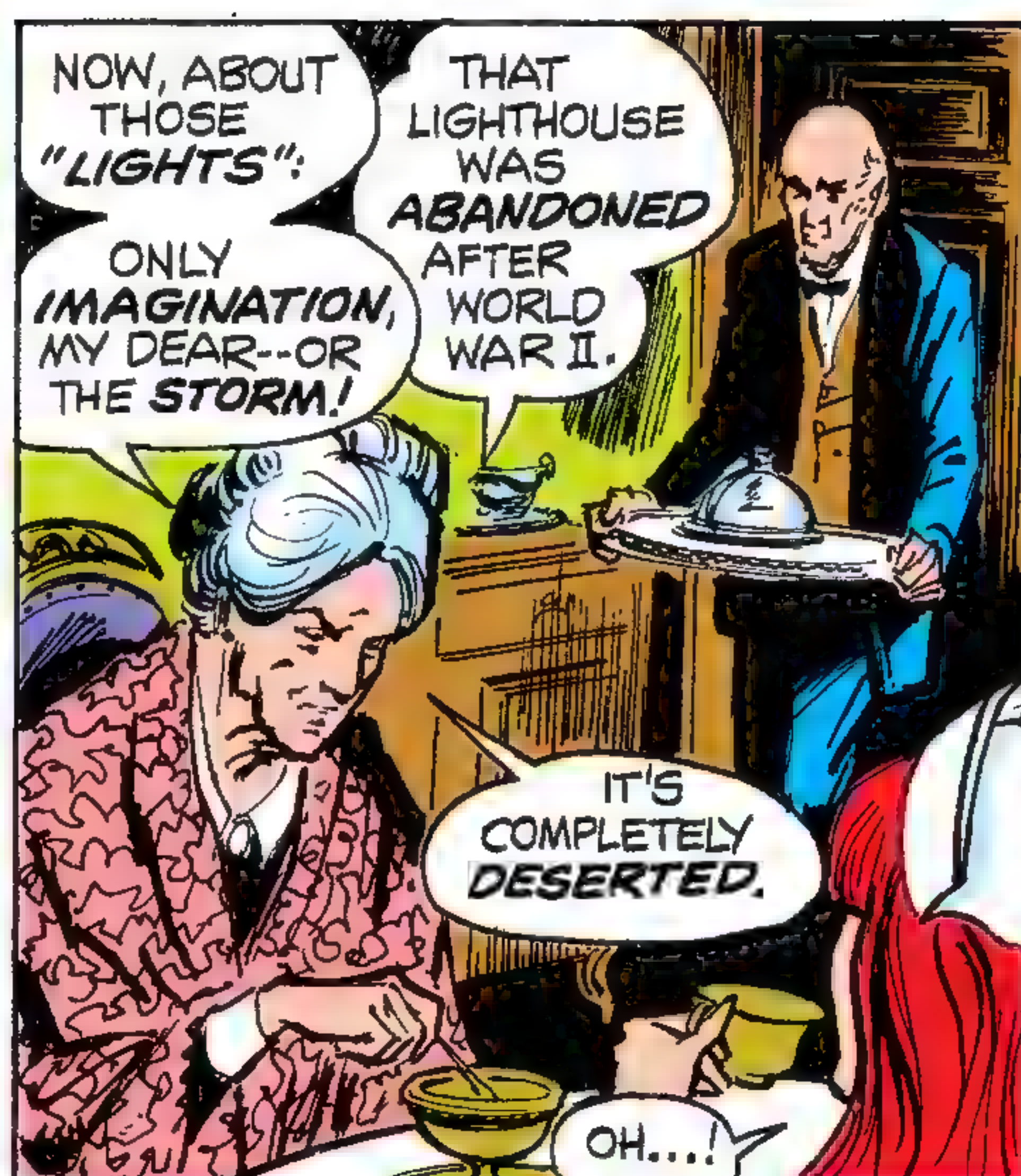


HAROLD, THANK YOU
FOR GIVING ME A FEW
BEARINGS AROUND
SEA-CLIFF LAST
NIGHT.

BUT YOU
NEGLECTED
TO POINT
OUT THE
LIGHTHOUSE
OFFSHORE...

EVEN THOUGH I
KNOW THE
POWER LINES
WERE DOWN, I
SAW SOME
SORT OF
BEACON
BLINKING OFF
AND ON SEVERAL
TIMES.

KLATTER!





NO SKELETONS, DEREK.
THERE--HOW'S THAT
FEEL?



IT **DOESN'T**--
NO PAIN--NO
PLEASURE, NO
NOTHING.



MY WHOLE **LIFE**
SEEMS THAT WAY--
NUMB.

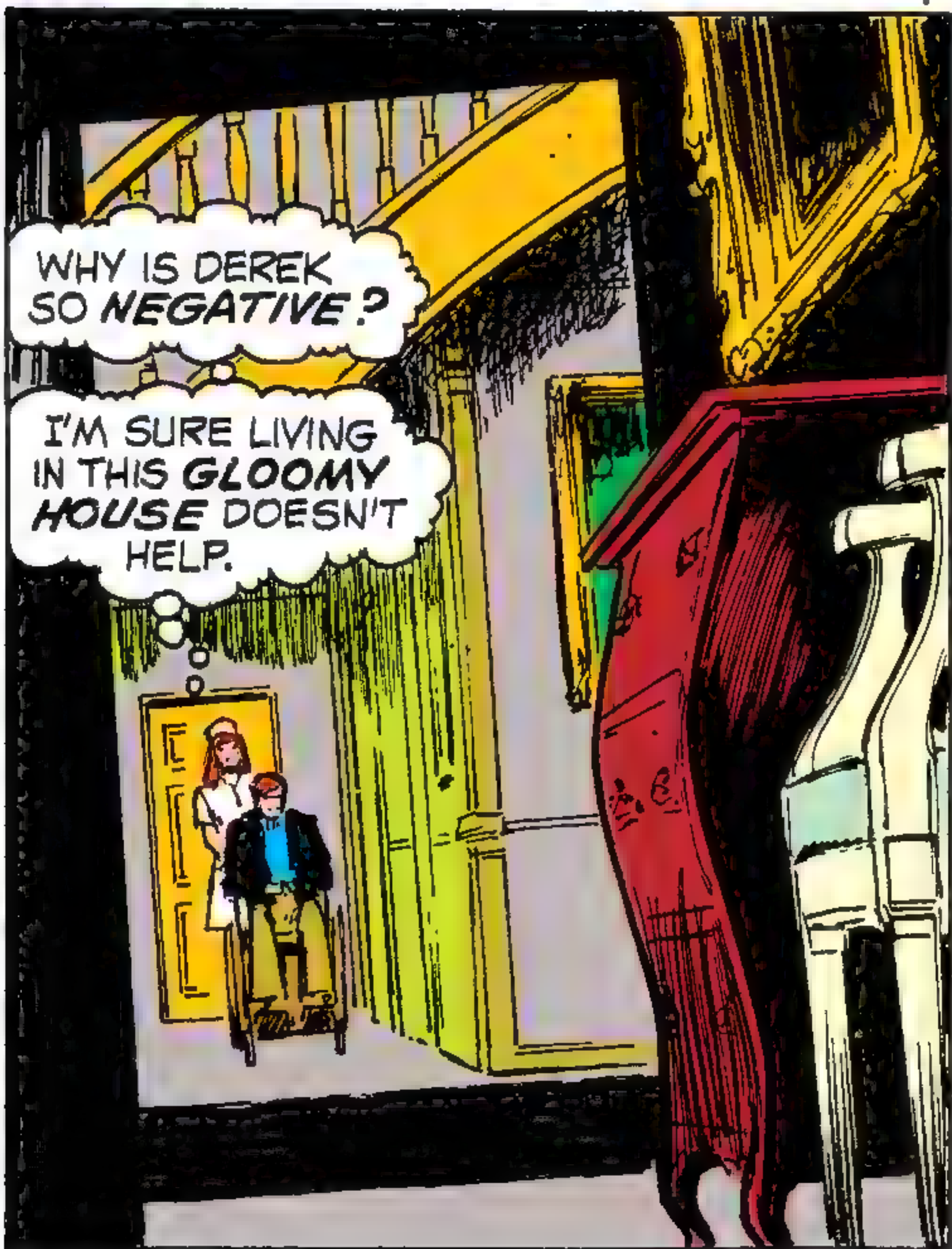


I'M SURE YOU'VE
HEARD THIS
BEFORE--

BUT YOU'VE GOT
TO BELIEVE
THERE'S
HOPE.

YEAH...
SURE,
SURE.

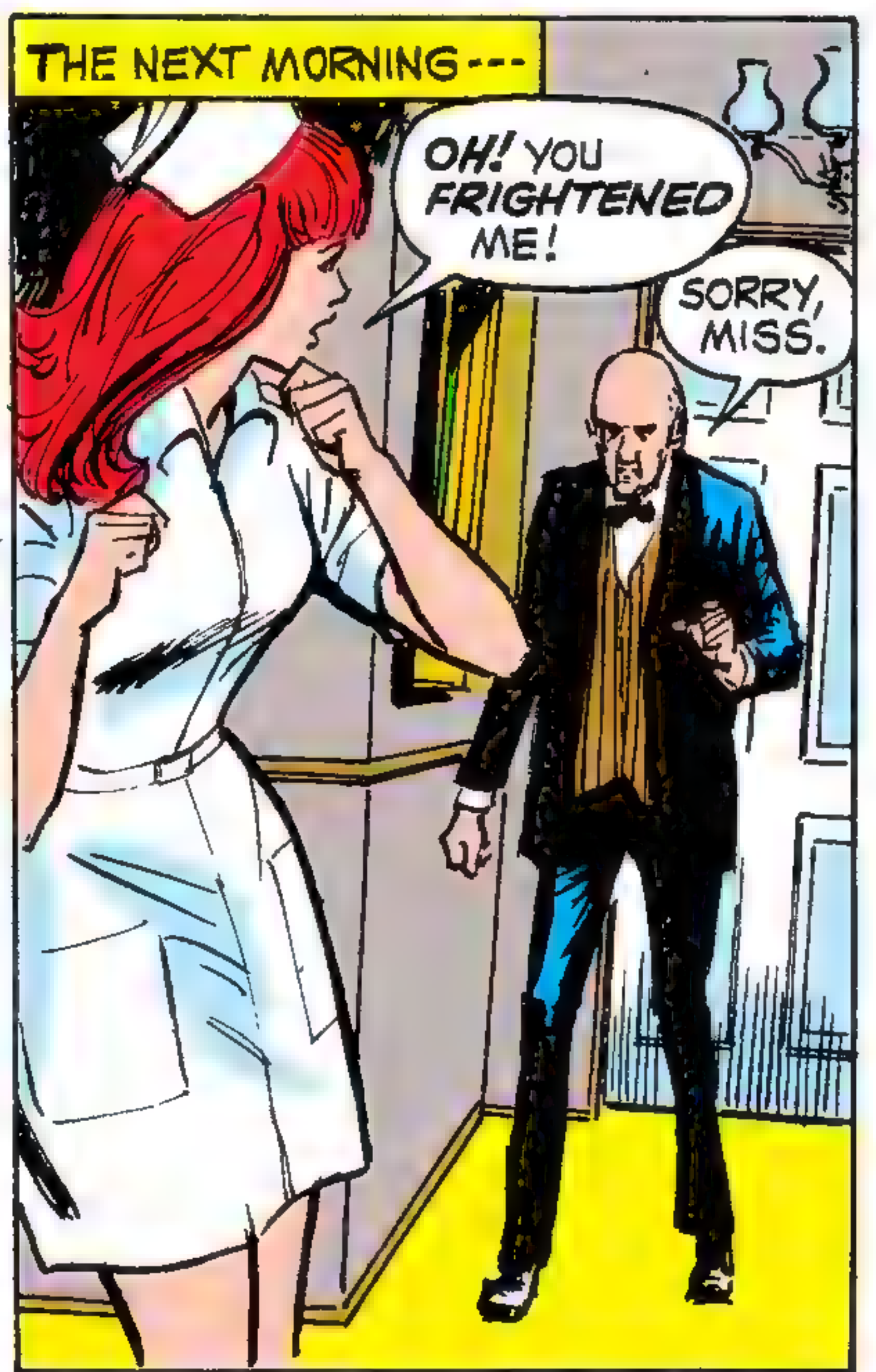
I'M TIRED--
WOULD YOU
HELP ME
BACK TO MY
ROOM NOW?



WHY IS DEREK
SO **NEGATIVE?**

I'M SURE LIVING
IN THIS **GLOOMY**
HOUSE DOESN'T
HELP.

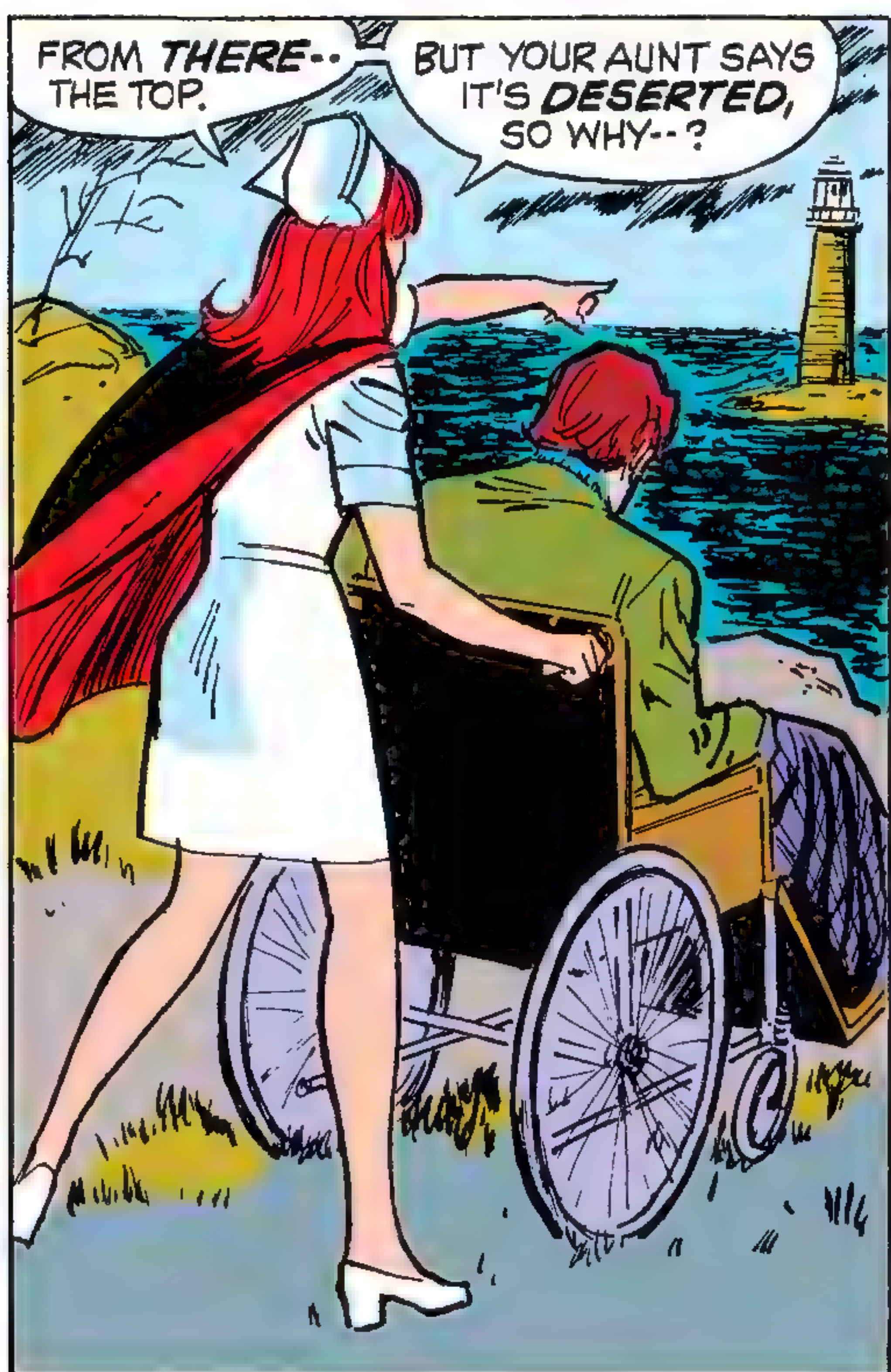
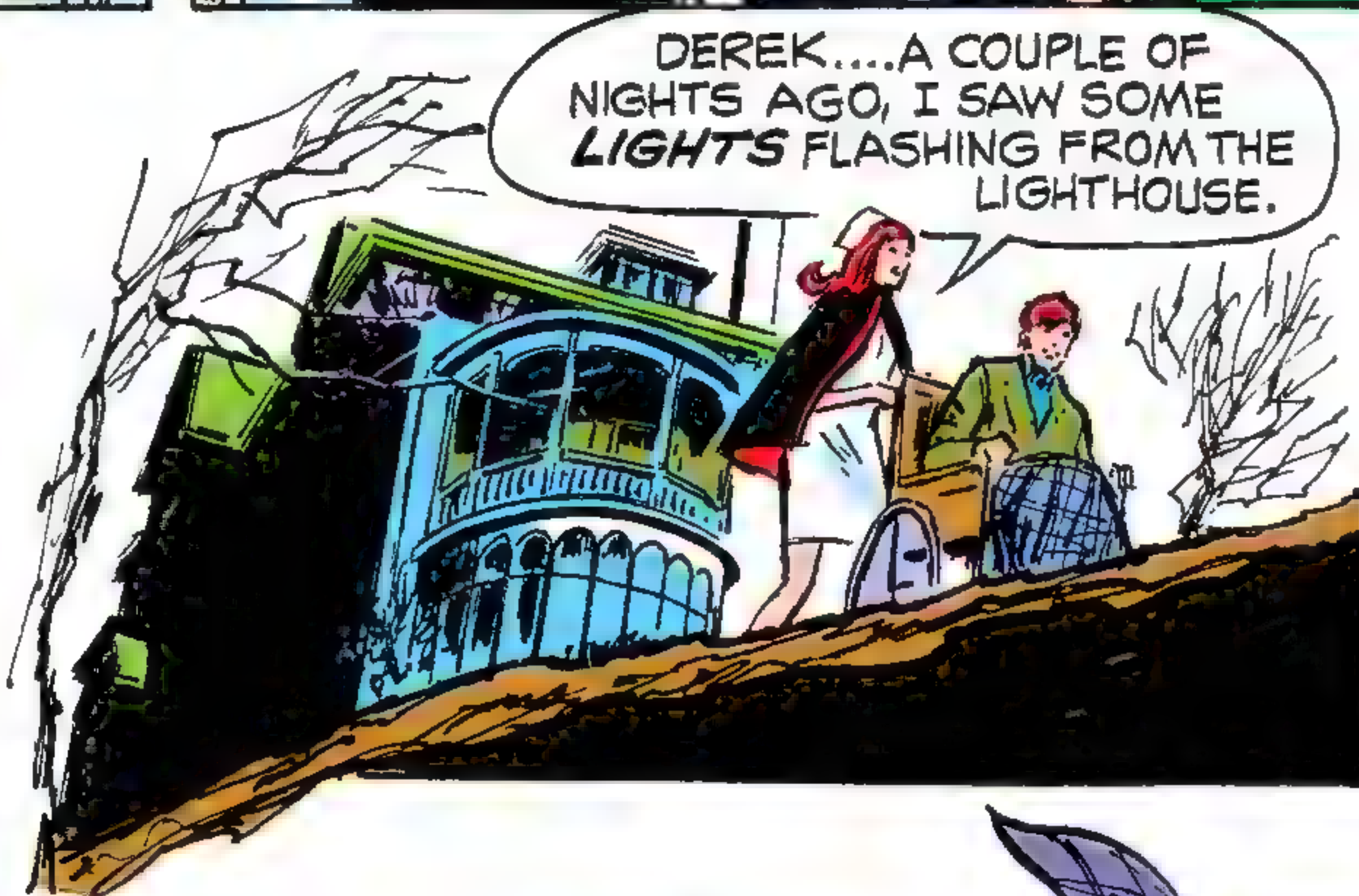
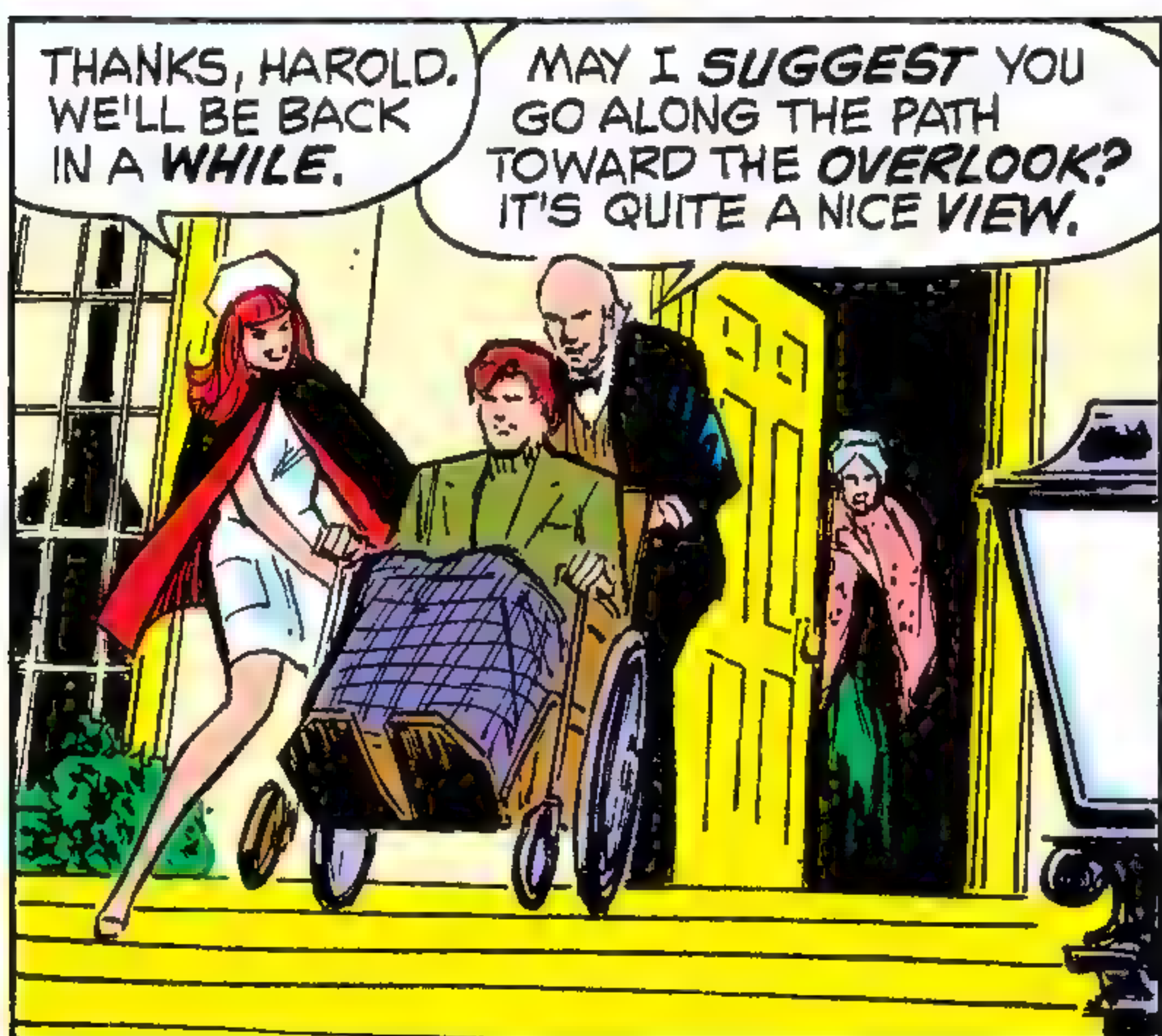
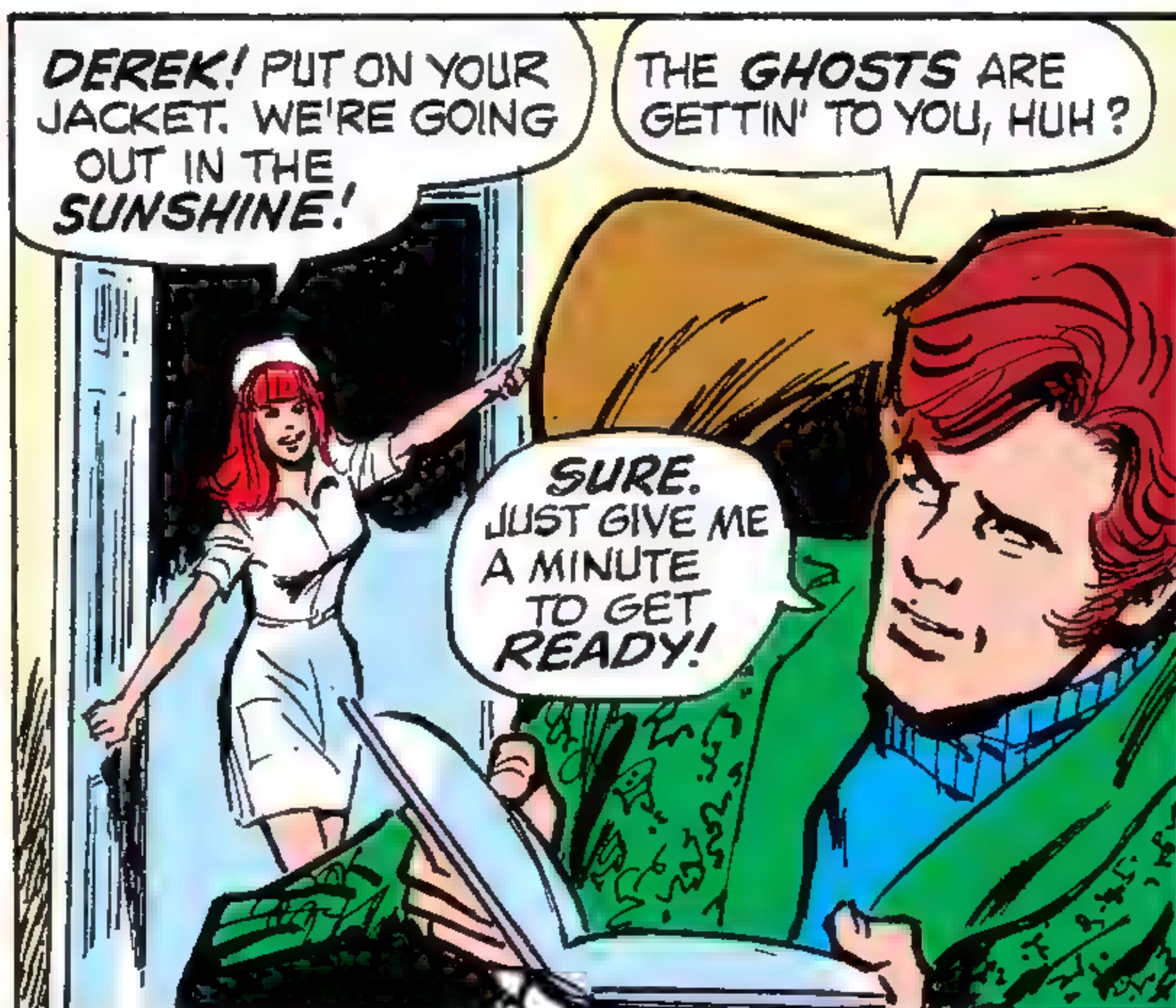
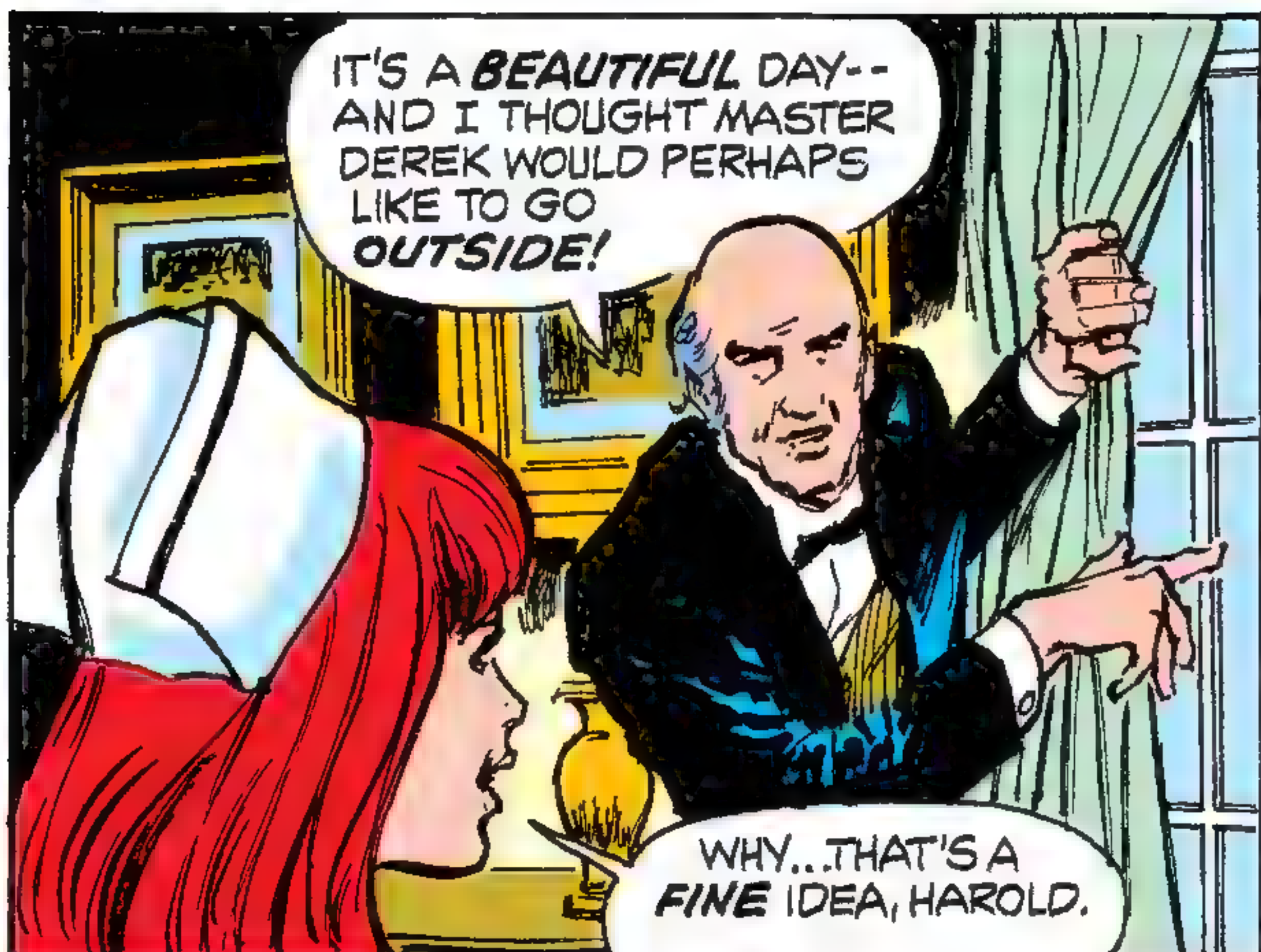
THAT NIGHT, AT
LEAST, PASSES WITH-
OUT INCIDENT. ONLY
THE CREAKS AND
GROANS OF SHIFTING
WOOD AND MASONRY
BREAK THE RHYTHM
OF THE NEARBY **SURF.**



THE NEXT MORNING---

OH! YOU
FRIGHTENED
ME!

SORRY,
MISS.



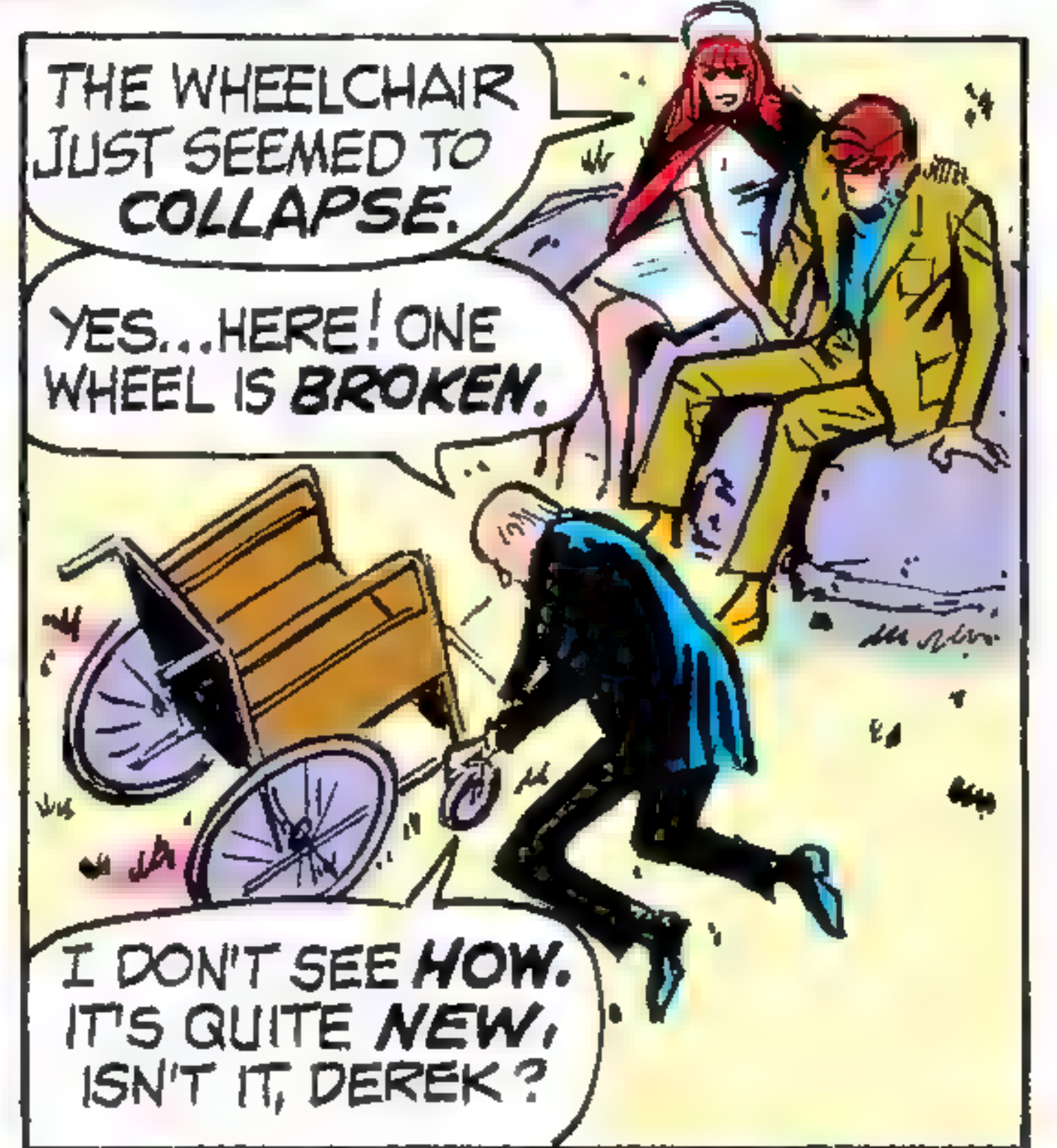


WITH LIGHTNING-SWIFT REACTIONS, CHRIS CATCHES DEREK'S *PLUNGING FORM* AND HOLDS WITH ALL HER *MIGHT*...



MISS PALMER! WHAT HAPPENED?

I--I DON'T KNOW!



THE WHEELCHAIR JUST SEEMED TO COLLAPSE.

YES...HERE! ONE WHEEL IS *BROKEN*.

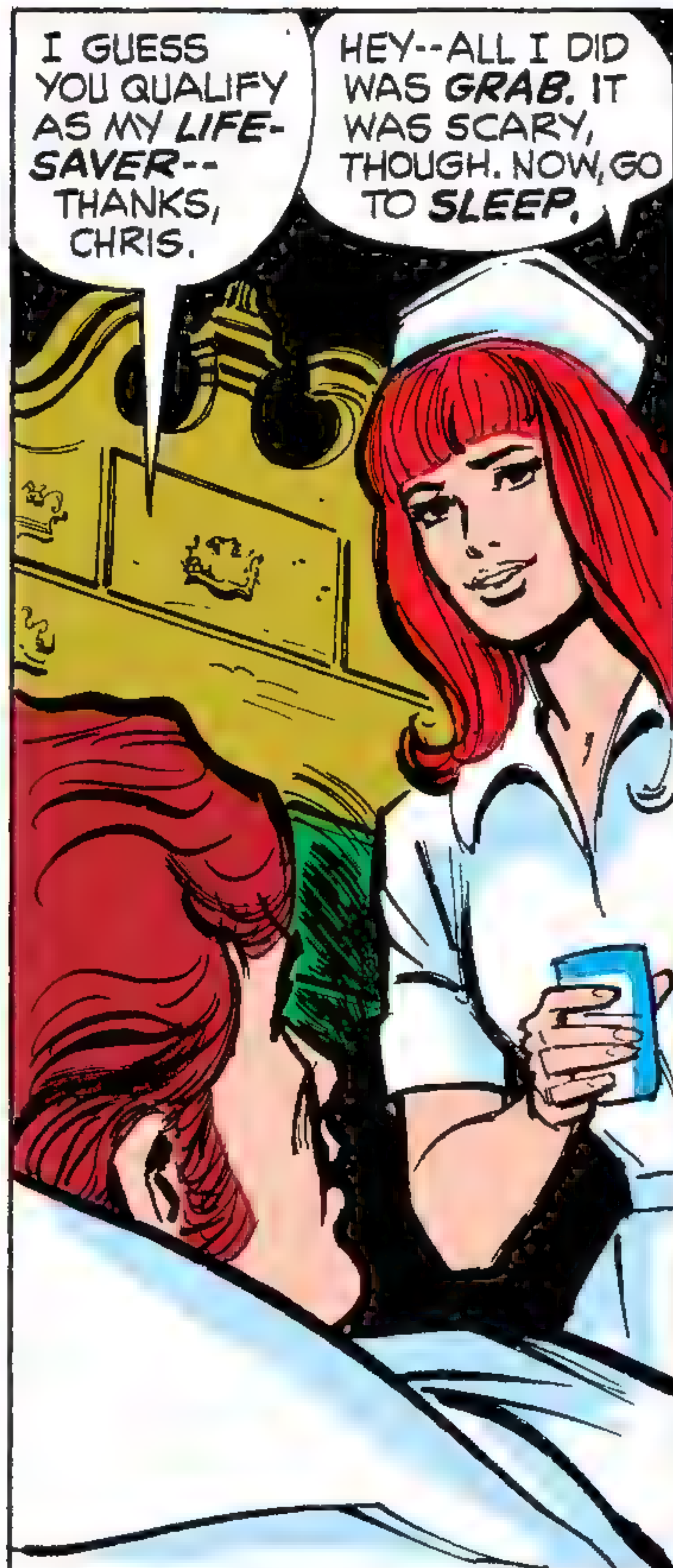
I DON'T SEE *HOW*. IT'S QUITE *NEW*, ISN'T IT, DEREK?



THE REST OF THE DAY IS *SUNNY*, BUT CHRIS' MIND IS *CLOUDED* WITH DOUBTS...

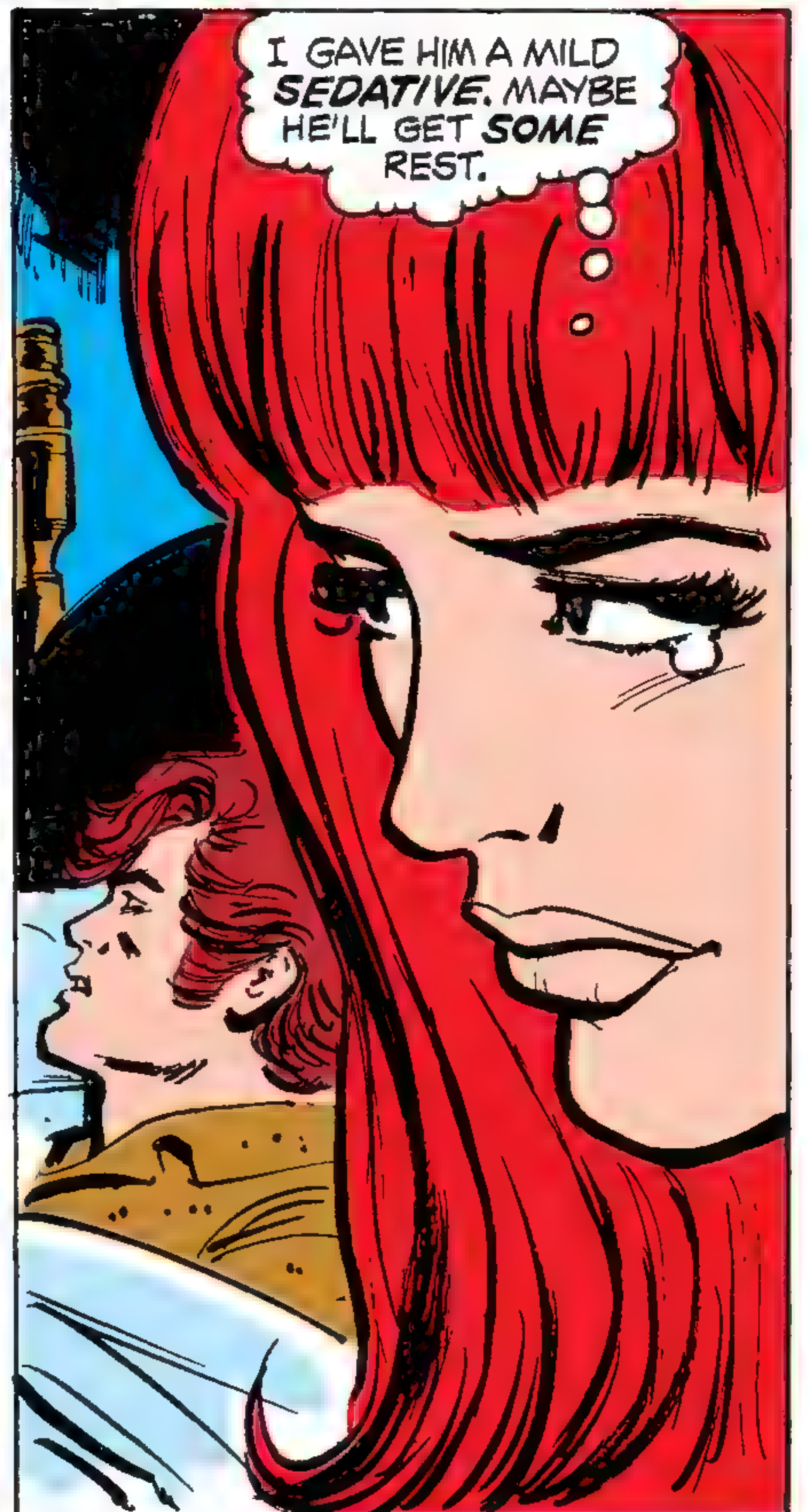
TODAY WAS PRETTY *HARROWING*, WASN'T IT?

NOT EXACTLY *TYPICAL* OF MY DAYS AT SEACLIFF HOUSE, NO.

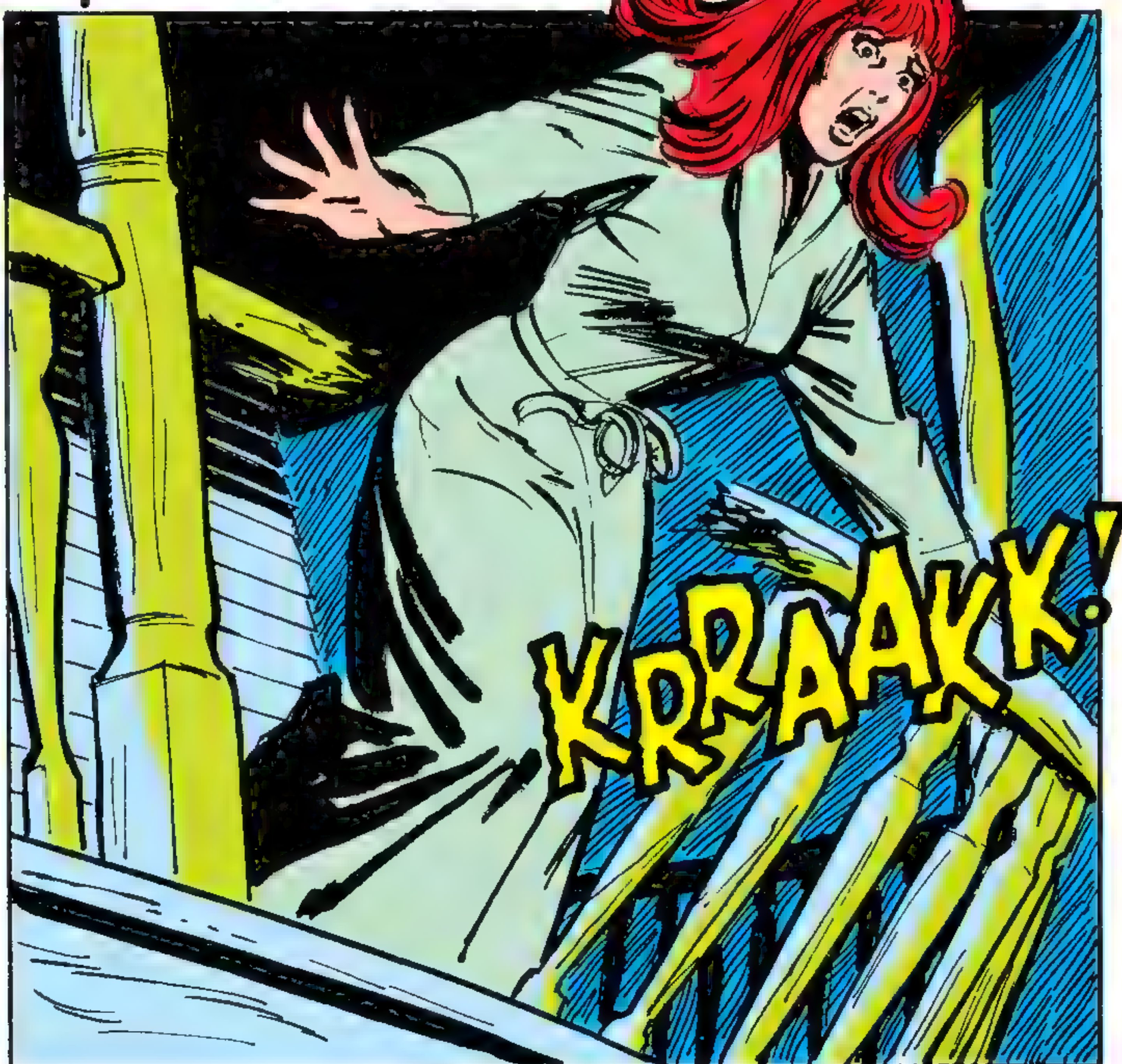
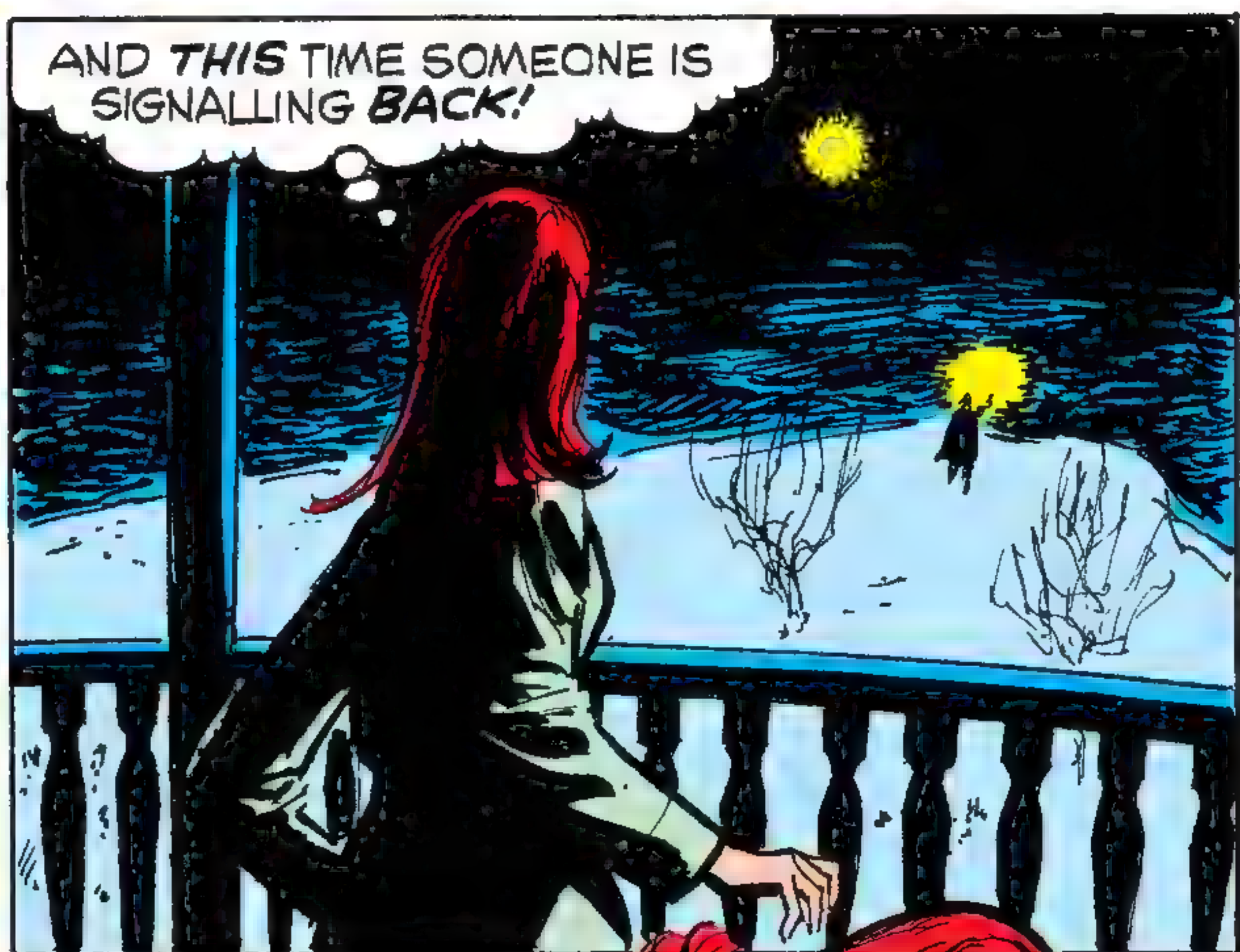
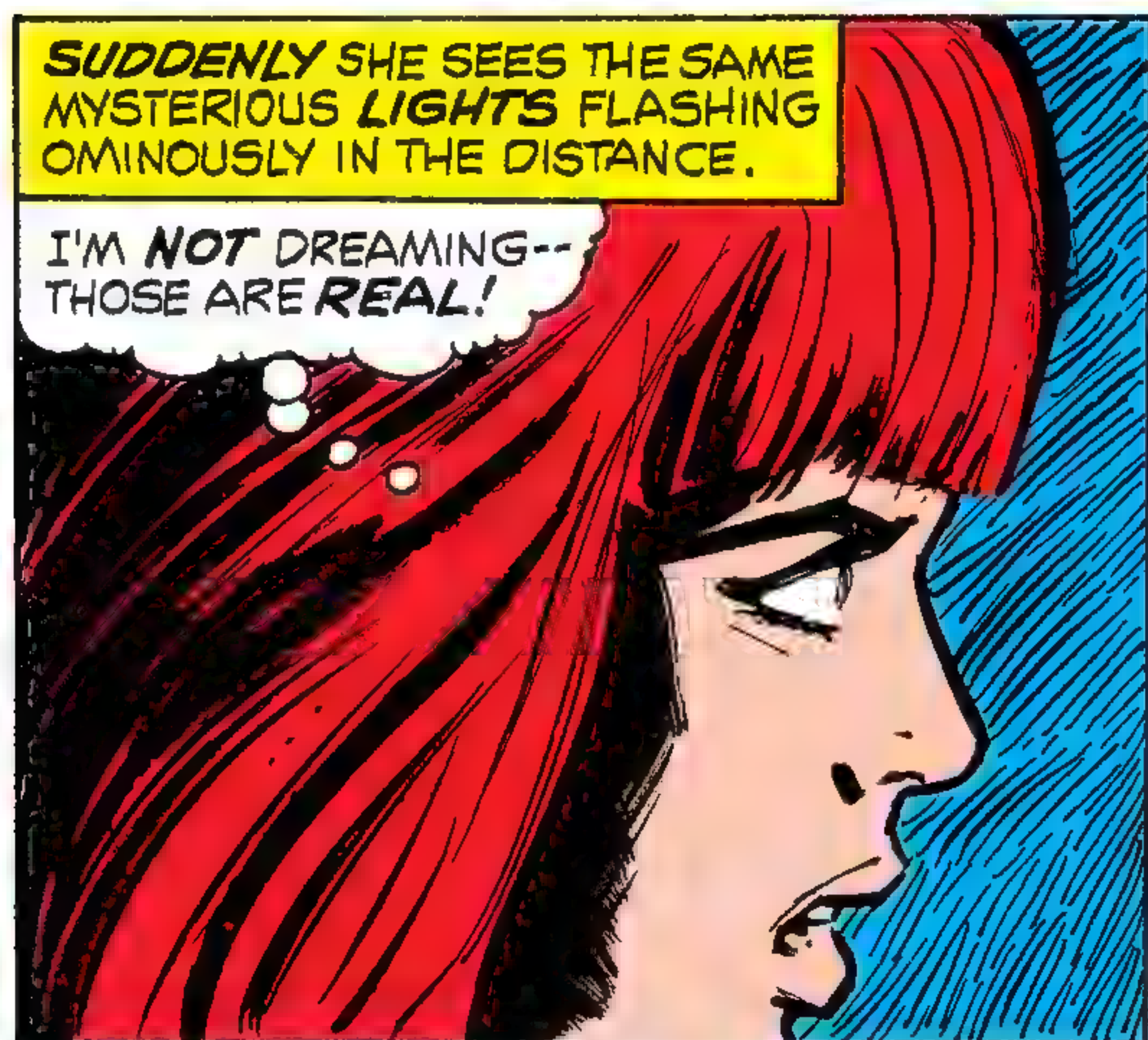
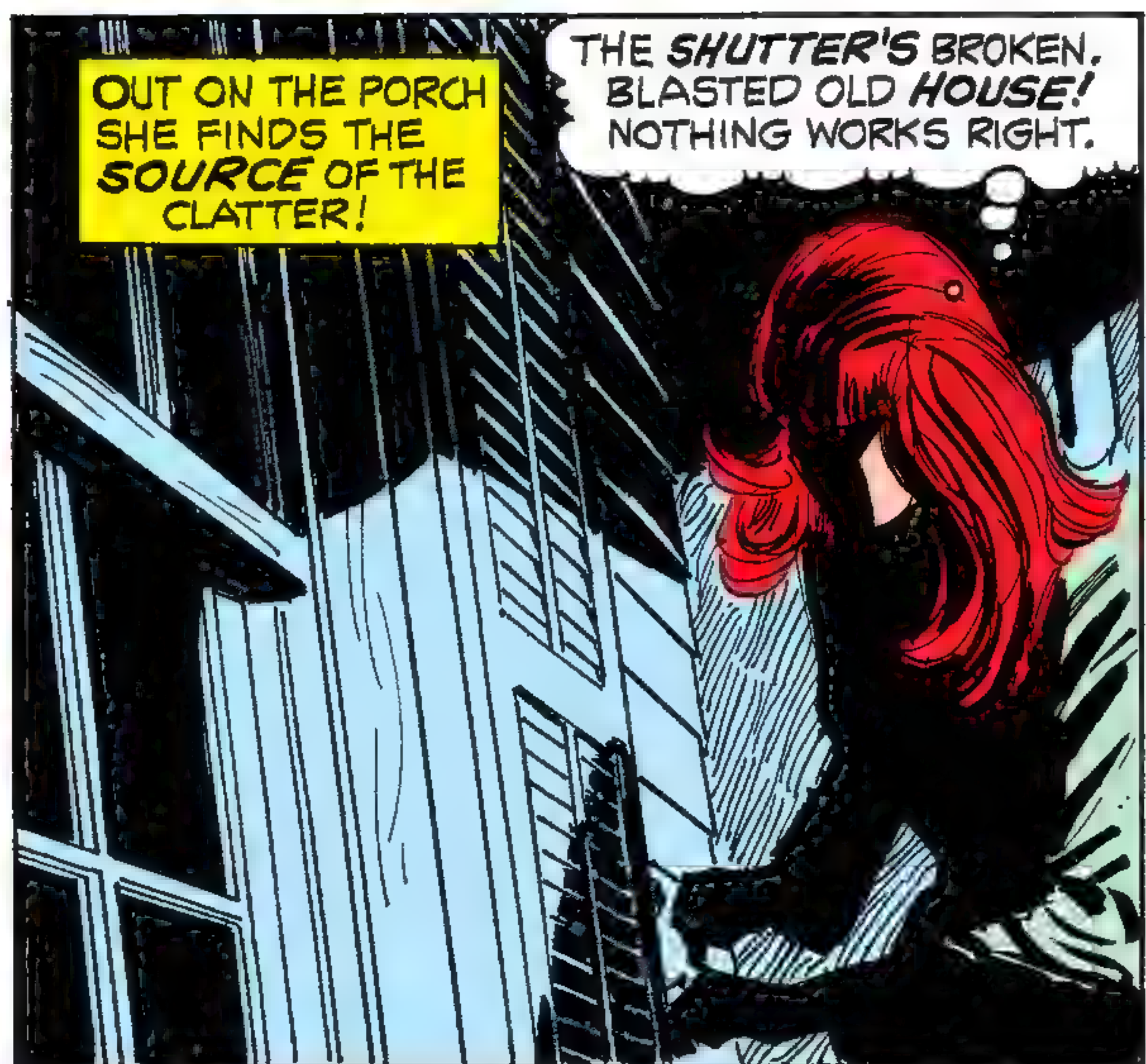
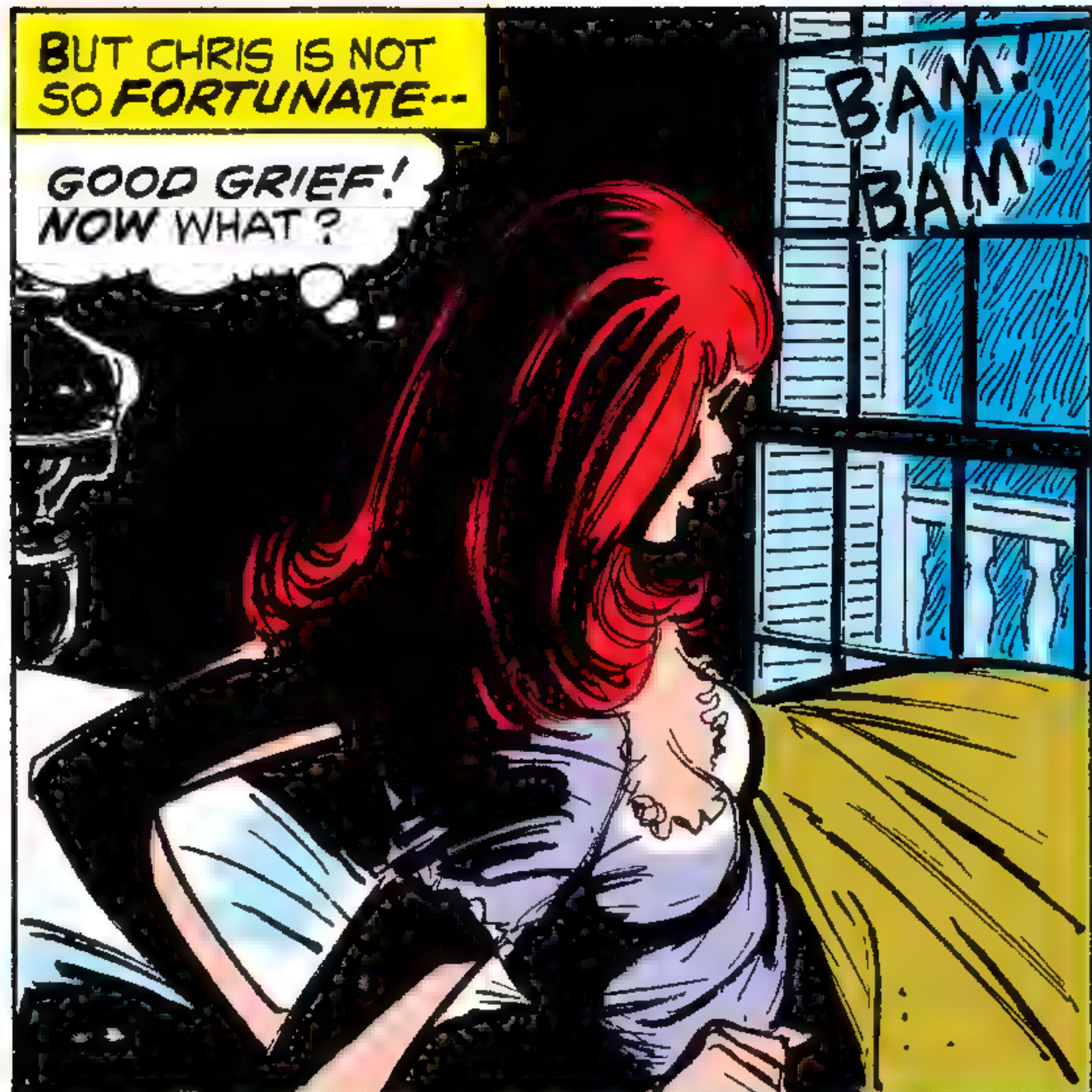


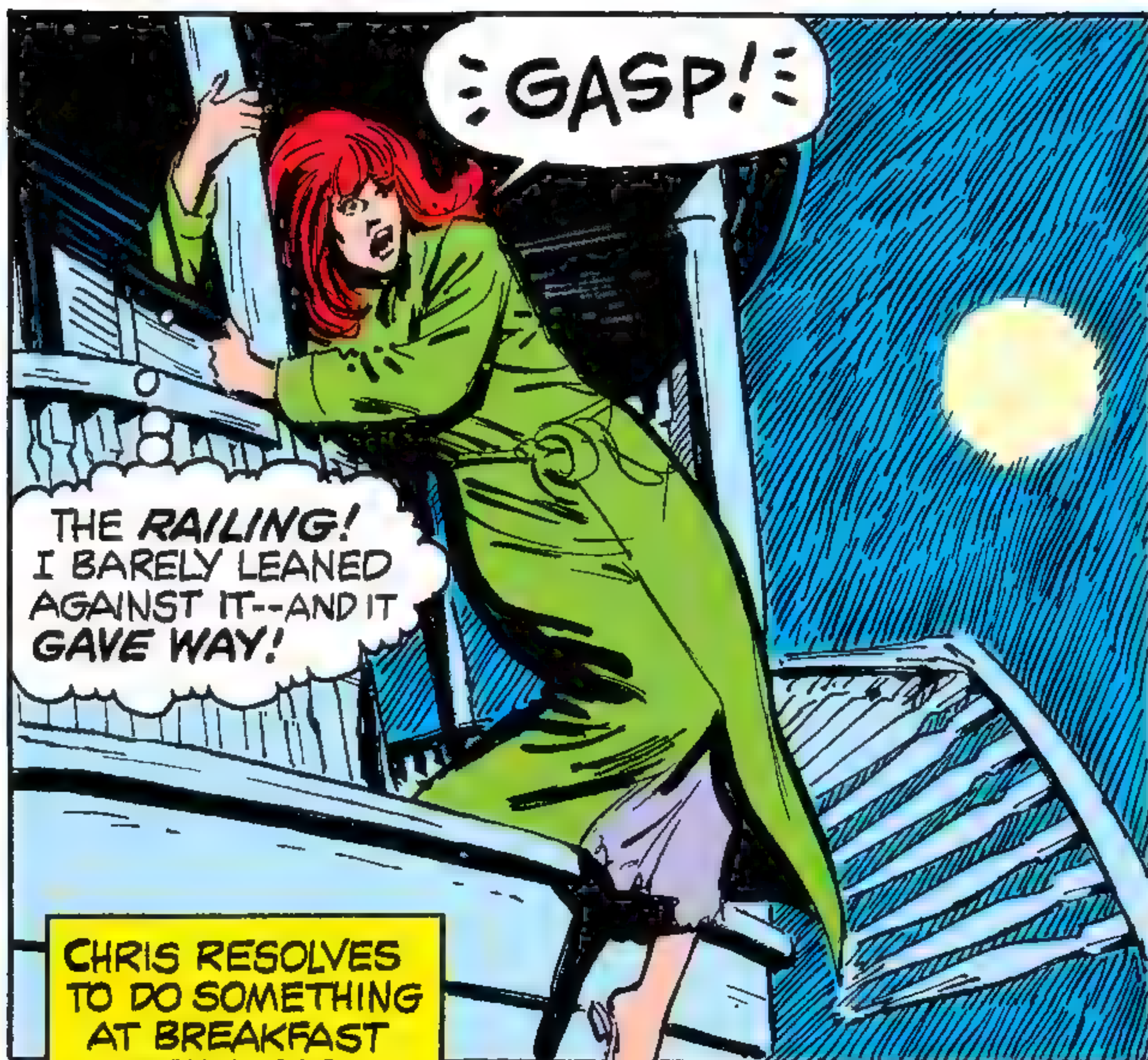
I GUESS YOU QUALIFY AS MY *LIFE-SAVER*-- THANKS, CHRIS.

HEY--ALL I DID WAS *GRAB*. IT WAS SCARY, THOUGH. NOW, GO TO *SLEEP*.



I GAVE HIM A MILD *SEDATIVE*. MAYBE HE'LL GET *SOME* REST.





≡GASP!≡

THE **RAILING!**
I BARELY LEANED
AGAINST IT--AND IT
GAVE WAY!

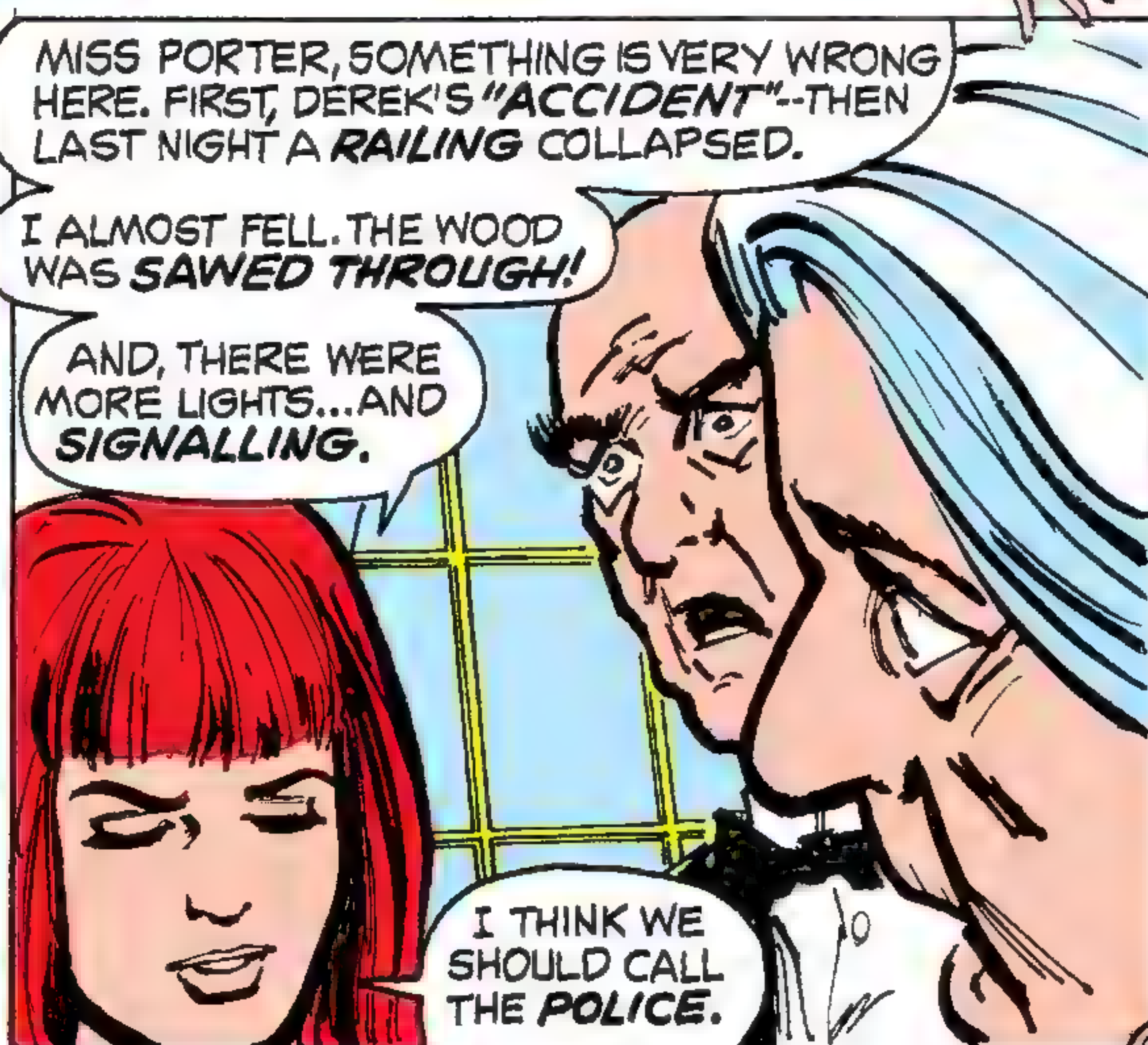
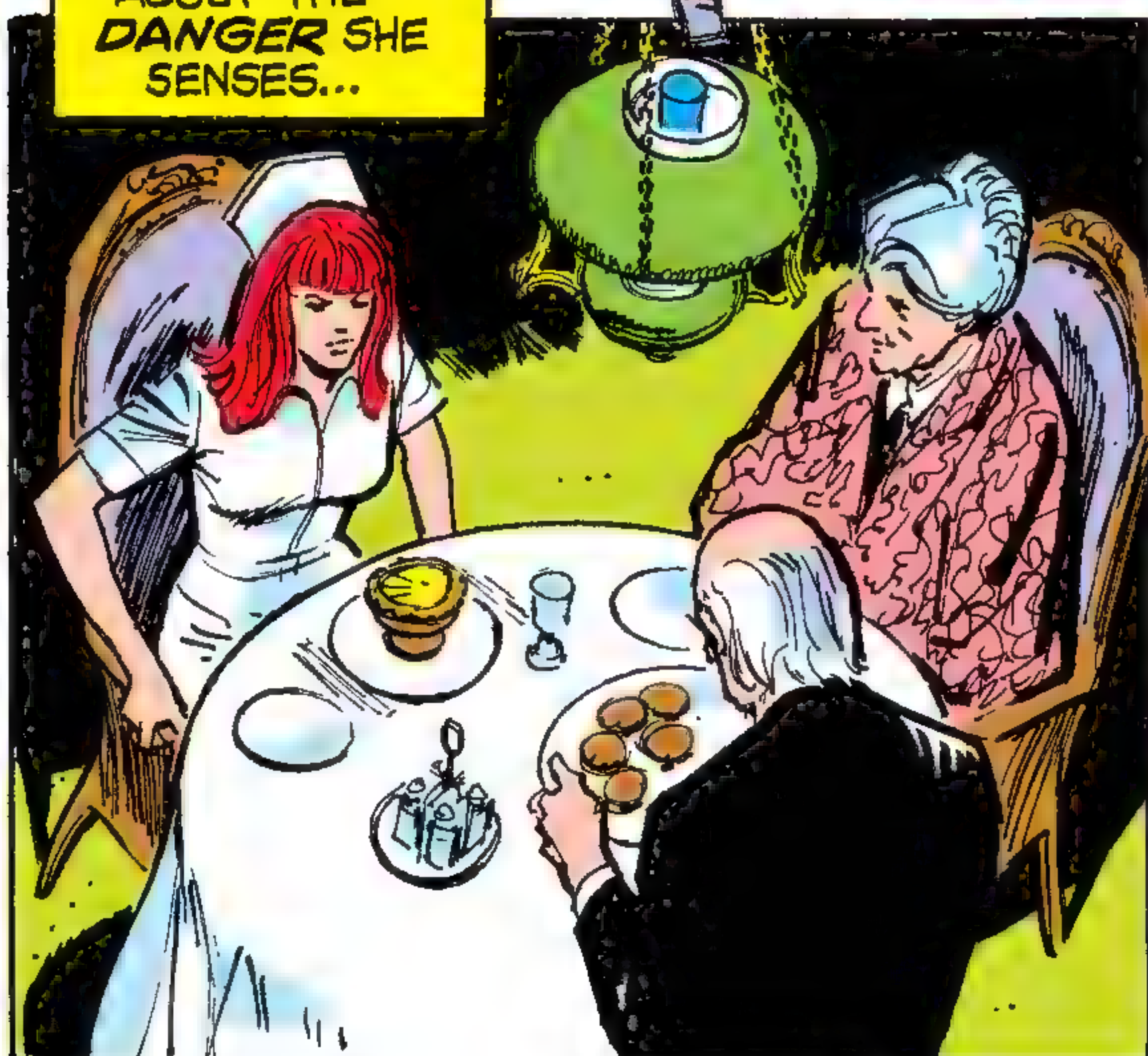
CHRIS RESOLVES
TO DO SOMETHING
AT BREAKFAST
ABOUT THE
DANGER SHE
SENSES...



I ALMOST **FELL!** I
COULD HAVE --DIED!

AND THE
MYSTERIOUS
FIGURE'S
GONE NOW,
TOO.

WHAT IS
GOING ON
AROUND
HERE?

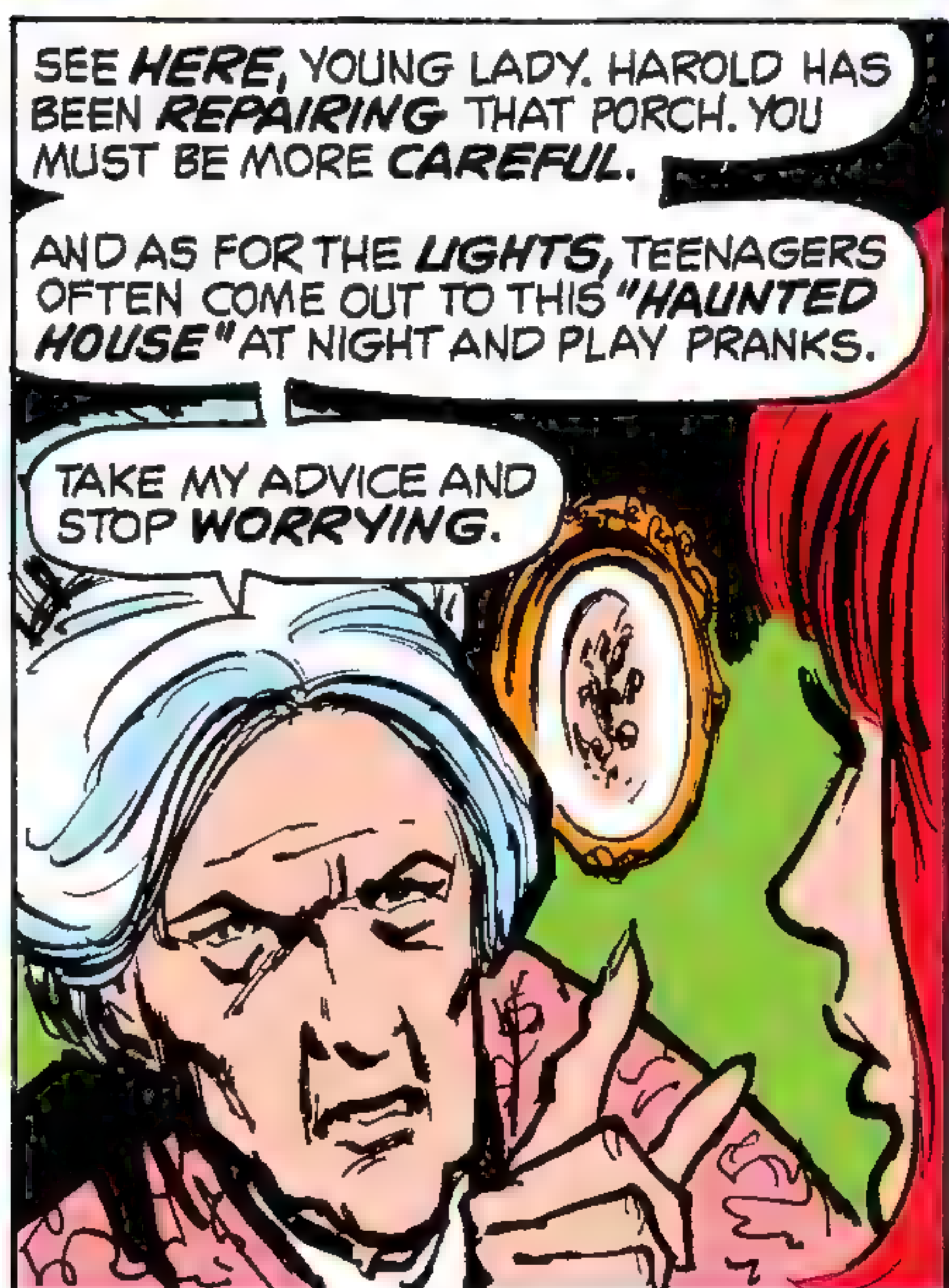


MISS PORTER, SOMETHING IS VERY WRONG
HERE. FIRST, DEREK'S "**ACCIDENT**"--THEN
LAST NIGHT A **RAILING** COLLAPSED.

I ALMOST FELL. THE WOOD
WAS **SAWED THROUGH!**

AND, THERE WERE
MORE LIGHTS...AND
SIGNALLING.

I THINK WE
SHOULD CALL
THE **POLICE.**



SEE **HERE**, YOUNG LADY. HAROLD HAS
BEEN **REPAIRING** THAT PORCH. YOU
MUST BE MORE **CAREFUL.**

AND AS FOR THE **LIGHTS**, TEENAGERS
OFTEN COME OUT TO THIS "**HAUNTED**
HOUSE" AT NIGHT AND PLAY PRANKS.

TAKE MY ADVICE AND
STOP **WORRYING.**

LATER....



AUNT EDNA
MADE **SENSE**
--BUT IT ALL
SOUNDS TOO
PAT.



FOOTPRINTS! A MAN--
AND A WOMAN!

MAYBE THEY
WERE KIDS--BUT I
DON'T **THINK** SO.
THAT ONE BOY FROM
THE VILLAGE WOULDN'T
DRIVE ME HERE IN
BROAD DAYLIGHT!

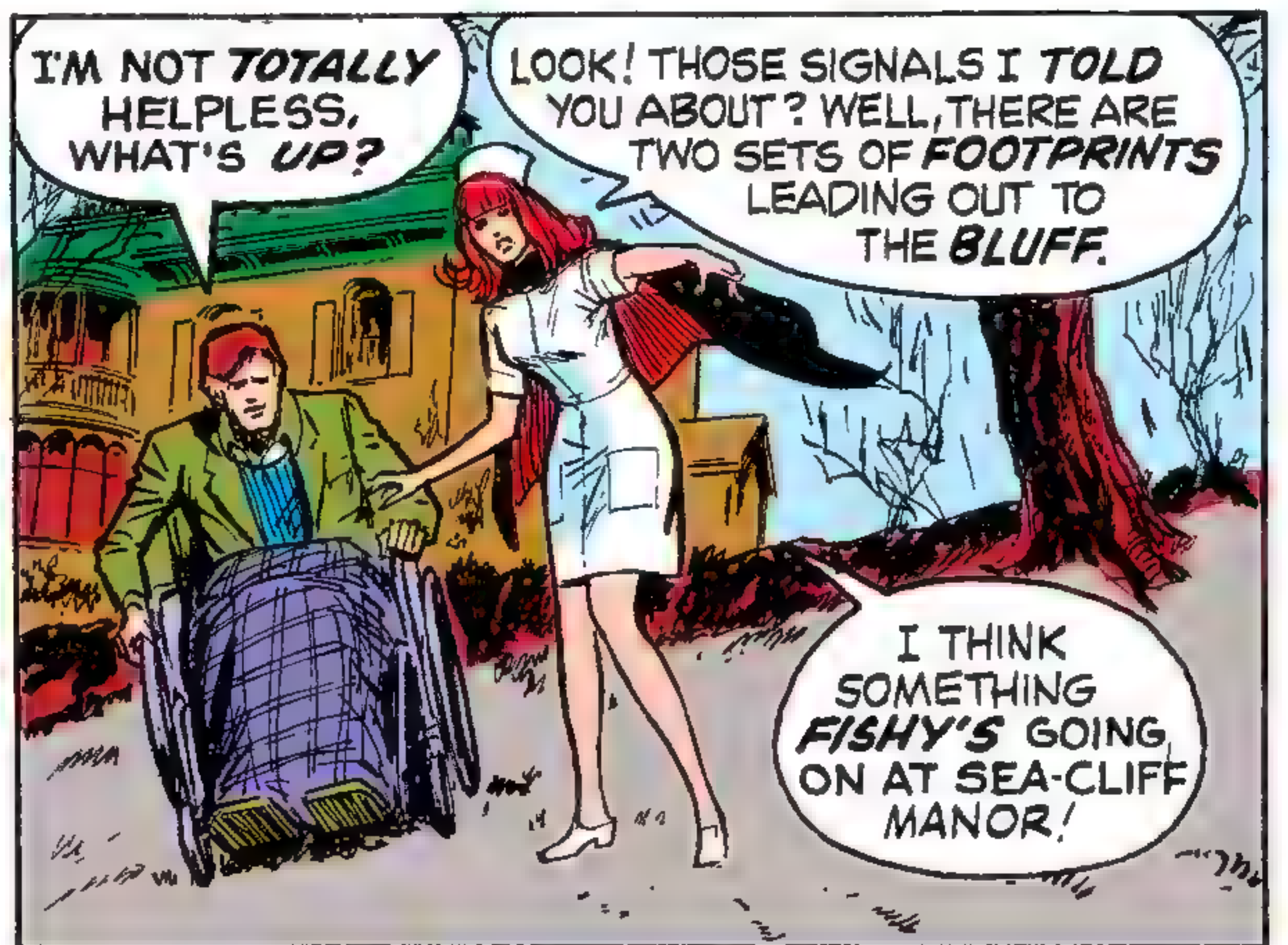


AND EVEN IF MISS PORTER IS RIGHT, WHY THE ELABORATE SYSTEM OF **SIGNALS**--AND WHY DOES IT HAPPEN SO **OFTEN**?



CHRIS!

DEREK--
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
OUT HERE?



I'M NOT **TOTALLY** HELPLESS, WHAT'S UP?

LOOK! THOSE SIGNALS I **TOLD** YOU ABOUT? WELL, THERE ARE TWO SETS OF **FOOTPRINTS** LEADING OUT TO THE **BLUFF**.

I THINK SOMETHING **FISHY'S** GOING ON AT SEA-CLIFF MANOR!



TAKE IT **EASY**, CHRIS. SOME FLASHING AND A COUPLE OF **TRESPASSERS** DON'T EXACTLY CONSTITUTE A **FELONY**.

YES, BUT---



BESIDES, WHO'D WANT ANYTHING OUT HERE? WE DON'T OWN ANYTHING OF VALUE-- EXCEPT THE **MANOR** ITSELF.

STILL, IF YOU WANT TO DO A LITTLE **PRIVATE-EYE** WORK TONIGHT-- I COULD **USE** A BIT OF EXCITEMENT IN MY LIFE!

I'LL **SNEAK** OUT AND MEET YOU HERE AT **MIDNIGHT**. AGREED?

IT'S A **DEAL!**



"I CAN'T BELIEVE **ANYONE** WOULD WANT TO HURT YOU, CHRIS--AND MY **ACCIDENT** WAS JUST THAT. TRY TO **FORGET** IT...AND SO WILL I."

CHRIS DOES TRY TO FORGET IT, BUT **LATER--** AS THE **WITCHING HOUR** DRAWS NIGH...

MAYBE I'M JUST GOING **CRAZY**. I'VE GOT TO TALK TO **LINDA**, BACK AT METRO GENERAL... SEE WHAT **SHE** THINKS.

I KNOW IT'S **LATE** BUT I'VE JUST GOT TO--

BUT THE TELEPHONE PROVIDES NO **RELIEF--**

NOTHING IS HAPPENING! THERE'S NO SOUND AT ALL!

GOOD LORD! THE PHONE IS DEAD! I DON'T KNOW WHO TO TRUST ANYMORE!

CHRIS SPINS AROUND TO SEE A **SECTION** OF THE LIBRARY WALL SWING **INWARD**.

I DON'T **BELIEVE** IT--AN HONEST-TO-GOODNESS **SECRET PASSAGE!**

IT **OPENED** WHEN I BUMPED AGAINST THAT **POR-TRAIT!**

IT LEADS **DOWNSTAIRS** AND **OUT...**

...OUT TOWARD THE **SEA!**

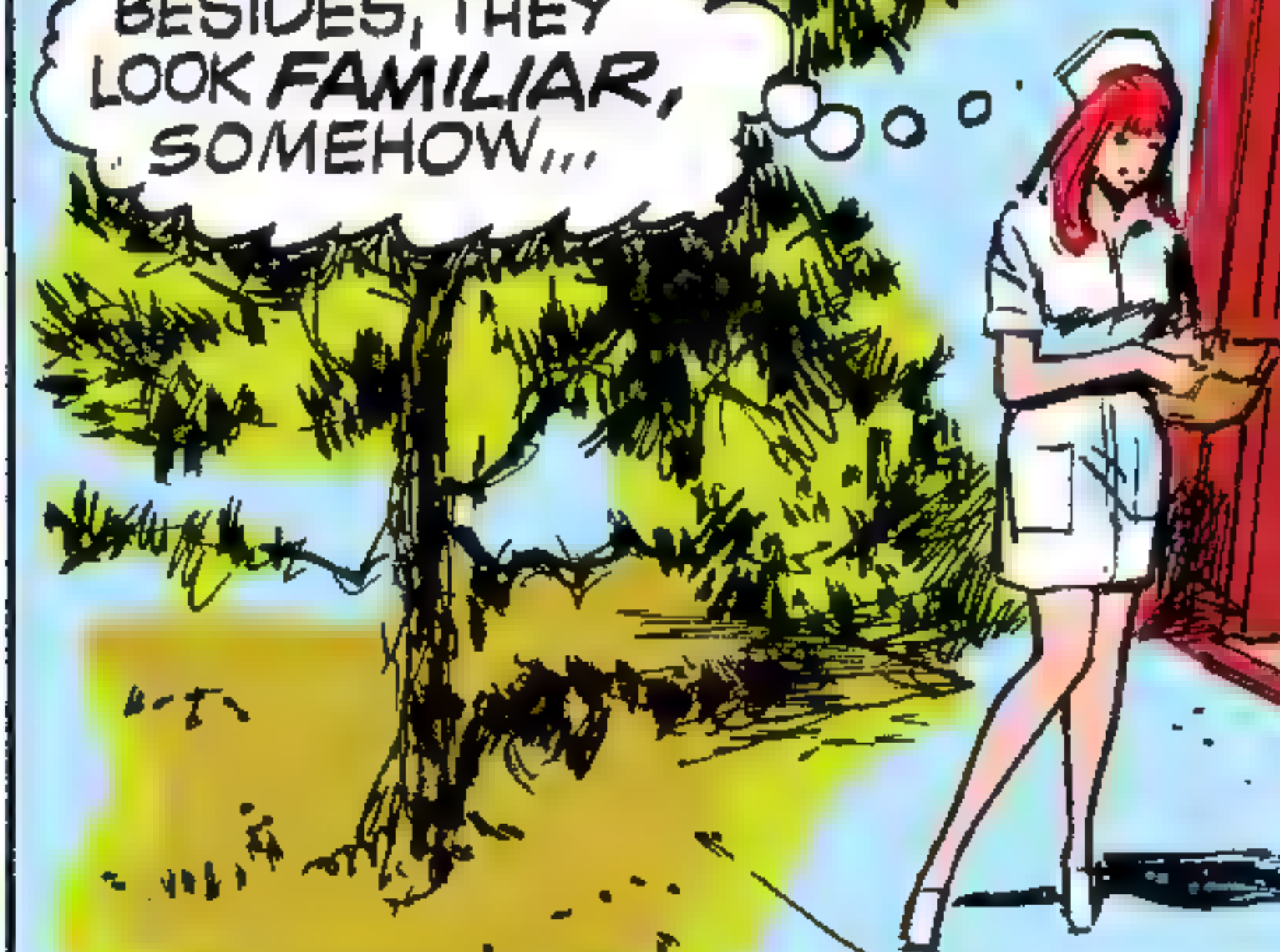
ON THE **FLAGSTONES** AT THE **DOOR--**

MUDDY **SHOES**--ONE OF THE PAIR THAT MUST'VE LEFT THOSE **TRACKS!**

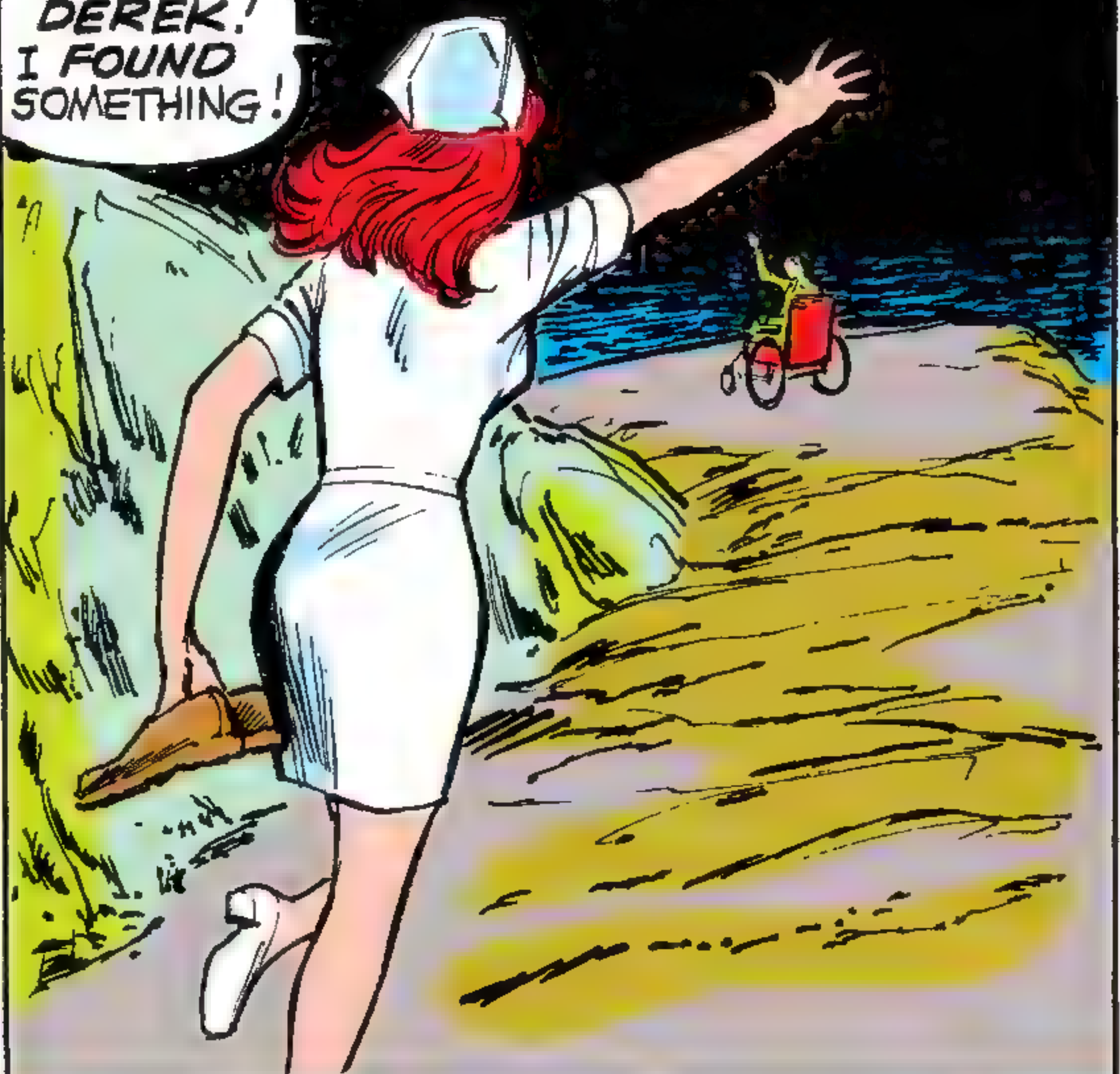
BUT WHY ARE THEY HERE?

NO **TEENAGED TRESPASSER** WOULD LEAVE HIS SHOES AT AN ENTRANCE TO THE **HOUSE**.

BESIDES, THEY LOOK **FAMILIAR**, SOMEHOW...



DEREK!
DEREK!
I FOUND SOMETHING!



BACK AT THE HOUSE...
...A HIDDEN PASSAGEWAY!

I FOLLOWED IT OUTSIDE...AND--



--I FOUND THESE **SHOES**. THEY--
WHY, THEY LOOK LIKE...**YOURS**!

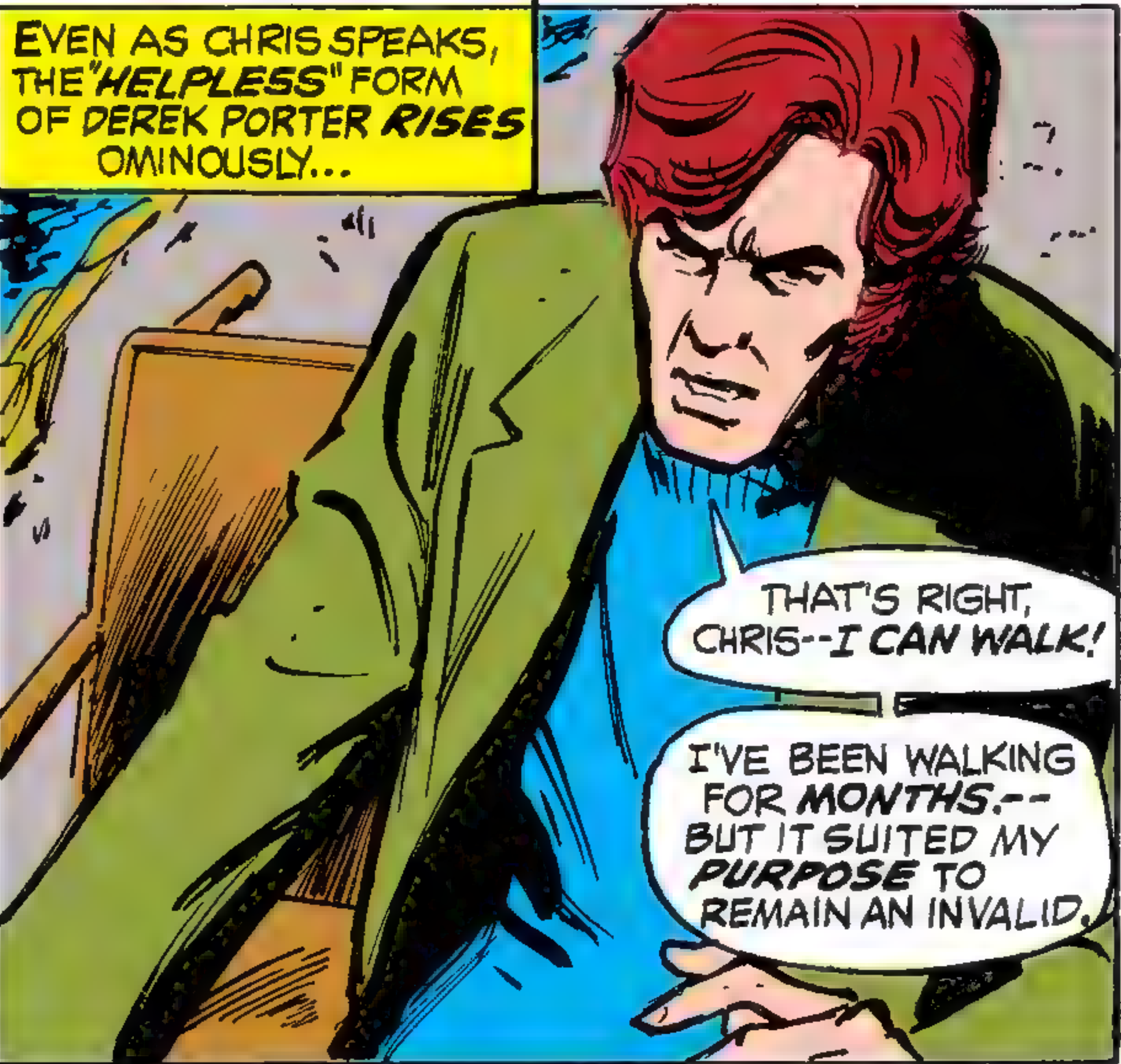
THEY WOULDN'T EVEN **FIT** HAROLD!



DEREK, WHAT IS IT? IF THESE SHOES ARE **MUDDY**, THEN IT MUST MEAN-- THAT YOU CAN--

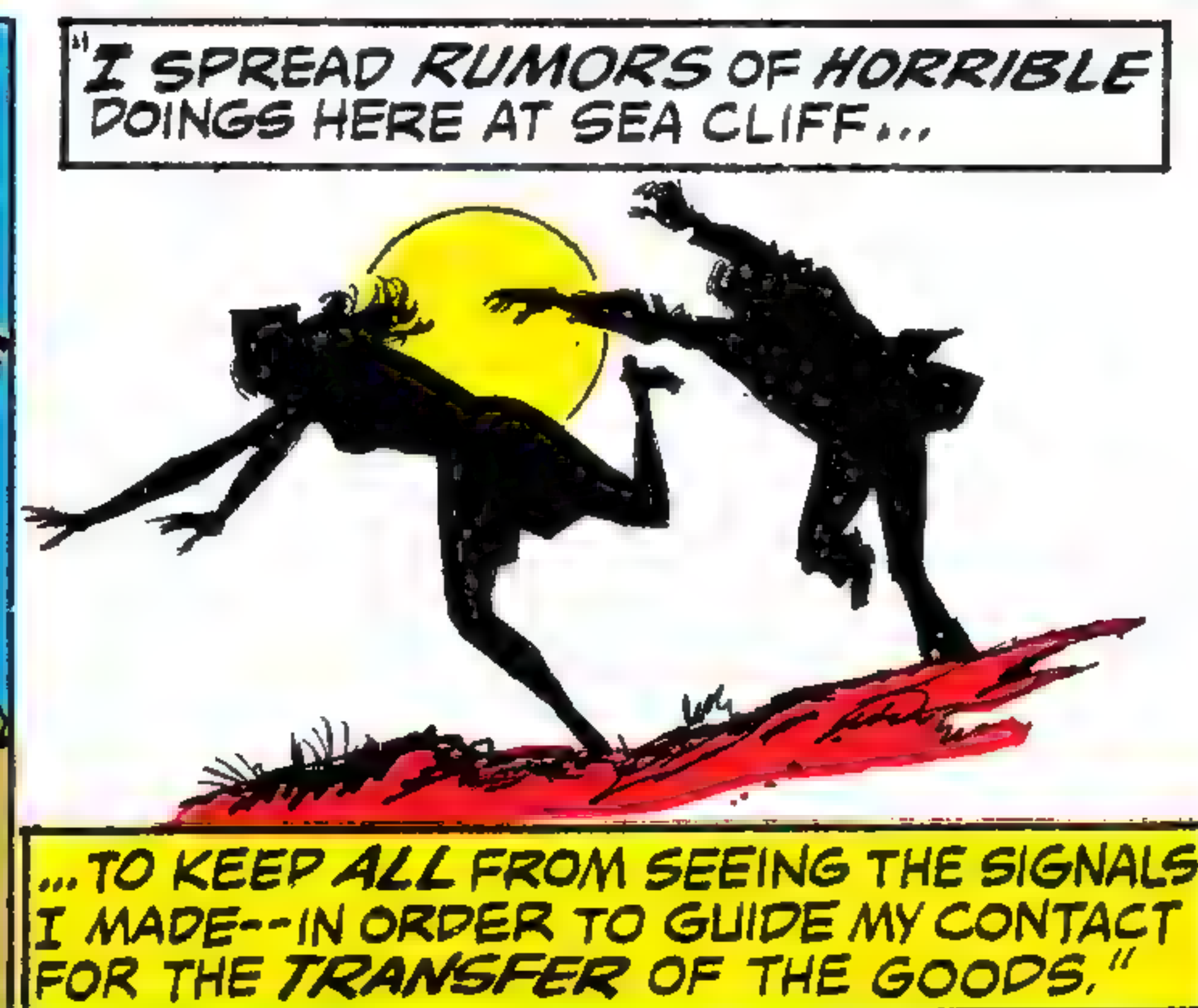
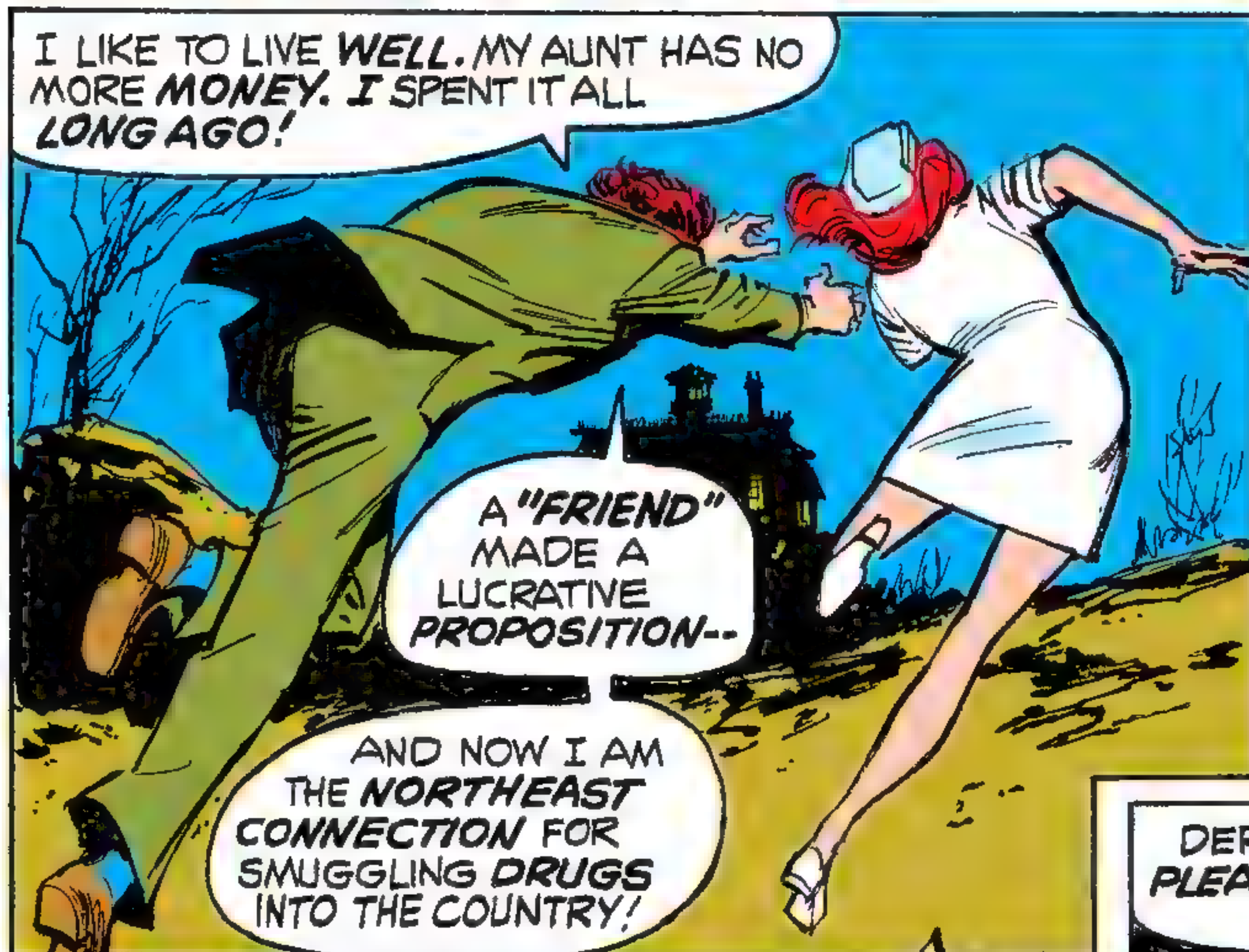


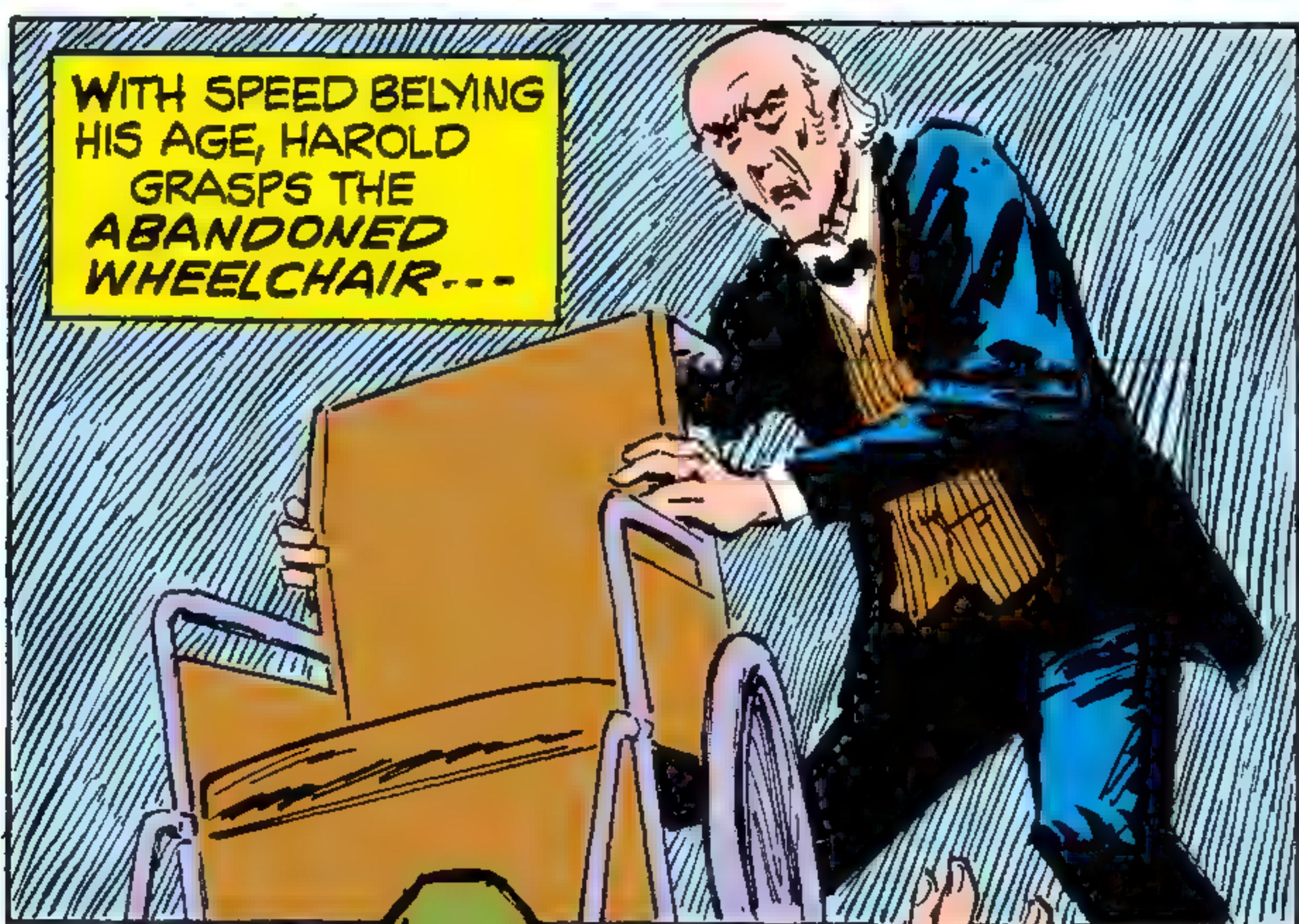
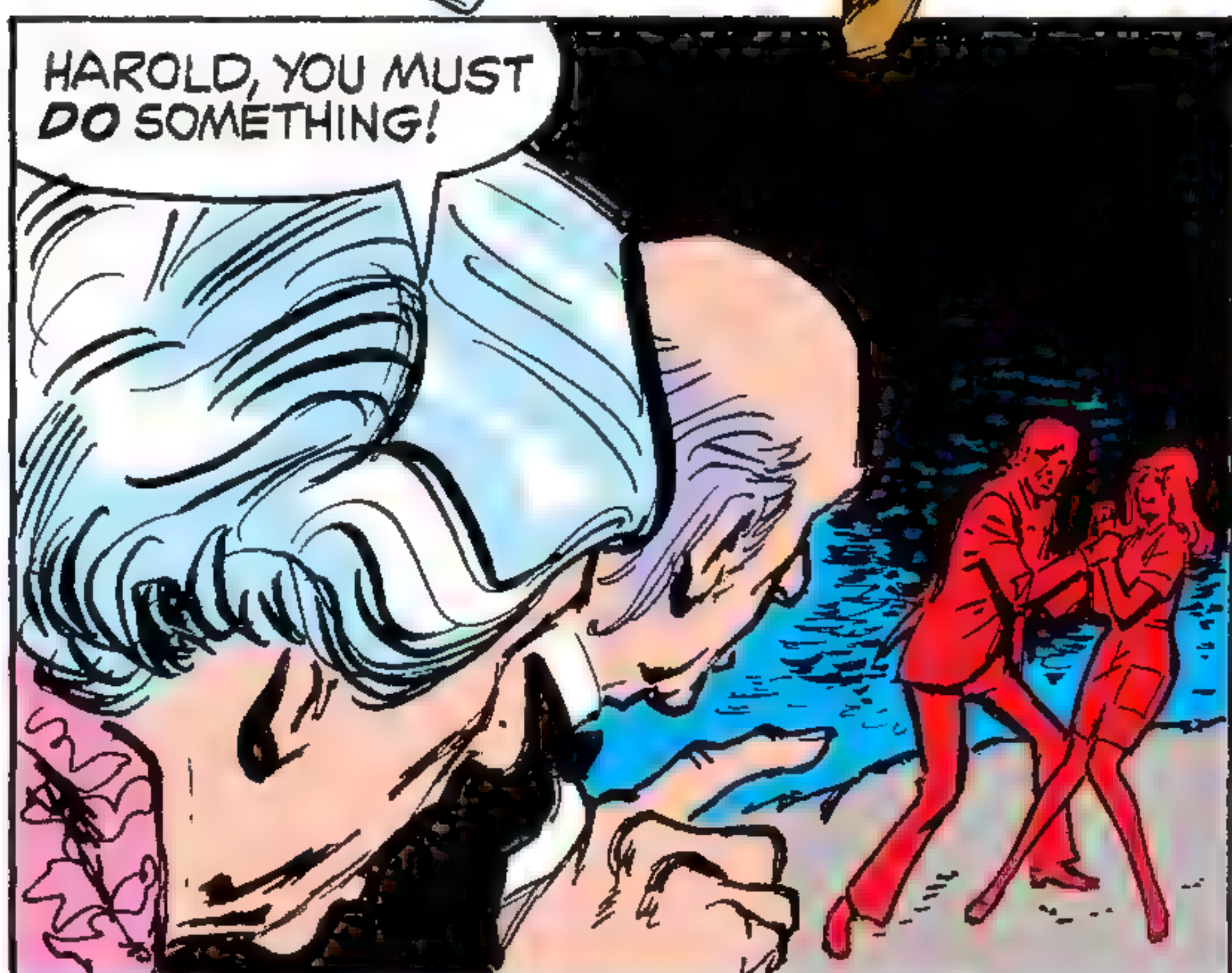
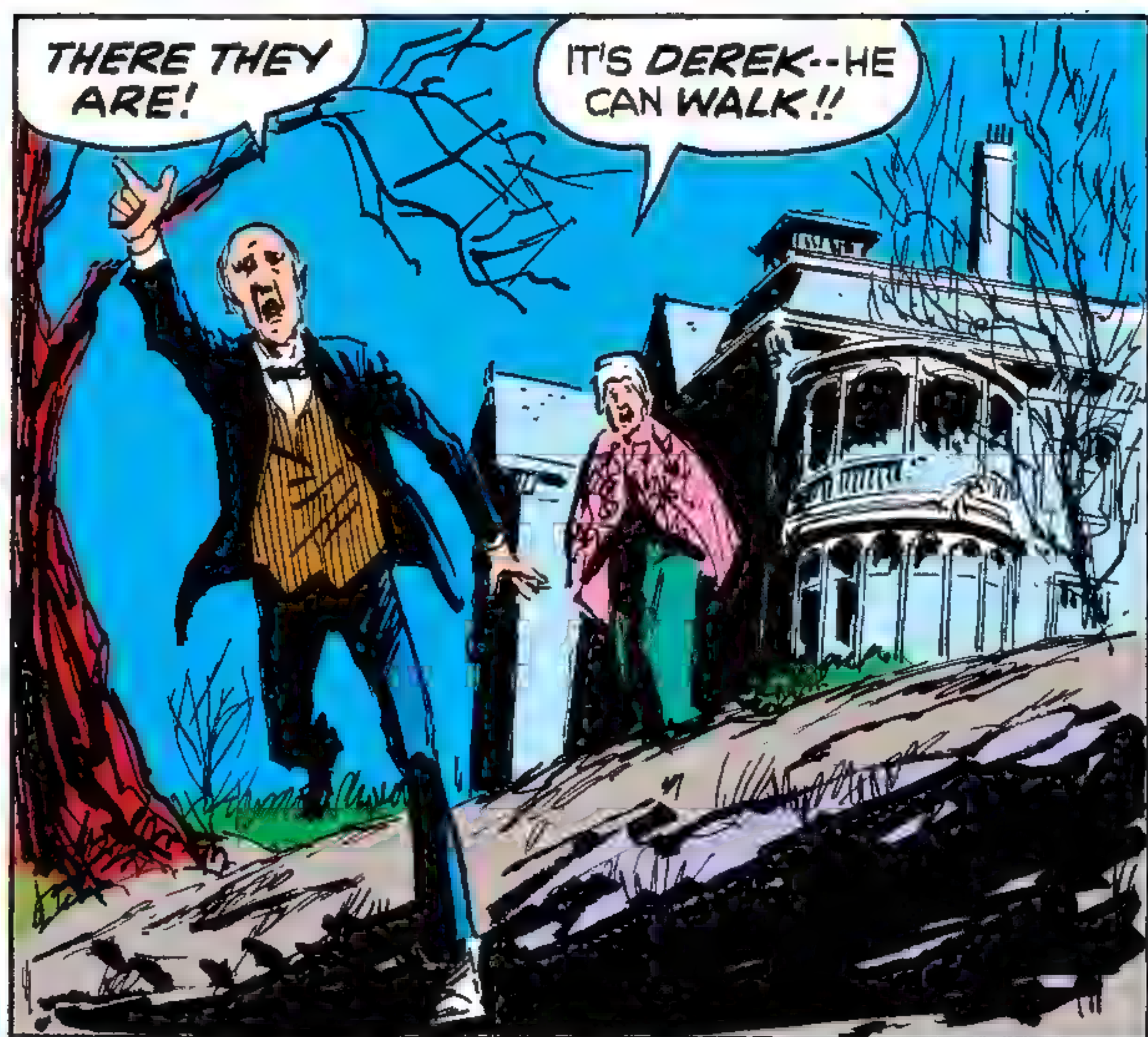
EVEN AS CHRIS SPEAKS, THE "HELPLESS" FORM OF DEREK PORTER **RISES** OMINOUSLY...



THAT'S RIGHT, CHRIS--I CAN WALK!

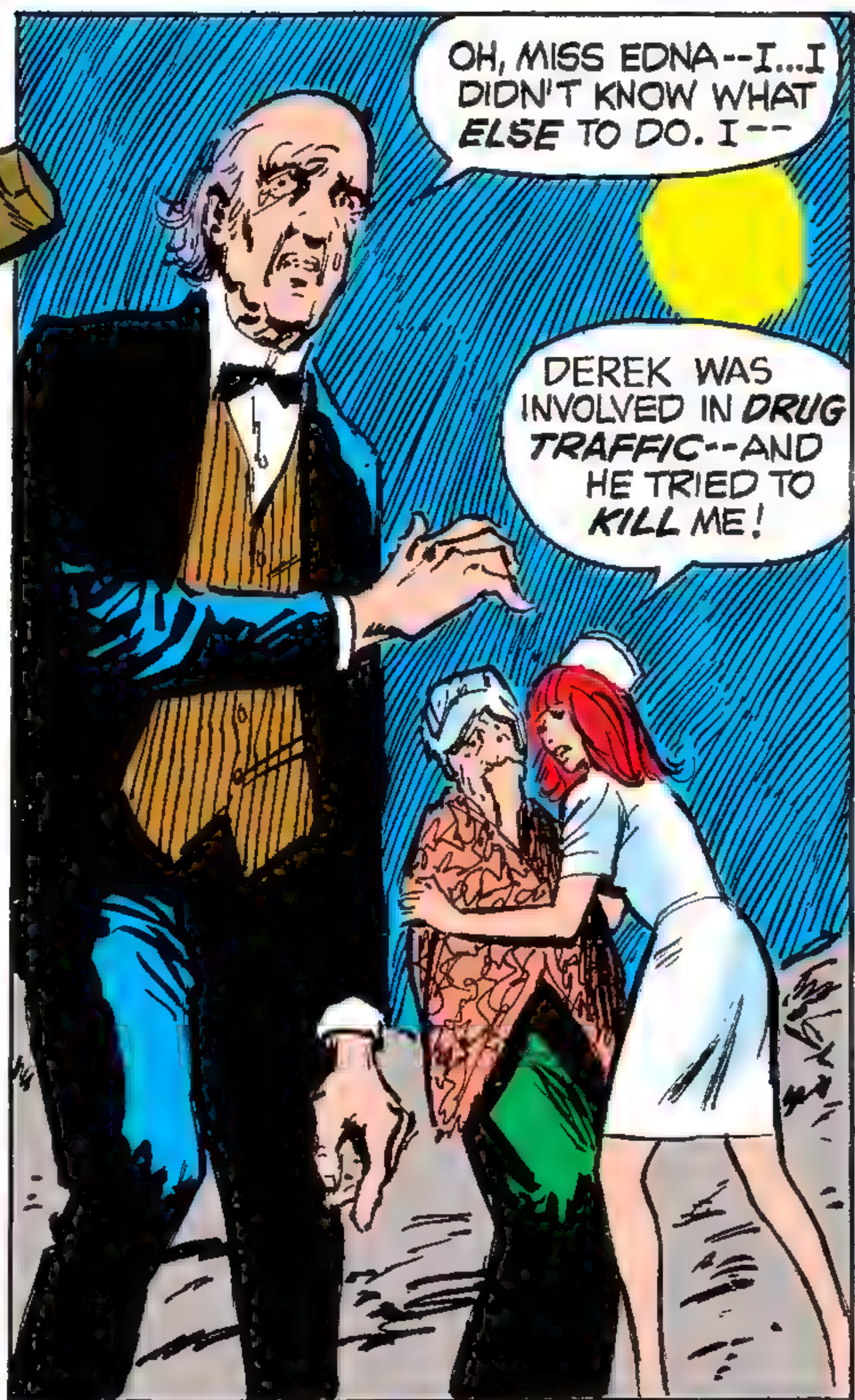
I'VE BEEN WALKING FOR **MONTHS**--
BUT IT SUITED MY **PURPOSE** TO REMAIN AN INVALID.





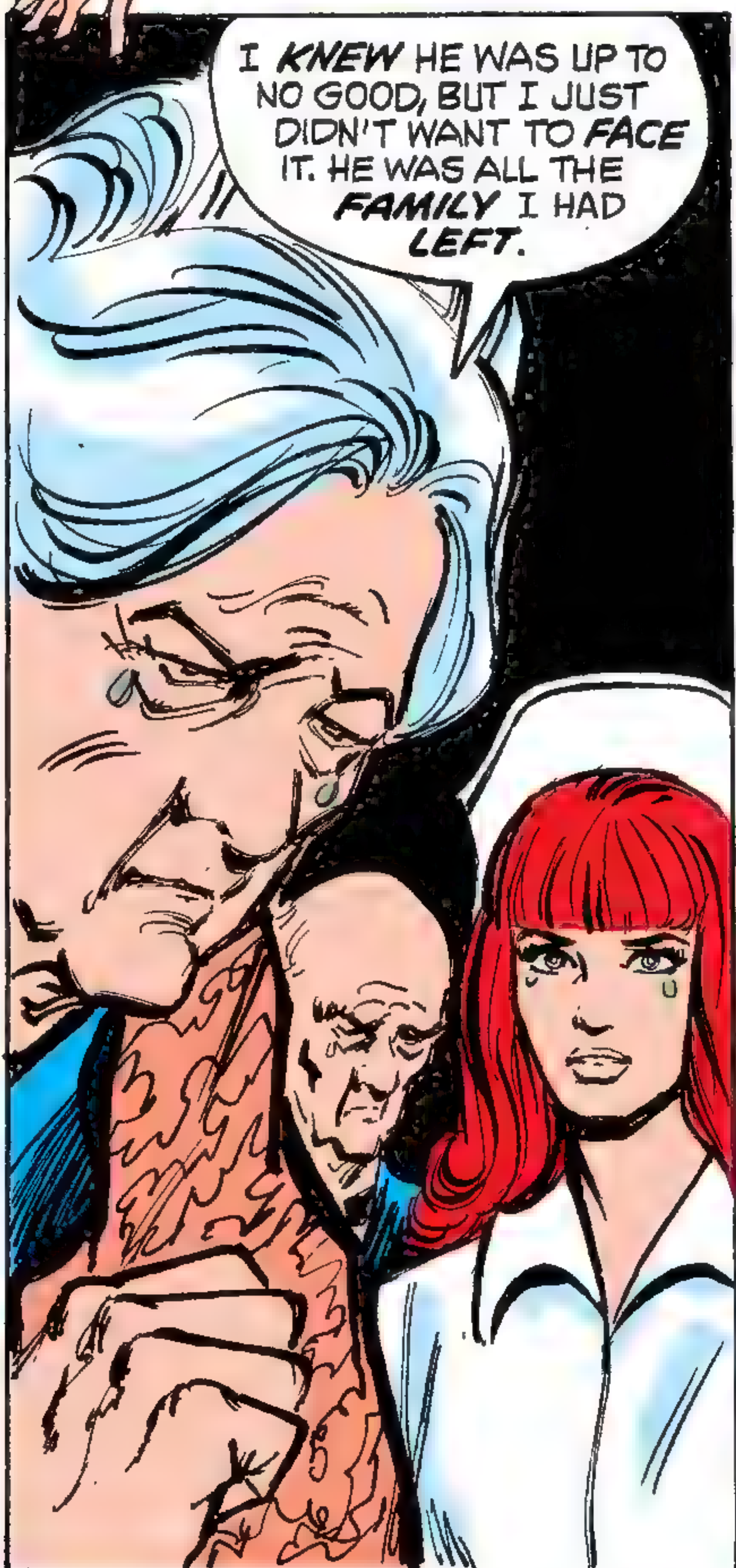


DEREK, HIMSELF, FALLS PREY TO THE VERY FATE HE HAD PLANNED FOR CHRIS.



OH, MISS EDNA--I...I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO. I--

DEREK WAS INVOLVED IN *DRUG TRAFFIC*--AND HE TRIED TO KILL ME!



I *KNEW* HE WAS UP TO NO GOOD, BUT I JUST DIDN'T WANT TO *FACE* IT. HE WAS ALL THE *FAMILY* I HAD LEFT.



AS THE SADDENED TRIO WALK SLOWLY UP TO THE HOUSE, EACH HAS *SEPARATE* THOUGHTS--



--THOUGHTS OF A MAN SO *TWISTED* BY LIFE THAT HE LOST RESPECT FOR THE LIVES OF *OTHERS*--

--AND SO LOST HIS *OWN* !

THE END!



BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS • ALEX MALEEV

DAREDEVIL

*The
Black
Murder
Papers*



MARVEL

Attorney Matt Murdock is blind, but his other four senses function with superhuman sharpness and a radar sense. With amazing fighting skills he stalks the streets at night, a relentless avenger of justice: Daredevil, the Man Without Fear!

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

PREVIOUSLY



One of the biggest tabloid newspapers in the city outed Matt Murdock: Daredevil's secret identity revealed

The secret is out.

Matt Murdock is now faced with a continuing uphill battle of publicly denying his secret life as Daredevil for fear of disbarment or jail. But Matt's public struggle makes his alter ego more popular with the people than ever before.

That was a year ago.

Now, Wilson Fisk, jailed by Daredevil and held by the federal government, tells the world that he is willing to give undeniable proof to the federal government that Matt Murdock is Daredevil in exchange for his own freedom.

That evening it's on the front page of every paper in America. The same night, unaware of the events that are about to turn his life upside down, Matt reunites with his estranged wife, the blind Milla Donovan.

Ex-Kingpin assassin and Murdock's first true love Elektra tries to help Matt find the Kingpin's proof, called the Murdock Papers. They team with super spy and ex-Daredevil partner Black Widow in a brutal fight to the death with ex-Kingpin loyalist Bullseye.

But there were no Murdock Papers.

Kingpin was playing everyone to bring Matt out in the open as Daredevil where the Feds were able to shoot him just as he defeats Bullseye on the streets of New York.

Writer
Brian Michael Bendis

Artist
Alex Maleev

Colors
Dave Stewart

Letters
VC's Randy Gentile

Production
Deborah Weinstein

Assistant Editor
Cory Sedlmeier

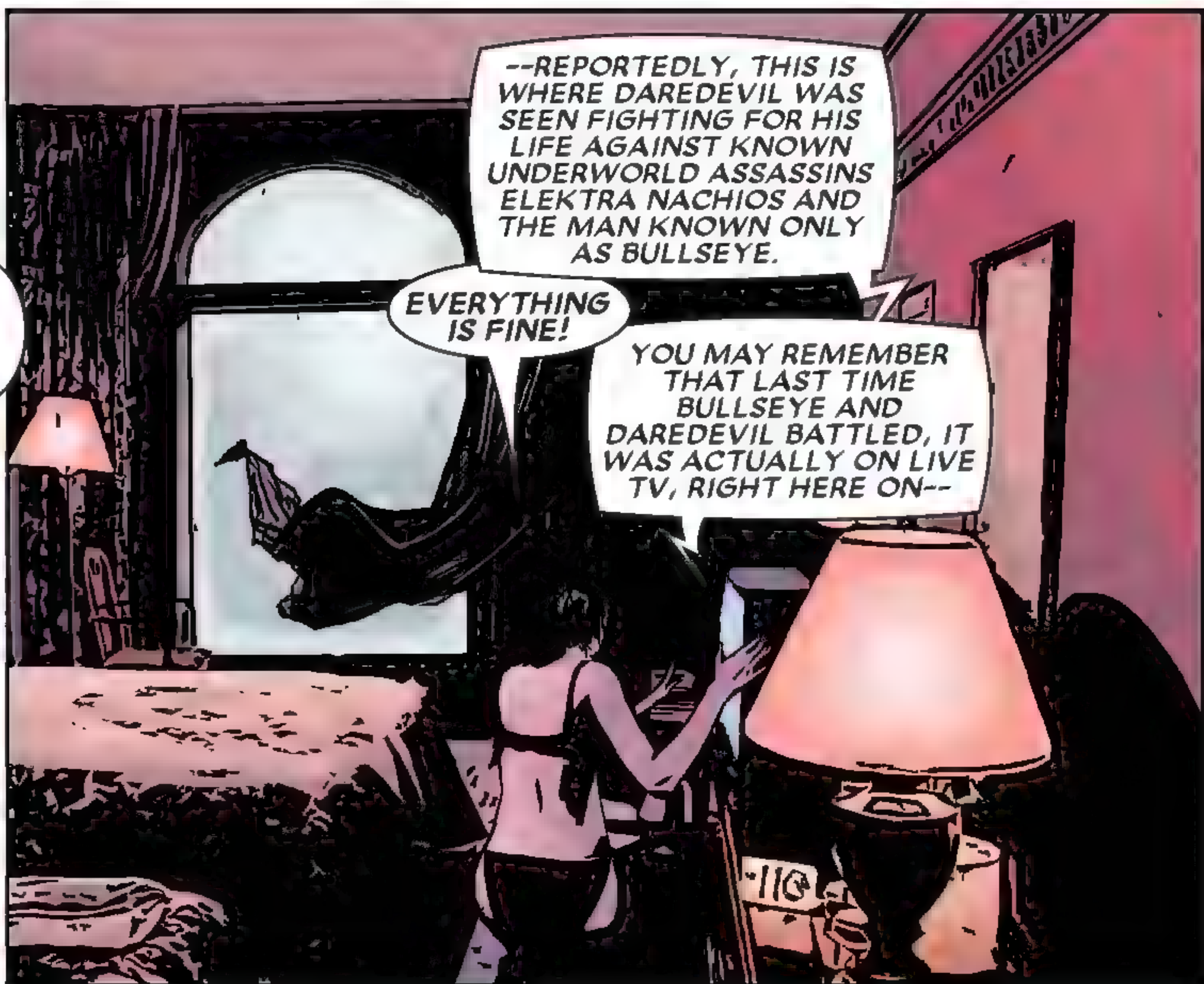
Editor
Axel Alonso

Editor in Chief
Joe Quesada

Publisher
Dan Buckley



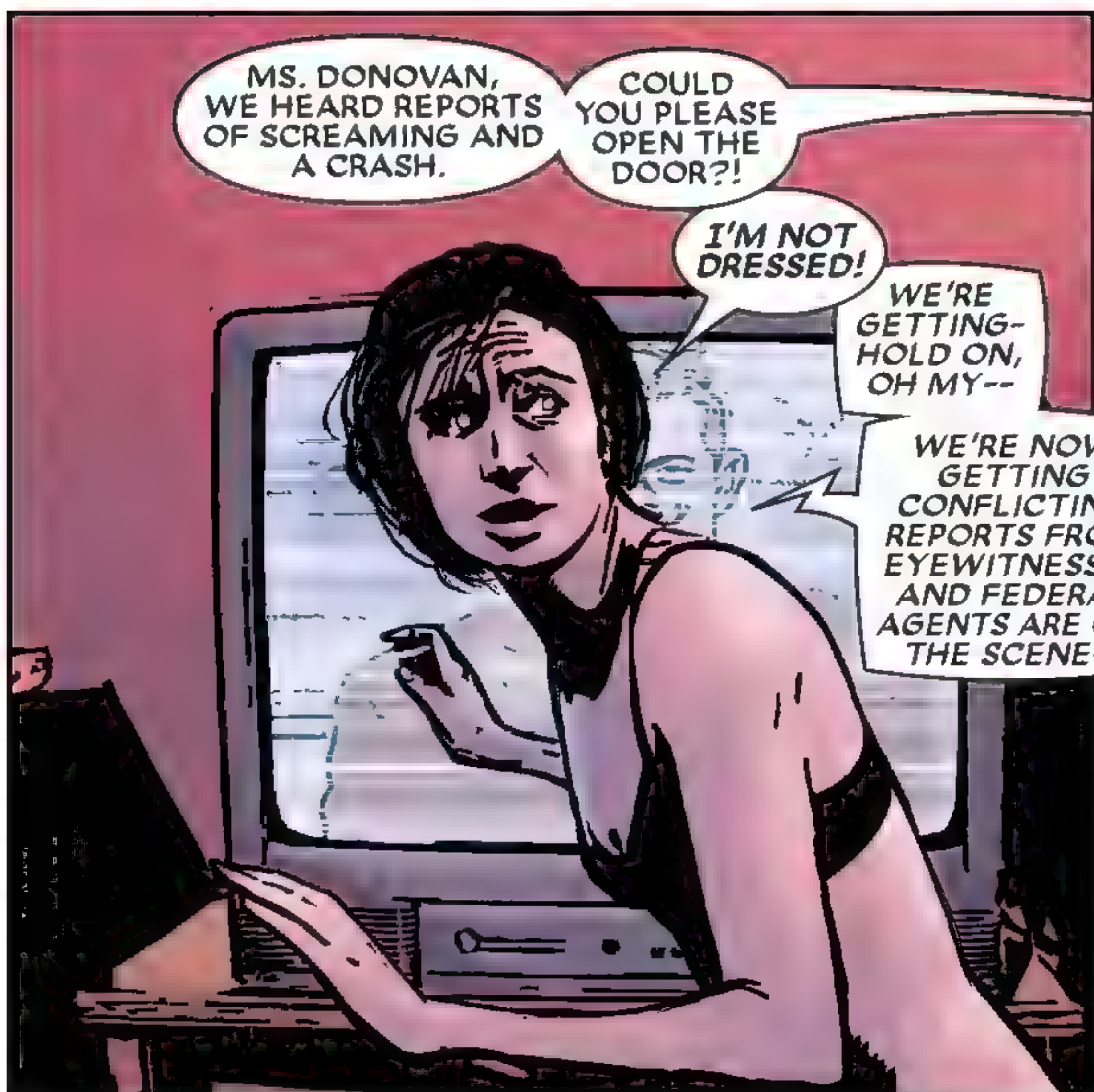
MS. DONOVAN,
THIS IS HOTEL
SECURITY! IS
EVERYTHING
ALL RIGHT?



--REPORTEDLY, THIS IS
WHERE DAREDEVIL WAS
SEEN FIGHTING FOR HIS
LIFE AGAINST KNOWN
UNDERWORLD ASSASSINS
ELEKTRA NACHIOS AND
THE MAN KNOWN ONLY
AS BULLSEYE.

EVERYTHING
IS FINE!

YOU MAY REMEMBER
THAT LAST TIME
BULLSEYE AND
DAREDEVIL BATTLED, IT
WAS ACTUALLY ON LIVE
TV, RIGHT HERE ON--



MS. DONOVAN,
WE HEARD REPORTS
OF SCREAMING AND
A CRASH.

COULD
YOU PLEASE
OPEN THE
DOOR?!

I'M NOT
DRESSED!

WE'RE
GETTING--
HOLD ON,
OH MY--

WE'RE NOW
GETTING
CONFLICTING
REPORTS FROM
EYEWITNESSES
AND FEDERAL
AGENTS ARE ON
THE SCENE--



MA'AM.

PLEASE
LEAVE ME
ALONE!

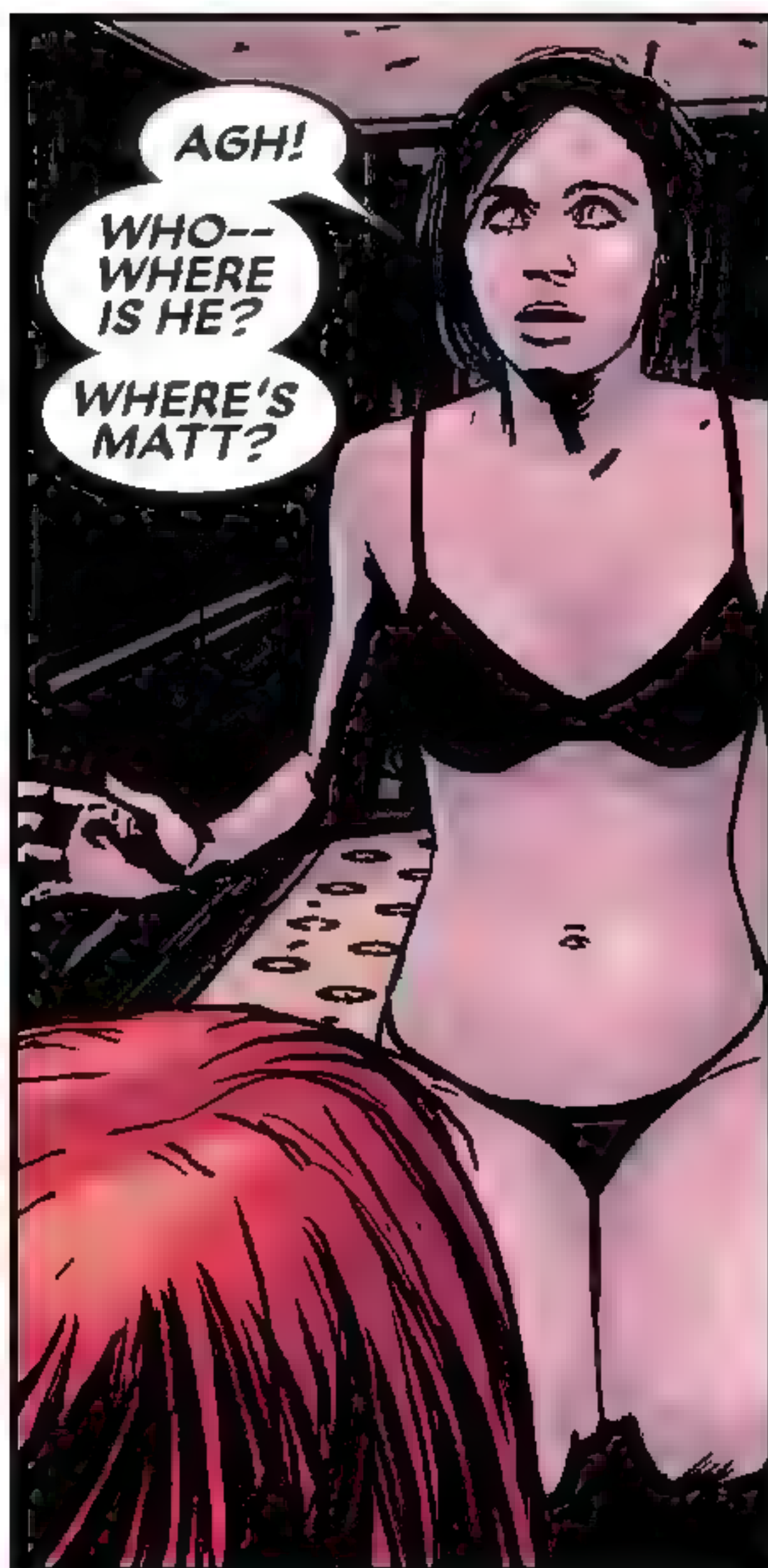
MILLA?



MY NAME
IS NATASHA
ROMANOV.

I'M
THE BLACK
WIDOW.

DO YOU
KNOW WHO
I AM?



NIGHT NURSE

EVEN HEROES NEED A HELPING HAND

by Ben Urich
Investigative reporter



You don't get to know her name unless you absolutely need to. You don't know where to find her unless you're one of a very select few. But those in this city who wear masks to hide their identity while engaging in selfless heroic acts, refer to her lovingly... as the Night Nurse.

Did you ever wonder where a masked hero could go after a particularly brutal fight with a sociopath in a themed costume? How does a hero who doesn't want his identity known get medical treatment? There's one place they can go. A medical center, open all night and day, that takes care of our heroes.

Its whereabouts will have to remain a mystery.

"You have to understand, there are people in this city who would burn this building down just in the off chance that they might kill one of our heroes. And I certainly can't have that. I can't take that chance," says the fair-skinned zaftig woman whose white pressed uniform is so clean that its white is almost blinding.

"Our heroes sometimes need help and I'm here for them. They know that. And it's my honor to do it."

The Night Nurse won't explain exactly why she does what she does but makes it clear that she doesn't charge money to any of them. But she has accepted a gift or two on occasion.

"It gets to a point, sometimes, where not taking the gift is just rude. It's a gesture and, of course, I accept it. But no, this isn't a money issue. I have money. I don't need anything they have. I just want them healthy and safe." When pressed, the Night Nurse hints that she is 'merely returning the favor.'



Does that mean she was once saved by a hero and is now giving back how she can?

"What the heroes of this city are teaching us is that we should all do what we can to help each other where we can. This is what I can do."

Rumors in the neighborhood have seen frequent appearances by Daredevil, Spider-Man, Luke Cage and others. But you won't get any answer from the Night Nurse: "Patient-nurse privilege."

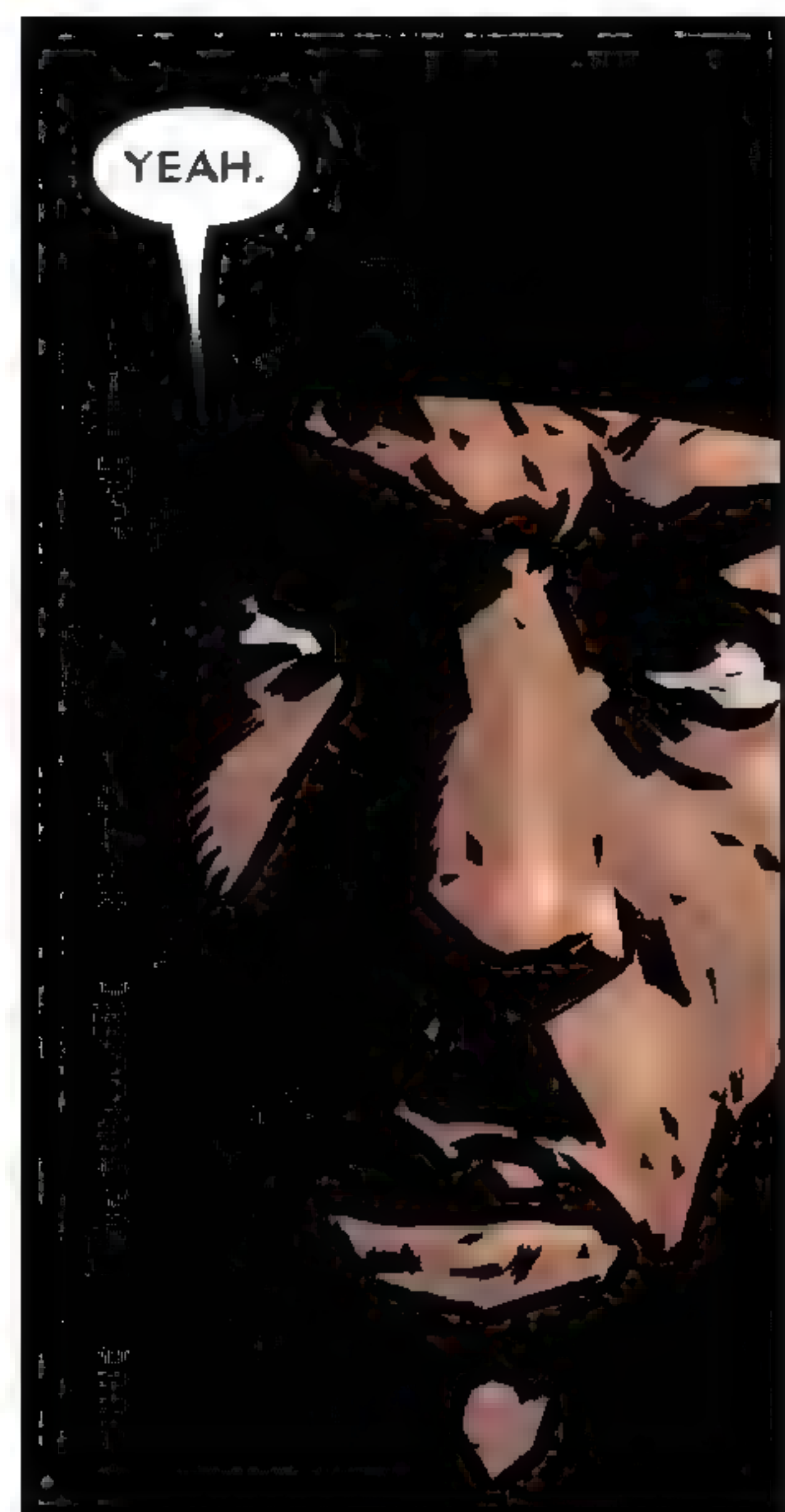


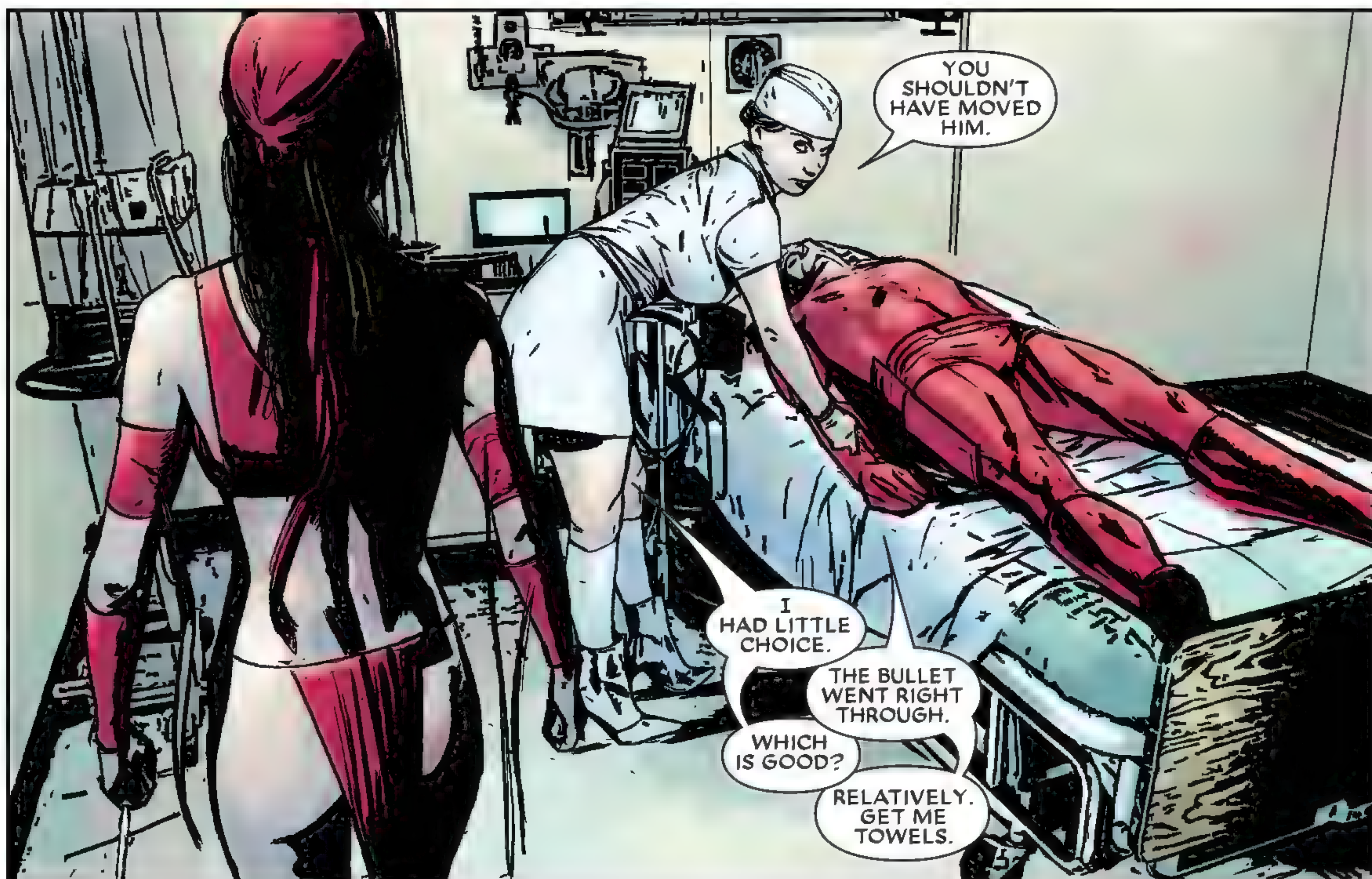


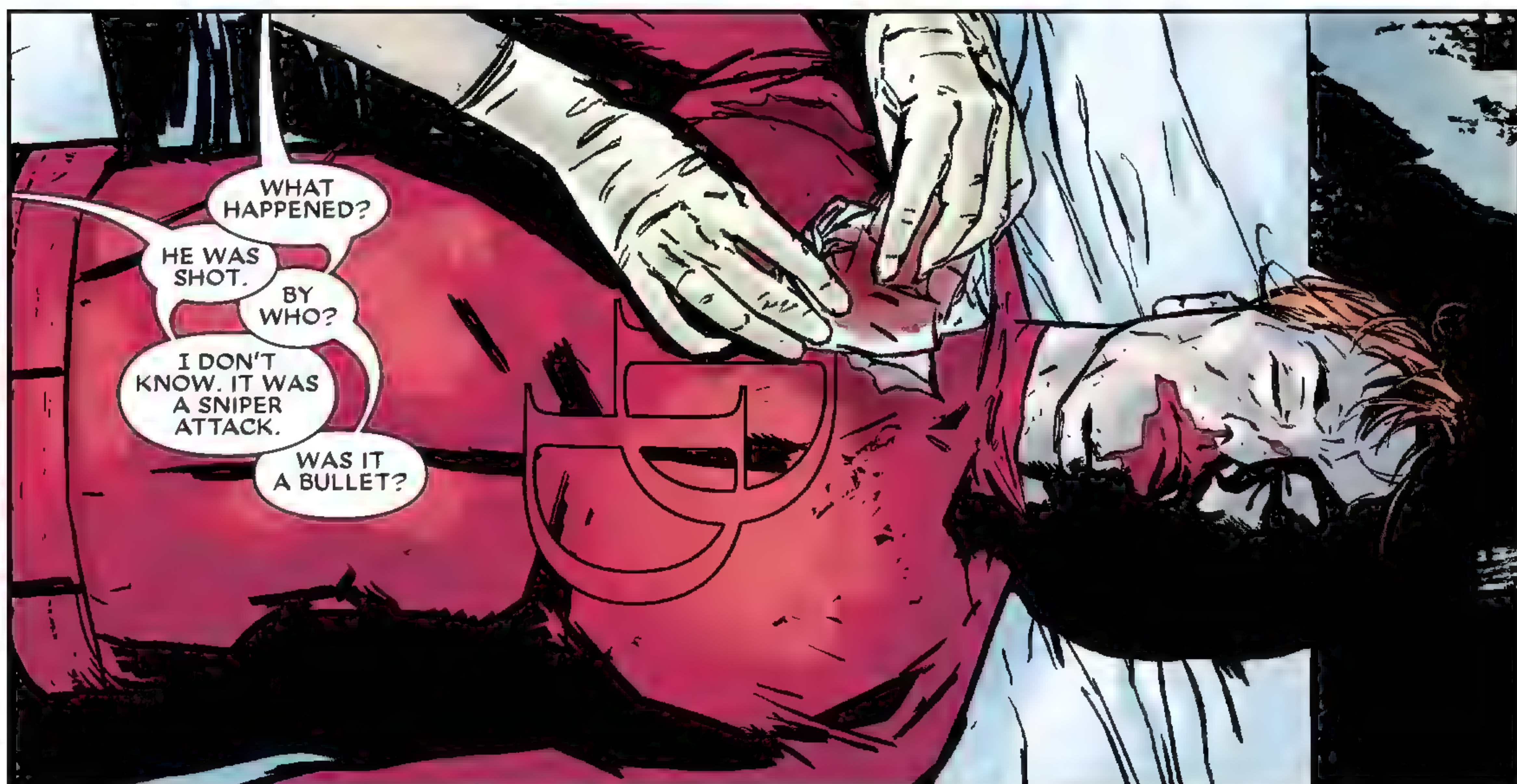




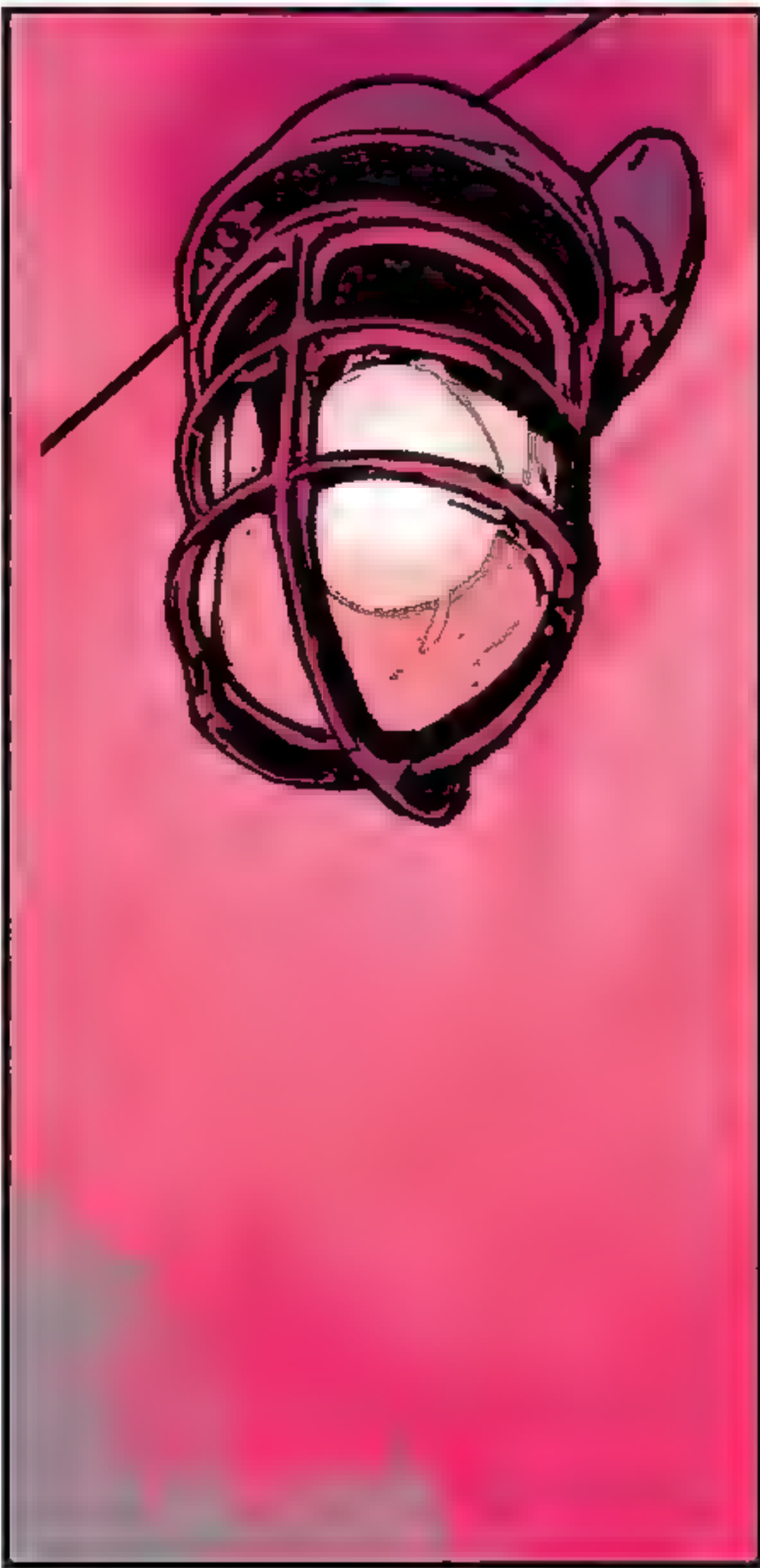
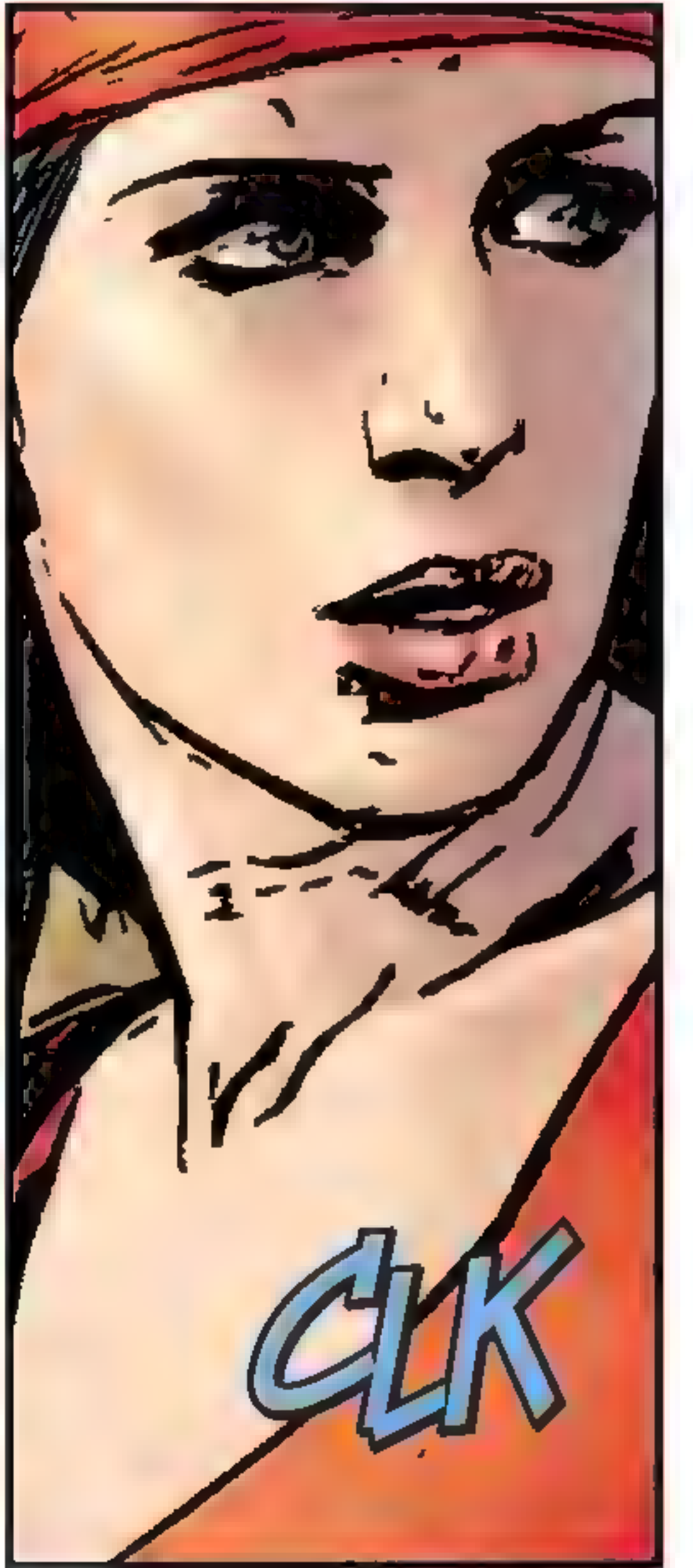
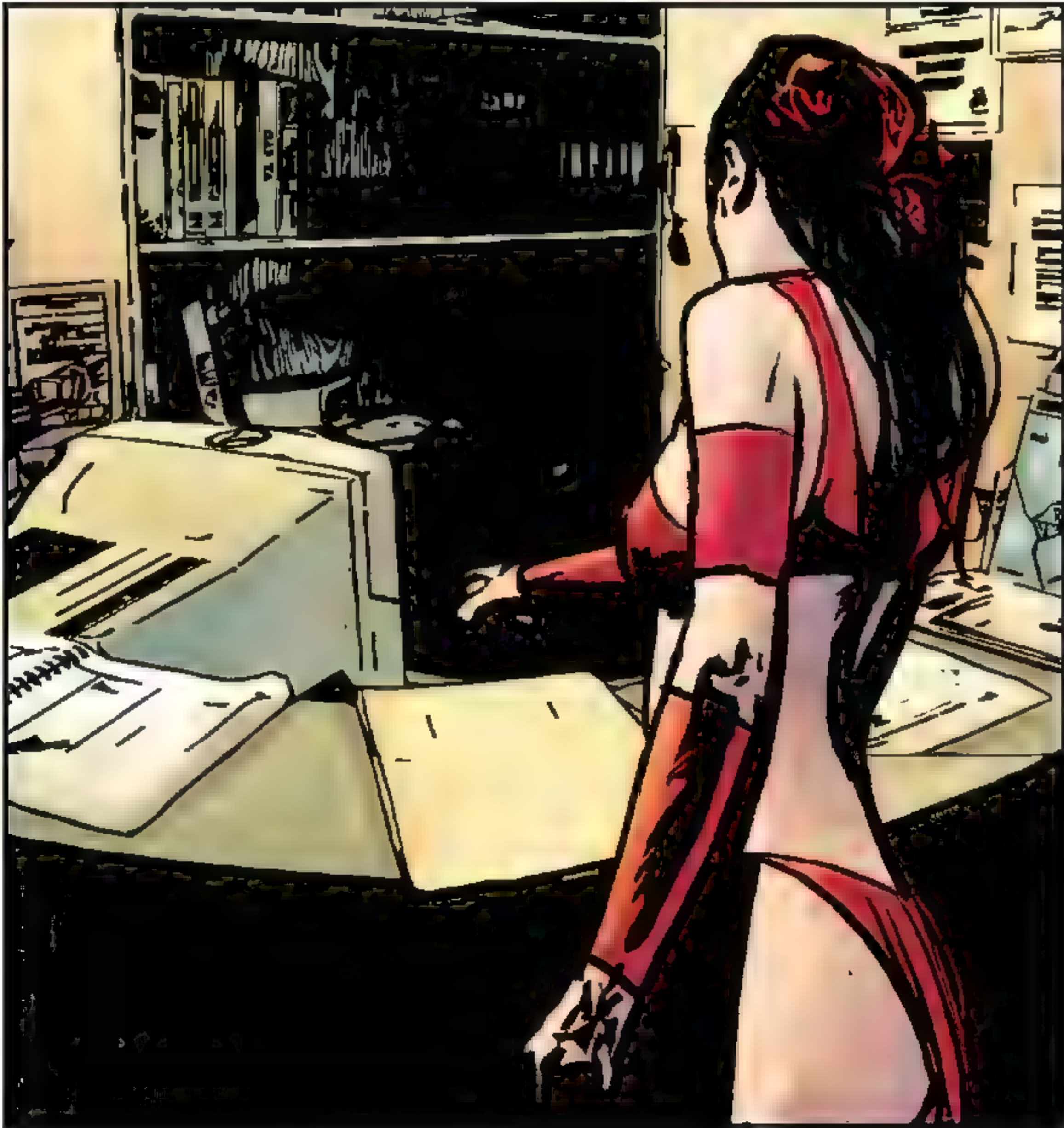
















WHAT IS IT?
WHAT'S GOING ON?
WHERE'S MATT?



I KNEW
YOU WERE
A SNAKE,
WOMAN.
I KNEW
IT.



THAT WAS
QUICK.
WE WERE
NEAR, WAITING
FOR YOUR WORD.
WHERE IS HE?



MATT, IF
YOU CAN HEAR
ME---!!
THERE'S A
LOT ABOUT YOUR
BIOLOGICAL
CONSTITUTION I
DON'T KNOW AND I
DON'T HAVE THE
TIME TO RUN
BLOOD TESTS...
SO I'M
GOING TO HAVE
TO PASS ON ANY
ANESTHESIA, IT'S
JUST TOO--
STEP
AWAY FROM
THE BODY.

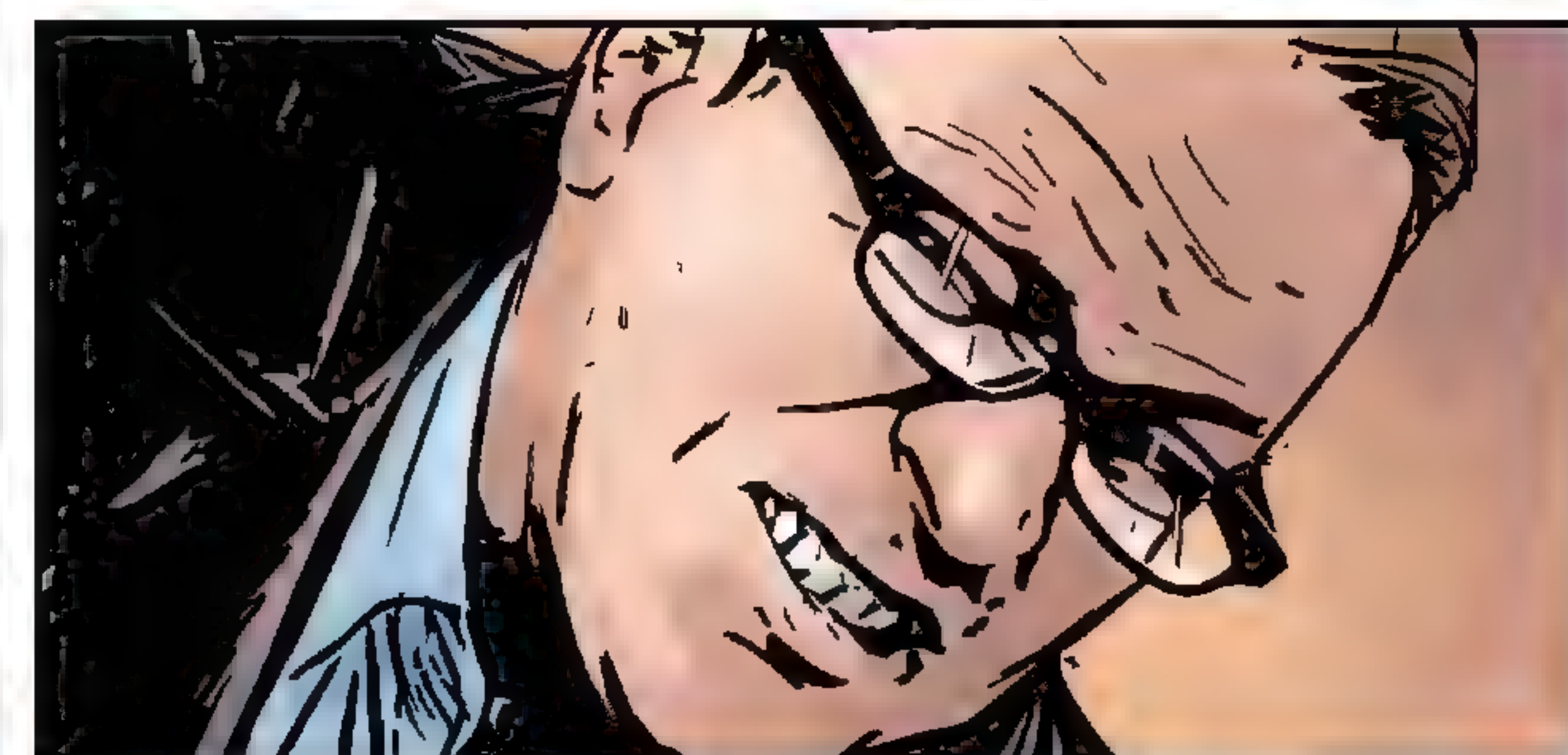


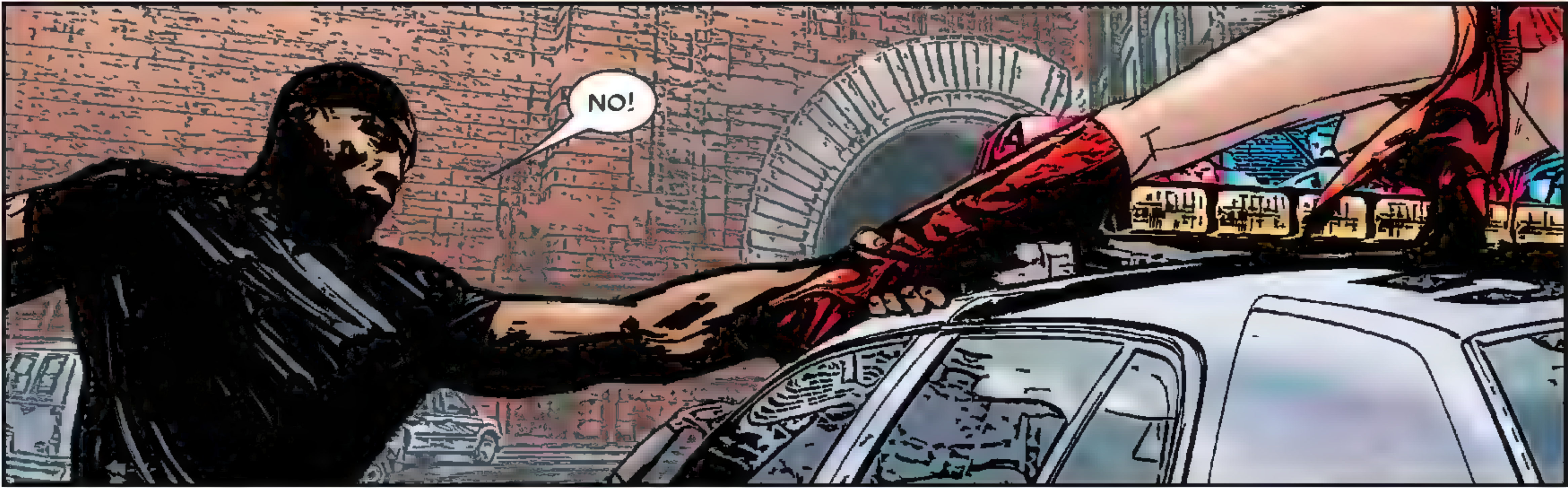
YOU
CAN'T COME
IN---AGH!

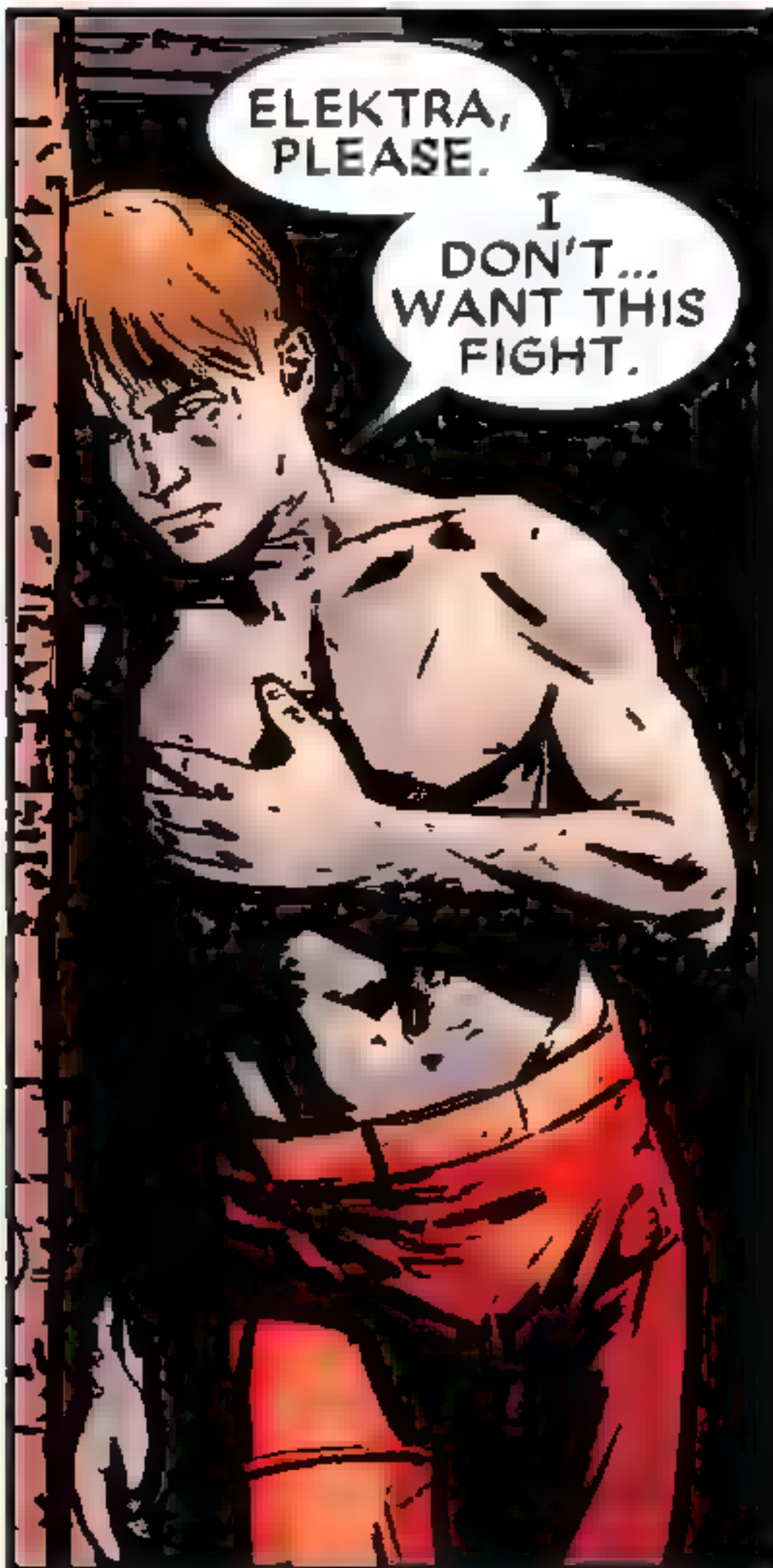














YOU ARE
UNDER ARREST
FOR CONSPIRACY
TO--

HEY!

LUKE,
DON'T!

OBSTRUCT
FEDERAL LAW
BY--



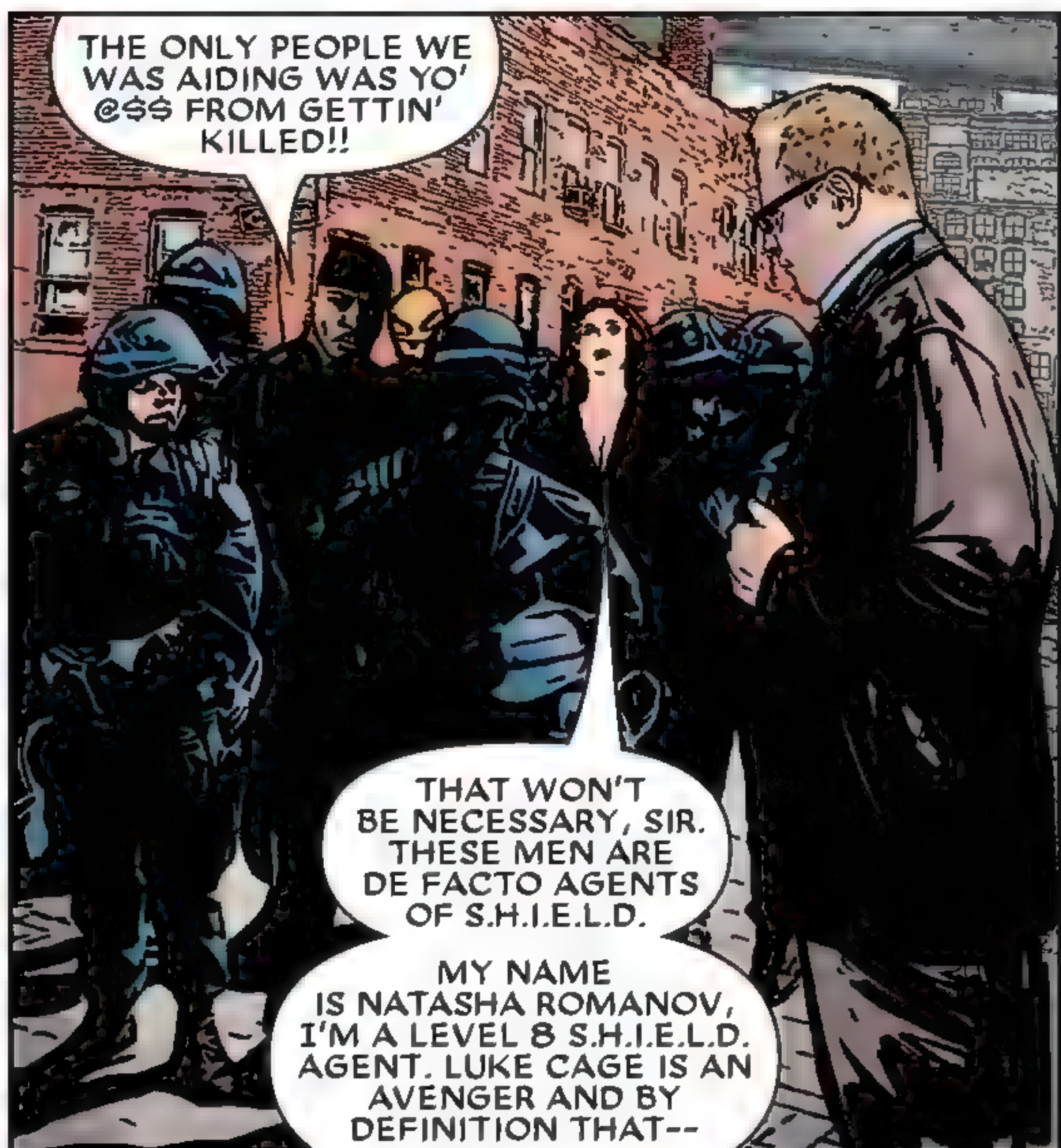
YO MAN, YOU'RE
HURTING HIM!!

LUKE,
YOU CAN'T
INTERFERE--

ARREST
ALL OF
THEM!!!

FOR
WHAT!??

AIDING AND
ABETTING!!



THE ONLY PEOPLE WE
WAS AIDING WAS YO'
@@\$ FROM GETTIN'
KILLED!!

THAT WON'T
BE NECESSARY, SIR.
THESE MEN ARE
DE FACTO AGENTS
OF S.H.I.E.L.D.

MY NAME
IS NATASHA ROMANOV,
I'M A LEVEL 8 S.H.I.E.L.D.
AGENT. LUKE CAGE IS AN
AVENGER AND BY
DEFINITION THAT--



I DON'T
GIVE A
DAMN IF
YOU'RE--

YOU
ARREST THEM
AND MURDOCK?
S.H.I.E.L.D. SHUTS
YOU DOWN.

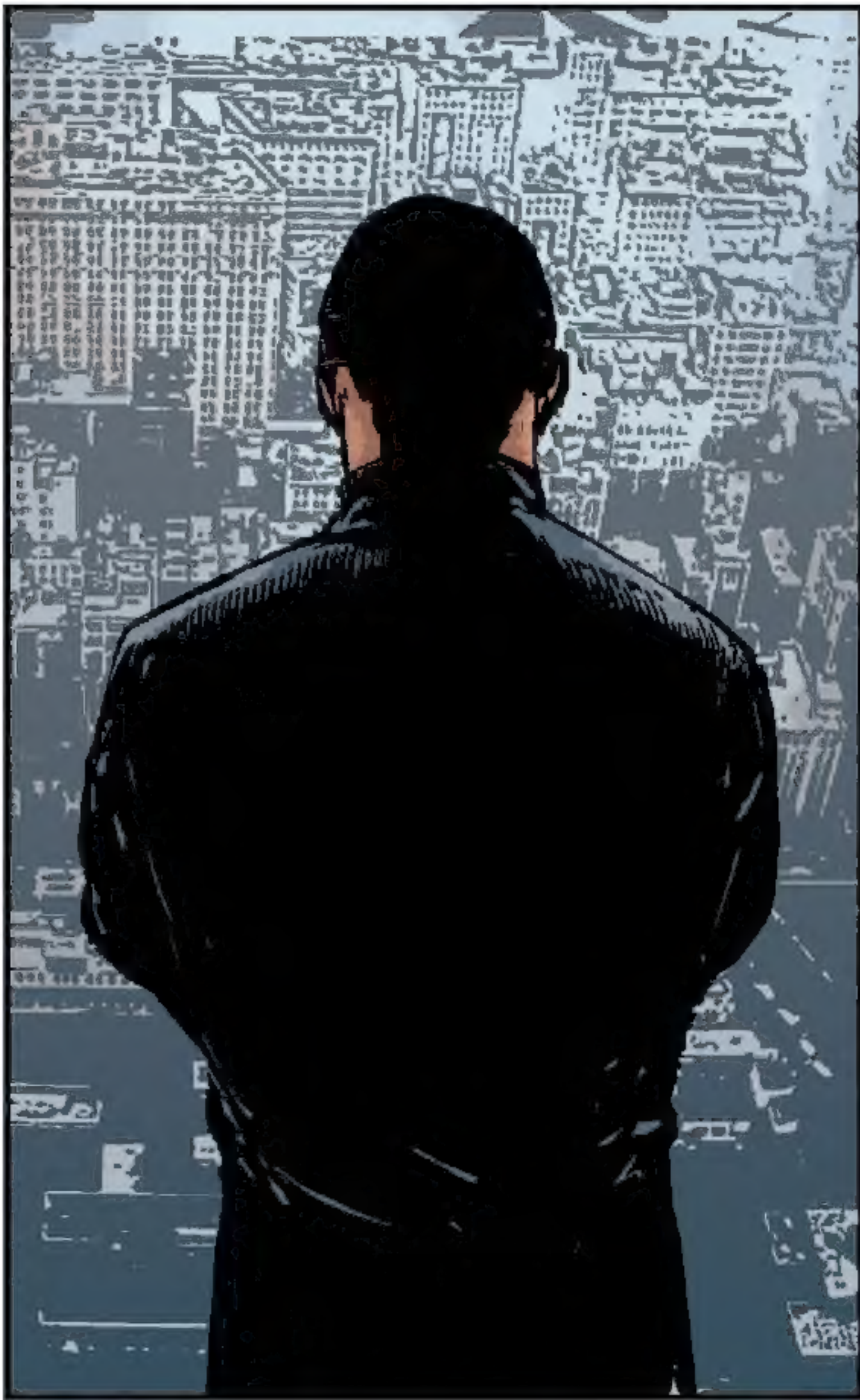
YOU GET
NOTHING.



ALL
RIGHT, GET
THEM OUT
OF HERE.

MURDOCK
STAYS.







To be concluded...

FOR A LISTING OF MORE MARVEL COLLECTIONS, DOWNLOAD



Go to your local comic shop to pick up these great collections!
And stay tuned to the Marvel App for more amazing collection releases.
To find a comic shop near you visit www.comicshoplocator.com

